

SUBJECTS OF THE DAY

SUBJECTS OF THE DAY

BEING A SELECTION OF
SPEECHES AND WRITINGS

BY

EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THE EARL OF CROMER*

EDITED BY

DESMOND M. CHAPMAN-HUSTON



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EDITOR'S FOREWORD

WHEN some time ago I urged Lord Curzon to accord me permission to prepare and select for publication a collection of his more recent speeches, I won what was, I fear, but a reluctant consent, by submitting certain considerations, some at least of which I may perhaps here briefly repeat. First, and most important of all, we have recognized the right of democracy to rule; we have placed in the hands of the people a two-edged sword, but have we been careful to teach them how to use it? Passing events hardly seem to say so! We must teach the people to think, to think wisely, truly, and rightly on all things concerning our individual, civic, national, and Imperial life. The most potent way of doing so is, it would seem, from the public platform. Perhaps no country in the world has a greater number of public men than we have, who are by instinct, ideal, and training fitted worthily to speak for, lead, and guide a great people. Amongst these it has always seemed to me Lord Curzon stands extraordinarily high. He has moved and quickened our national life more widely than is given to most men. To support these and other considerations now comes one other, greater perhaps than all—and one which could not of course have been foreseen. Searching amidst the ruin of the Europe we have known, the historian will have to grope backward for such hints and shadows as he can find of the coming of the terrible tragedy and unparalleled sacrifice and misery through which we are now passing. Faith whispers that the goal will indeed be a larger, truer light. But one day all that led up to it must be weighed, pondered, scrutinized, so that we may learn where we have failed. Therefore, although projected before the war, it

does not seem to me that this collection of speeches on *Subjects of the Day* appears at an inopportune time.

I have confined myself to speeches made during the last ten years—that is, since Lord Curzon returned from India—as those made in the preceding period have already been published ;¹ indeed, the present volume contains nothing that has as yet appeared in book form.

The speeches selected cover a very wide area because the speaker has been active in a great many fields. A glance at the table of contents will prove how catholic are Lord Curzon's tastes, how varied his gifts and interests ; and, one may add, depth and power have not been sacrificed to versatility.

I have, however, with scarcely an exception omitted merely polemical or party speeches, partly because they seldom possess more than an ephemeral value, and partly because it is my desire to represent the speaker, not as a party politician so much as a statesman making what I believe to be a lasting contribution to the history and thought of his time. Perhaps from this point of view some unity of purpose may be found in the speeches selected which preach the doctrine of Imperial and public duty, individual responsibility, and regard for the true and beautiful with quickening and persuasive eloquence.

The only respect in which I have departed from publication of the "spoken word" is in seeking from Lord Curzon permission to include the three "In Memoriam" articles which attracted considerable attention when they originally appeared in the *Times*.

Possibly the entire collection may be deserving of study, not only on account of their varied contents or because of the light they may throw on leading *Subjects of the Day*, but because they exhibit a regard for literary form which seems as a rule to be absent from modern eloquence.

DESMOND M. CHAPMAN-HUSTON.

May 27, 1915.

¹ *Lord Curzon in India*. Macmillan, 1906.

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INTRODUCTION

BY THE EARL OF CROMER

AT the Colonial Conference of 1907 one of its most distinguished members (Mr. Deakin) asked a very pertinent question. Called by the obstructions which are the inevitable result of partisan warfare, he indignantly asked whether party politicians intended to emulate Saturn. "Is the party system," he said, "to destroy everything but itself?" Lord Curzon's speeches, of which a very judicious selection has been made by Mr. Chapman-Huston, add another item to the abundant testimony which might be furnished that Mr. Deakin's question may now be answered with a distinct negative. A great national crisis has, for the time being at all events, purged the dross from a system whose excesses appeared but a short time ago to constitute a real national danger. When we find fighting side by side with a leading Conservative politician such as Lord Curzon a Radical philosopher like Mr. Frederic Harrison, who forty-five years ago warned his countrymen that, alone amongst civilized nations, "the very germ of international morality" was wanting in Prussia, a Socialist such as Mr. Blatchford, an impulsive but warm-hearted and courageous demagogue such as Mr. Lloyd George, together with numberless others to whom an ardent desire for peace has heretofore been as the breath of their nostrils, and who now have regretfully to admit that the country which gave birth to Goethe has also pro-

duced such political abortions as Treitschke and Bernhardi—a sure indication is, given that a harmony of discords has been created such as the British political world has never known at any former time.¹ This strange and hallowed union brings home to us a fact which possibly many of us never fully realized before—the fact that we are all democrats here. Our differences of opinion, albeit they are at times acute, pale into insignificance before the sinister spectre of German absolutism. I hope and believe that, with very rare exceptions, all, from the nearly non-existent Tory of the old school to the ultra-democratic member of an extreme Radical Club, recognize that we are now fighting for the freedom which for ages past has been the peculiar appanage of the Anglo-Saxon race, and without which that spurious imitation of true civilization, termed German *Kultur*, would afford the keynote to the further progress of the world, and thus pronounce an irrevocable divorce between wisdom and morality on the one hand and learning on the other.

Even in normal times Lord Curzon can scarcely be regarded as an extreme political partisan. Reading between the lines of his numerous public utterances, it is easy to see that, like most statesmen of wide sympathies and enlarged political vision, he at times chafes at the fetters imposed by the necessities of party connections. Mr. Chapman-Huston has, therefore, very wisely excluded from this collection of speeches most of those utterances of relatively ephemeral interest which deal with party issues. The only exceptions are two speeches, one on Home Rule in Ireland and the other on the Finance Bill of 1909—the latter being a subject on which, in spite of my general sympathy with Lord Curzon's political creed, I was unable to share his views. Some portion of that speech is, indeed, devoted to combating the

¹ The formation of a Coalition Ministry since this Introduction was written confirms the correctness of the view stated above.

arguments which I advanced—but to my great regret advanced in vain—in order to convince the House of Lords that the Bill should be allowed to become law.

I cannot say what impression the perusal of Lord Curzon's speeches will make on the mind of the general reader. Neither can I flatter myself with the illusion that any commendation emanating from myself will excite an interest beyond what may naturally be evoked by their intrinsic merits. But I may go so far as to say that to myself Mr. Chapman-Huston's publication is extremely welcome, for I regard Lord Curzon as the most able, as he is certainly by far the most eloquent, exponent of that sane Imperialism to which this country is wedded as a necessity of its existence. "We have," Lord Curzon says, "to answer our helm, and it is an Imperial helm, down all the tides of Time." The main tenets of the code which governs and, at all events in the recent past, has always governed British expansion have almost passed into commonplaces in so far as those who have devoted special attention to the subject are concerned. The recent action of all, whether of British or non-British origin, who owe allegiance to King George V, has, indeed, shown to an astonished and, in the case of our enemies, a deeply disappointed world, the priceless fruits which the adoption of that wise and righteous code has secured to its authors. But it may be doubted whether it is even yet fully understood by the mass of the British public. The platform sentimentalist still at times claims a monopoly of that sympathy for subject races the value of which no rational Imperialist will be disposed to under-rate, oblivious of the fact that in order to produce a full measure of beneficial results sympathy must, as Lord Curzon very rightly points out, be accompanied by strength, courage, and, above all, by accurate knowledge. We still at times hear insinuations that the great desire of that splendid Indian Civil Service, whose prowess Lord Curzon vaunts in noble and inspiring words, and every member of which feels, in a greater or less degree, that

he "has his hand on the pulse of the universe," is to maintain in ignoble thralldom the people whose moral and material welfare is the ceaseless object of their solicitude. The fallacy that every Imperialist agent is possessed with an insane desire to enlarge the area of territories painted red on the map of the world is far from being extinct. It may confidently be anticipated that when, as may not improbably happen, Mesopotamia is added to the dominions of the Crown and the British and Russian frontiers become conterminous—a consummation which it has for more than a century past been the main object of Anglo-Indian statesmanship to avoid—it will be forgotten that no warmer advocate of Persian independence ever existed than an Imperialist Viceroy, and that this political misfortune, as I should term it, was due, not to the vaulting ambition of some purely imaginary "prancing Pro-Consul," but to the fact that, in the purchase of the Persian oilfields, a Government and Parliament of marked democratic tendencies rushed into a very important undertaking without any due appreciation of the gravity of its proceedings or of the ultimate consequences which those proceedings would probably involve.

It is well, therefore, that the wishes and aspirations of rational Imperialists should be reiterated by a foremost representative of the Imperial school. Cicero gave utterance to the very wise maxim that the first qualification necessary to an orator who aspires to guide the political destinies of his countrymen is that he should know his subject. *Ad consilium de republica dandum, caput est nosse rempublicam.* No living Englishman, at all events in so far as the management of the overseas dominions of the Crown are concerned, fulfils the Ciceronian requirement to a greater extent than Lord Curzon. Moreover, apart from considerations of this nature, the utterances of a statesman who, at a time when public opinion generally was strongly in favour of limiting our military preparations to the necessities of

home defence, had the foresight to prophesy that before long we might be fighting for the independence of Belgium, are surely at the present moment worthy of special attention.

It is perhaps too much to hope that Lord Curzon's speeches will find many readers outside the limits of the British Dominions. Nevertheless, at a moment when a desperate effort is being made to substitute German for British world-power, much that Lord Curzon says may well afford food for the reflection of neutral nations, and especially for those of our own kith and kin on the other side of the Atlantic. They may profitably ask themselves whether, if a succession of rulers imbued with absolutist Prussian principles had for more than a century sat on the Viceregal throne adorned by a long line of statesmen from Warren Hastings downwards, a leading Indian Prince would, at the close of that period, have been found to offer spontaneous homage to the memory of the founder of Prussian rule in India. I trow not. Yet one of the leading Indian Princes (the Maharaja of Nepal) expressed in 1907 his surprise that the memory of the victor of Plassey had "remained for so long unhonoured in marble." They may ask why, instead of the occurrence of that anti-British outbreak which was confidently anticipated by the ill-informed politicians of Berlin, the natives of India rallied to the defence of the British Crown, and they will find the answer in Lord Curzon's words. "Why are these men coming? What has induced them to volunteer to take part in our fighting? They are thousands of miles away. They cannot hear the thunder or see the smoke of the guns. Their frontiers have not been crossed, their homes are not in jeopardy. They are not our kith and kin; no call of the blood appeals to them. Is it not clear that they are coming because the Empire means something to them, much more than mere government or power? It speaks to them of justice, of righteousness, of mercy, and of truth. They have no desire to exchange

that rule for the Prussian sabre or the jackboot of the German trooper. They have no desire to change that rule for any other. If any testimony was ever required to the feelings by which they are actuated and to the success of the fundamental principles by which we have endeavoured to rule them, surely it is to be found in this convincing and overwhelming demonstration."

From another and somewhat more personal point of view the republication of these speeches is, I think, to be welcomed. Lord Morley, in his "Life of Gladstone," remarks, with great truth, that it is far more difficult for a politician to get rid of a spurious reputation than it is to acquire one that is genuine. Most of the leading agents in the execution of British Imperial policy, and none more than Lord Curzon, have at times suffered from the popular misapprehensions indicated by Lord Morley. It is eminently desirable that the British public should understand something of the character and should appreciate the true nature of the motives which guide the actions of those who take a leading part in British political life. The actions and opinions of Lord Curzon, in common with those of all other politicians, are, of course, a very legitimate subject for criticism, but he has a fair right to claim that the motives which dictated those actions and the process of reasoning which led to the formation of those opinions should be taken from his own lips rather than that they should be judged by the light of the interpretation often erroneously placed upon them by hostile or ill-informed critics. What inferences may, therefore, be garnered from these speeches as to the principal motives which have inspired Lord Curzon in dealing with public affairs, and notably with those associated with Imperialist policy?

In the first place, it is clear that Lord Curzon is animated by a sincere and fervid patriotism. He displays none of that tepid cosmopolitanism which, when carried to an extreme, as is not unfrequently the case, degenerates into an ignoble depreciation of his country's

worth.* The love of his native country, that root which in the doggerel¹ but profoundly true verse of the poet Churchill "never fails to bring forth golden fruit," burns brightly within him. He is ever seeking to link the actions of the present with the grandeur of the historic past. The interest which he has persistently displayed in the preservation of ancient monuments is, it may confidently be conjectured, not wholly archæological. He bids us visit the homes of great men in order that we may more fully understand their lives. He dwells ~~with~~ affectionate tenderness on the "unequalled country scenery of England"—its old-time villages, its mediæval mansions, its village churches "with their sacred tale of bygone history and romance," and he exhorts us to do whatever is possible to save these picturesque relics of the past from the ever-increasing menace of the grimy factory and the pinchbeck villa. When he passes Whitehall he sees in imagination "the courtly figure of Charles I" ascending the scaffold, and on arrival in Old Palace Yard he remembers that "it is the place where the old tournaments and trials by battle were held, where the head of Guy Fawkes was struck off, and where the wife of Sir Walter Raleigh carried away the severed head of her husband in a bag." He wishes us to beautify London, and in doing so to beware lest we efface any of the memories of its chequered and illustrious past. He sings "Floreat Etona" at the top of his voice, and recalls with pride that it was with those words on his lips that one of his schoolboy contemporaries² fell, shot through the heart, whilst leading a cavalry charge against a savage South African foe. He recognizes that the kindred and occasionally rival institution of Harrow can turn out patriots of equal gallantry and value. He cherishes "the atmosphere of broad and liberal culture which emanates from the halls and quadrangles of Oxford," and he trusts that that ancient seat of learning, when "revivified and re-endowed," will become "a potent instrument for mould-

ing the character and increasing the usefulness of the Anglo-Saxon race."

But it is the heroic deeds of his countrymen rather than the external aspects of his native country which more especially supply fuel to the large-hearted patriotism of Lord Curzon. Equally with another and deep-thinking Imperialist, Sir Alfred Lyall, his imagination is set aglow by the "frontier grave" celebrated in Newbolt's touching and inspiring verse.¹ He recounts with pride how Englishmen like Captain Scott and his comrades have been found willing to lay down their lives "for a great idea." He bids us remember the noble epitaph, surpassing in its terse, virile, and pathetic simplicity even the words cut on the tomb of a seventh-century saint in the Cathedral of Ely,² which were inscribed on the rude cross covering the remains of that gallant soldier who walked out to certain death in a shrieking Antarctic snowstorm in order to save the lives of his friends: "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman." It is well to remember such deeds and the words which record them. They should appeal trumpet-tongued to future generations of Captain Oates' countrymen.

Yet amidst all these manifestations of a very legitimate patriotism there is not the slightest trace of that lust for power and domination for their own sake which has been rightly stigmatized by moralists from the days of Tacitus downwards. The Imperialism which Lord Curzon favours is not that of nation-devouring Rome, whose heavy hand, albeit its weight was to some extent tempered by the humanizing influence of Hellas, numbed the intellect and chilled the nascent aspirations of the

¹ Qui procul hinc—the legend's writ,
The frontier grave is far away—
Qui ante diem periit
Sed miles, sed pro patriâ.

² Lucem tuam Ovino
Da, Deus, et requiem.

subject-races which fell under her sway. Rather is it a vivifying force on which the populations incorporated into the British Empire may readily graft and develop all that is best in their own national characteristics. Whilst dwelling, in language which deserves to take a high place even amongst the noble records of British oratory, on the services rendered by the veterans of the Indian Mutiny, Lord Curzon is careful to remind his audience that out of the chaos and suffering of that stormy period there sprang "a new sense of peace and harmony, bearing fruit in a high and purifying resolve. Never let it be forgotten that the result of the Mutiny was not merely an England victorious, but an India pacified, united, and started once more upon a wondrous career of advance and expansion." Lord Curzon fully recognizes that the main, and indeed the only true justification of Imperialism, is to be found in the uses to which the Imperial power is applied. "The real cement of Empire is brotherhood, and the real basis of brotherhood is mutual understanding." The material interests of the mother-country, important though they be, must be waived aside if they conflict with the interests and aspirations of the dependency. A higher standpoint than any material advantage must be adopted. "Never sacrifice a subject interest—that is, the interest of a subject dependency or possession—to exclusively British interests. Do not force upon your dependencies a policy which may be distasteful or unsuitable to them, merely because it is advantageous to yourselves. The meaning of Empire is, not to impose on dependencies the will of the mother-country or master power, but to effect a harmonious co-ordination of the interests of the whole." Again, Lord Curzon says, there should be "no Roman wall of military defence, no Chinese wall of selfish exclusiveness, but a wall of human hearts built around our Empire, a wall which, when all other defences crumble and give way, will perhaps avail to keep it safe." Allegiance to the Crown constitutes, indeed, an invaluable link

between the various scattered units of the British Empire. But why does it fulfil this useful function? Because the Monarchy constitutes "the embodiment of an idea, the expression of an ideal which we fondly believe is blessed from on high, and which we hope will redound to the blessing and advantage of untold millions of the human race."

Quotations from Lord Curzon's speeches inculcating the same lesson as in those already cited might be multiplied, but sufficient has been said to show that, far from entertaining the vulgar and unworthy views sometimes attributed to British Imperialists, Lord Curzon speaks with dignified gravity—I might almost say with reverential awe—of the duties of Empire and of the heavy responsibilities imposed on the British Government and nation. Addressing the youths who year by year issue forth to the uttermost parts of the earth from our schools and colleges with the honour and reputation of England in their keeping, he exhorts them to "lead clean and healthy lives," to miss no opportunities for following "noble and unselfish ends," and he adds this eloquent description of the mission which the Anglo-Saxon race is called upon to perform: "Wherever unknown lands are waiting to be opened up, wherever the secrets or treasures of the earth are waiting to be wrested from her, wherever peoples are lying in backwardness or barbarism, wherever new civilizations are capable of being planted or old civilizations of being revived, wherever ignorance or superstition is rampant, wherever enlightenment and progress are possible, wherever duty and self-sacrifice call—there is, as there has been for hundreds of years, the true summons of the Anglo-Saxon race."

There is, of course, room for wide differences of opinion as regards the particular methods which should be adopted in the execution of the Imperial policy which Lord Curzon advocates, as also in respect to the time when those methods should be applied. But this is not the moment to discuss points of this nature. The main

question on which not only Englishmen but, indeed, all the civilized world have now to form an opinion is whether the basic principle of Lord Curzon's Imperialism should be maintained, or whether it should be swept away and give place to the wholly antagonistic ideals which would prevail if the Prussian dream of world dictatorship were realized. A comparison between the spirit which pervades Lord Curzon's speeches and the recent Report of Lord Bryce's Committee on the behaviour of the German Army in Belgium would materially help an impartial neutral to form a judgment on this important subject.

I conclude this brief Introduction with some remarks conceived in a somewhat lighter vein. In some respects Englishmen are remarkably elastic—more so, I think, than any other members of the European family. I could give numerous instances which are within my own experience to show how readily young men fresh from the English schools or universities adapt themselves to new surroundings and speedily identify themselves with the interests of the people over whom they are called to rule. But on certain points the Englishman never shakes off his insular habits. Lord Curzon in one of his speeches says: "From my own experience, I would say that the first thing an Englishman does in the outlying portions of the Empire is to make a race-course; the second is to make a golf-course." I can confirm the correctness of this testimony. In 1872, I landed on the island of Perim, where the ship bearing Lord Northbrook to India stopped in order to enable him to form an opinion as regards an important question then pending connected with the erection of certain fortifications. The island of Perim is surely one of the most desolate and inhospitable spots on the face of the globe. Its sun-baked surface consists of glistening black rock and of sand. There is not a vestige of vegetation on the whole island. Neither is there any natural water supply. I gathered during my brief visit that

the principal inhabitants of the island, were scorpions, one of which is to be found under almost every stone. The lighthouse-keeper, who together with a young officer in command of a detachment of Sepoys formed the total white population of Perim, took me to the top of the lighthouse, whence the whole of the island was visible. After alluding to other objects of local interest, he pointed to an arid waste of sand and said, "That is the race-course." As there was no four-footed beast on the island I expressed my surprise, and inquired whether any races had ever taken place. He was unable to answer this question, but he assured me that the particular locality which he indicated had "always been called the race-course."

When I arrived in Cairo, less than a year after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir had been fought, every department of the Administration was in a state of the utmost confusion. Nevertheless, a race-course had already been laid out and a Grand Stand erected. A golf-course followed after a short interval.

CROMER.

LONDON,

May 17, 1915.

THE EMPIRE

SUBJECTS OF THE DAY

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

LONDON, *May 24, 1906.*

[At the great dinner given to Lord Milner at the Hotel Cecil, under the presidency of Mr. Chamberlain, on Empire Day, 1906, Lord Curzon, proposing the toast of "The British Dominions Beyond the Seas," spoke as follows :]

OUR principal object in meeting here to-night has been to do honour to Lord Milner, and that object, after the speech of our Chairman and the magnificent reception that you have accorded to our guest, we may claim to have successfully attained. But on an occasion like this, when so many representative persons are present, and on a day like this, which is consecrated to the name and conception of Empire, it was thought by the organizers of this meeting that the opportunity should not be lost of proposing the toast of "Our Dominions Beyond the Seas," those dominions which have grown and spread by the self-sacrificing and often ill-requited labours of such men as Lord Milner, and which have never had a more brilliant or more devoted servant than he. That is the explanation of the toast which I have been instructed to propose.

No man can propose this toast—least of all any man who has borne a part in the task of governing the Empire—without a sense of great responsibility and almost of awe. For think of what this toast means. It embraces in a single formula more than one-fourth of the entire human race. It is a toast to no inconsiderable portion of the

inhabited and civilized globe. The British Dominions Beyond the Seas include every colony and possession of the Crown, from the Federated Commonwealth of Australia, that great experiment so rich in promise, and the Dominion of Canada, with its heritage of glory and its future of hope, down to the smallest rocky island or coral reef over which the Union Jack may have been hoisted on the bosom of some distant ocean. It includes great self-governing communities who have left us far behind in experiments of government and economics, but whose heart still warms and whose pulse beats more quickly at the thought of the Mother Land. It includes the small but not uninteresting Crown Colonies to which we have given what is, in my judgment, one of the best forms of government in the world. It includes all those vantage-points and places of arms with which we guard the ocean highways and of which we have been told that the drum-beat echoes round the world. It includes the undeveloped Protectorates, which in backward continents are the first step towards higher forms of political evolution in the future. And lastly it includes India, that Empire within an Empire, that supreme test of our dominion and race, the successful government of which is by itself sufficient to differentiate the British Empire from anything that has preceded it. All this, and much more than this, is involved in the toast which I am allowed to place before you. I hope that no one will do me the injustice of thinking that in making this brief enumeration I have been actuated by any spirit of pride of possession, still less by any suggestion of increase. Believe me, it is not those who know most of the Empire who make broad its phylacteries. It is not from their lips that you hear about painting the map of the world red. I doubt if in the mind of any of them—and there are many here to-night—expansion ever figures as an object of ambition, though it may sometimes present itself to them, as it has often presented itself in the past, as an obligation of duty.

No, the Empire is to them, first and foremost, a great

historical and political and sociological fact, which is one of the guiding factors in the development of mankind. Secondly, it is part of the dispensation of a higher Power which for some good purpose—it cannot possibly be for an evil one—has committed the fortunes of all these hundreds of millions of human beings to the custody of a single branch of the human family. And thirdly, it is a call to duty, to personal as well as national duty, more inspiring than has ever before sounded in the ears of a dominant people. The cynics may scoff at Empire. The doctrinaires may denounce it from the benches of the House of Commons or elsewhere, and the rhapsodists may sometimes conspire almost to render it ridiculous. But it is with us. It is part of us. It is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. We cannot get away from it. We cannot deny our own progeny. We cannot disown our own handiwork. The voyage which our predecessors commenced we have to continue. We have to answer our helm, and it is an Imperial helm, down all the tides of Time.

On an occasion like this, and with a subject like this, there are scores, I might say hundreds, of reflections which crowd on the mind of a man entrusted with the task of proposing such a toast. But there are only two to which I will venture to allude to-night. The first is this. Surely it is well and right that we should remember that the interest of the Empire is commensurate with its whole extent, and is equally shared by all its members. It is not greater in one part and less in another. It is the monopoly of no class or party or Government within the Empire. There can be no greater mistake than to regard the Empire as the peculiar property or the particular concern of those who are fortunate enough to administer it, whether from Downing Street or from the Governor's chair of authority in any part of the world. They are only the instruments and mouthpieces of a power outside of themselves, and the constituency they represent is co-extensive with the Empire itself, because it includes every one of its citizens. They may enjoy for a time the

pride of place and the privilege of responsibility, and very great, I assure you, those chances and opportunities are ; but only in proportion as they recognize the existence of something larger than themselves, only in proportion as they are obedient—as I think our guest of this evening was obedient—to the higher laws and deeper principles which do not confuse the unit with the aggregate, but regard the effect produced upon the welfare of the Empire as a whole, only so far are they entitled to share in the credit.

Again, the Empire is not the interest of the Mother Country only, though we are sometimes disposed to talk as though it were. By the way of that fallacy, as history has too often shown, lies the path of disruption and ruin. But neither is it the interest of the Colonies alone, though we may allow them a prudent liberty sometimes to stand up and lecture their parents. Still, the Empire was not made for them, but they for the Empire ; and my point is that the Empire is equally the interest of every land and island within it, of every man who inhabits it—in fact, of every subject of the King. Wherever he may be and whoever he may be, be he rich or poor, be he a dark-skinned man or a white-skinned man, he is equally concerned in the purity of our administration and in the results of our rule. Unless the Empire means something to him, I do not say always the same thing, but something of beneficence and advantage and profit in his life, whether he be a coolie in India, or a squatter in Tasmania, or a fisherman in Newfoundland—the Empire is not justifying itself, and there is something wrong about it. I do not say that, as long as they do good, Empires necessarily continue to wax, but I do say that, when they have ceased to do good to their citizens, they must inevitably tend to wane.

And this brings me to my second and concluding reflection. If this great Empire of ours has not been built up without courage and endurance—and those who know its history best know well through what travail it has passed to its greatness—it is also not without a spirit of self-

sacrifice that it can be maintained. We cannot have a world-wide Empire, with all that that means, without paying a price for it, a price in effort, in labour, sometimes in danger, but always in duty. Unless every individual citizen of the Empire is prepared to accept that particular form of sacrifice, be it great or small—and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is small rather than great—which he may be called on to perform, then our Empire is not a reality, but only a name. It is because I believe that the Empire is still an ideal to the best spirits within it, that it has a place in the consciences as well as on the lips of the majority of its peoples, and is a source of blessing to the world, that on Empire Day I think that any assemblage of Englishmen such as this may, not merely without compunction but with pride and satisfaction, be called on to drink the toast, which I now give you, of "The British Dominions Beyond the Seas."

OXFORD AND THE EMPIRE

OXFORD, *June 15, 1909.*

[The Delegates of the Imperial Press Conference visited Oxford in the course of their English tour, and were entertained to luncheon in the Library of All Souls College by the Chancellor of the University, Lord Curzon, who proposed their health in the following terms :]

AFTER your first week of fierce and strenuous activity, I welcome you with a pleasure which I hope is mutual to the ancient quadrangles and tranquil lawns of Oxford University. Although this is a place of education, we have no succession of speakers to-day to instruct you in all the high themes with which you have been brought into such close contact during the past ten days, and the results of which, I suppose, will flow in a fertilizing stream of eloquence from your editorial pens for many years to come. Here in Oxford we give you a holiday, although, I hope, a useful and a beneficial holiday. You will wander at your leisure amid scenes that have not been without their effect in the making of English history ; you will see those whom the late Matthew Arnold rather irreverently described as " our young barbarians " all at play ; you will meet, too, the skilled artificers who are converting that splendid raw material into the finished production ; and pray remember that, when you see the Oxford tutor, you are gazing upon a product of our ancient universities of Oxford and Cambridge, unique in the world, and one which foreign universities and institutions with which you are familiar are endeavouring to imitate in distant parts of the world. Then, too, as you wander about under expert

guidance through Oxford to-day, you will see the pinnacles and walls and towers which have fired the imagination and, I dare say, directed the impulses of many of those who have gone out from here into the world, and have done great deeds for the Empire.

There is something not inappropriate in the fact that I am entertaining you in the Library of this College, which may almost be described as the academic sanctuary of British law. Blackstone himself, whose statue you see at the upper end of this room, presides in all the majesty of marble over our meeting. For what is there in the whole history of Imperial expansion that has done so much to mould your institutions and to stamp upon them the peculiar imprint of their English origin as English law? And what is there in the future that is more certain of a great development, or that is more required for the appeasement of conflict and the peaceful progress of nations, than the evolution, the harmonizing, and the codification of those principles of international law, the learned oracles of which speak *urbi et orbi* from their modest shrine within the walls of this College of All Souls? Therefore I think you have done rightly in including Oxford University in your programme.

During the last ten days you have been brought into personal contact with many of those forces and influences and institutions—as well as persons—who have a voice in shaping the destinies of this Empire, and I should like to ask you, is there among them any one that can compare in antiquity or in influence with this University? Oxford is, indeed, part of the life of the nation. She has written her mark upon every age of English History, and every age of English History has written its mark upon her. Here statesmen have been nurtured, and perhaps a good many who were not statesmen. Here kings have reigned, theologians and schoolmen have contended, reformers have been burned at the stake, and those great ideas have sprung into being which, radiating from this centre, have gone abroad, and have shaken the world. Look, too, at

the part that Oxford has played in Empire building and in Empire consolidation. We train here and we send out to you your governors and administrators and judges, your teachers and preachers and lawyers. We play a great part in the training—if I may turn for a moment to India—of that splendid Indian Civil Service, which is one of the glories of the British nation. We train also no inconsiderable number of Pressmen such as I am entertaining to-day, and who, much more than any officials, will be in the future the speaking links—the “live rails,” if the metaphor may be permitted—for connecting the outskirts of the Empire with its heart. In coming to Oxford you come to no Sleepy Hollow which is drugged with the spell of its own enchantment, or spends its time in drowsing over the memories of the past. Here we are very much alive, and it may be that in your excursions to-day you may have heard murmured the words, “Reform from within.” That is not a subject on which it will be wise for me to descant, but at least I may say that more or less in Oxford “we are all reformers now.”

Perhaps it would be safer for me to lay stress upon the part that we are playing, in an increasing degree, in the development of those broader conceptions of Empire which you have been discussing during the time you have been in England. Under the munificent bequest of the late Cecil Rhodes—a name to which we ought to pay our tribute of reverent admiration to-day—this University is spending a sum of over fifty thousand pounds a year in bringing here and educating the best character, the most alert intelligence, and the most vigorous manhood that you can send to us from the Dominions across the Seas. The professorship and the lectureship in Colonial History, which were founded by the late Mr. Alfred Beit, and the holders of which are with us, have usefully supplemented the original bequest. Do you imagine for a moment that this annual influx from the Overseas Dominions can come to Oxford without producing its effect upon us? It is

like pumping a new stream of blood into our age-worn but by no means atrophied veins.

These Rhodes Scholars win our prizes, they capture our fellowships, they excel pre-eminently in our sports ; incidentally they have taught us something of the narrowness of our curriculum, and have spurred us to fresh exertions in that respect. But the effect does not stop there. It is reciprocal, and is equally great upon the Empire. Every quarter we turn out a large number of these young men, and in a few years' time there will be some two thousand of them scattered throughout the English-speaking world, the Overseas Dominions, and America. These men will become the lawyers who will practise at your Bars, the teachers in your colleges and Universities, the leaders who will take high part in professional and public life. They will be the creators of public opinion in the Empire, and the real Empire-builders of the future. I hope that we shall succeed in stamping upon them the imprint of the peculiar Oxford culture, that broad and humane and liberal culture which is inseparably connected with our traditions, and which, in an age like this, ever more and more given up to material and utilitarian pursuits, is worth more to nations than much gold and many diamonds. Above all, I hope that these men, as they go forth from here, will be true to the inspiration, which they may have acquired in this place, of an Oxford ideal, and that they will carry that ideal with them into whatever pursuits they undertake when they visit or live in the realms beyond the seas.

I hope that when you get back to your distant homes you will not forget, and will not regret, the day that you have spent in this ancient but immortal place. I hope that there may be a perpetual stream circulating between the Colonies and England, from the Empire to Oxford and from Oxford back to the Empire, carrying to and from upon its bosom the best of character and intelligence, the best of loyalty and patriotism, that either of us can give.

THE EMPIRE AND THE CORONATION

LONDON, *June 17, 1911.*

[A banquet—Lord Burnham in the chair—was given to the Overseas Press Visitors who came to London in June 1911 to attend the Coronation of King George V. Lord Curzon proposed the toast of "The Guests," and in the course of his remarks spoke as follows about the Imperial aspect of the impending ceremony :]

THE British Empire may be said to be reproduced in microcosm in London at this moment. If you move about the streets you will see Indian princely potentates, great personages of immense power in that country, pillars of the State, many of whom, I believe, regard a visit to this country almost as if they were going home. You will see dusky and uniformed warriors bearing on their bosoms the medals that recall the fact that they have rendered service to the King on the distant frontiers of the Empire. You will meet picturesque Sultans from the Malay Peninsula ; you will see Colonial Premiers and Members of Parliament jostling each other on the pavement ; you will hear the English language spoken in almost every variety of inflexion. I am told we are not the custodians of the real and original form, and that it is only to be found across the seas. Indeed, in many manifestations and forms you observe the British Empire at our doors and gates. By a happy coincidence we have the Premiers of the great self-governing Dominions in this country engaged in daily and serious conference with the leading statesmen of our own Government. Thus it is, when you come to London on this occasion, instead of bringing the Empire with you, you almost find the Empire here already.

I am not certain that we ought not, as citizens of London, to apologize for the appearance of our ancient and picturesque but at the present moment not too beautiful metropolis. I hardly know to what to compare it, whether to a city in a state of siege, to a patient in splinters, or to an American football player encased in that peculiar garb in which he meets the dangers of the field. However that may be, in a day or two's time I hope that all these ugly casings will be covered up in gala attire, and on Thursday next, when the great ceremony takes place, I truly believe the capital of the Empire will present an appearance that no city in the past, neither Babylon in its splendour nor Rome in its pride, can ever have presented. Take the most dramatic incidents we can recall in history—the Emperor Alexander entering into Babylon. He entered Babylon, so to speak, over the bodies of prostrate peoples and deposed kings. Take Cæsar, in his triumphant chariot, mounting the slopes of Capitoline Jove. In the train that followed him were captive kings and queens, objects of pity and of humiliation. But in our rejoicing of Thursday next there will be nothing but peace and unanimity and spontaneity on every side. No note of pain or even of contrast will mar the proceedings; and in the midst of this unparalleled assemblage, and amid the acclamations of his people, the King of Great Britain and Ireland, the Emperor of India, the Monarch of the Overseas Dominions, from which you come, will go down to the ancient shrine of the history and traditions of his people to accept the crown of his ancestors, and to render his homage to the King of kings.

I hope that even in an after-dinner speech I am not acting improperly or irrelevantly in striking, for a moment, this more serious note. Though you meet us, though we meet you, in an atmosphere of gaiety and rejoicing, though the holiday spirit dances in our veins, though you are told in the newspapers that the country is so given up to enjoyment that it will not regard with seriousness even the most important constitutional revolutions, I hope you will

not believe for a moment that you have 'come here' to look on at some great pageant or procession, but rather to take part in, and to describe to your people across the seas, one of the great historic landmarks in the history of the British people.

I would ask you to read the Coronation Service in the Prayer Book. There you will find that the three hours we are to spend in the Abbey will not be given up to a mere obsolete and unmeaning mummery. The history, the tradition, the poetry, the romance of untold centuries will be summed up in that great ceremonial. The history of Great Britain—one might almost say, of the Empire—will be concentrated in those crowded hours. But, believe me, it will not be history, or romance, or poetry, or tradition alone. That ceremony is a great religious observance. For, when the King and Queen stand up in the Abbey, they make prayer and supplication. There the King makes declaration of his faith. There not merely do his subjects make obeisance to the King, but he makes his obeisance to Almighty God. The sanctions of religion are behind the whole ceremony. The sacraments of religion are administered there, and when you go forth from it and try to describe it to your people, pray impress upon them the seriousness of what you have seen. Do not give them to understand that you have been out for a holiday or a junketing in the old Mother Country, but impress upon them that, when the King goes forth from the Abbey with the Crown on his head, he is not merely the symbol of the pomp and state of a world-wide Empire—the greatest that man has ever seen—but that he is also the embodiment of an idea, the expression of an ideal which we fondly believe is blessed from on high, and which we hope will redound to the blessing and advantage of untold millions of the human race. Common language—and the English language is becoming more common and more universal throughout the Empire—is a great link and a great cement of Empire. A common law is a greater still, because it is the guarantee of the liberties

and rights of every one of the subjects of that Empire, irrespective of race, religion, language, or climate. But a common King is the greatest link of all, because it is a possession in which all can share, irrespective of race, religion, colour, or climate, and it is the visible symbol to every one of them of that Empire to which they ought to be proud to belong.

THE CEMENT OF EMPIRE

LONDON, *May* 25, 1914.

[The annual meeting of the Victoria League—an Association designed to promote common knowledge and common understanding among all the States comprising the British Empire—was held in the Guildhall, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. Lord Curzon made the subjoined speech :]

THE Victoria League, on behalf of which I speak this afternoon, is doing, under the eye of Providence, or is attempting to do, a work greater than Parliaments, or armies, or fleets, in holding together the majestic but loosely scattered units that go to make up the British Empire. You exist and you work in order to enable, firstly, the Empire to understand itself, and secondly, the citizens of the Empire to understand each other. In the last resort it will only be because the various States which compose the Empire realize the nature and value of the tie by which they are united, and because individual members of the various States entertain towards each other a warm fellow-feeling, that we shall be able to escape those disintegrating influences which are everywhere at work, which have brought other great Empires before ours to the ground, but which I believe, by this and other agencies, we shall succeed in defeating.

If our Empire attains this object, it will be an unprecedented feat in the history of the world. The spectacle of peoples of single race and common traditions existing in a country with clearly defined geographical boundaries, and clinging with successful tenacity to their political existence over long spaces of time, is not an uncommon

one in history ; but that an Empire like our own, which has over-run the world, which embraces hundreds of races and scores of States, many of which are claiming, and rightly, to be counted as nations themselves—that such an Empire should voluntarily hold together when there is no force to compel it to do so, when the forces that are working in the direction of separation are so strong, when separation itself is so easy—will be an unparalleled and magnificent achievement.

This, then, is the problem which the Victoria League has set itself to solve. You endeavour to do it, not by the agency of material forces, not by laws and regulations, because there is no authority behind you to compel anybody to carry out your behests, but by appealing to that which is the most sacred of all human instincts, namely the family tie, and by preaching the gospel that the real cement of Empire is brotherhood, and that the real basis of brotherhood is mutual understanding.

In the course of my life I have had occasion to visit a good many of the distant dominions of the Crown and I served for several years in India. During these visits and this service I have often asked myself, not so much : What is the mysterious force that has brought together these scattered fragments in the past or that is holding them together now? but : What is the force that is to keep them together in the future? Some people will tell you that it will be the Crown ; and, assuredly, the Crown, as the foremost symbol of Imperial union, as an institution in which every fellow-subject of ours, both man and woman, throughout the Empire has a share, is of inestimable value. It is true that the conception of monarchy has changed. The old divinity that hedged a king and the old autocratic powers have dwindled and almost disappeared ; but in proportion as they have done so, the sense of public proprietorship shared by all the Dominions of the State in the Crown and its wearer has grown and is growing. Even in the old days when kings were either above the law or, at any rate, often behaved as

if they were, you will find their subjects were to some extent reconciled to that state of affairs by the feeling that the King belonged to them. In France, when the Monarchy was rushing to its fall before the Revolution, the King was still so much the property of the people that they had a right to see him in audience, and at his meals, to be present at half the functions of his life, even to witness the birth of his children ; and I have often thought that it was this sense of ownership that induced the French nation for so long to tolerate the misdeeds of their sovereigns. Now the King is a national institution in a different but more democratic and therefore more popular sense. He is expected to be the embodiment of the sentiments, the ideals, and the aspirations of the nation. I sometimes see in the papers the phrase employed that the King is going to inspect " his " soldiers, or " his " fleet, or " his " dominions, and no doubt the phrase is of value as indicating the close nature of the tie that connects them. But for my part I should like to turn the phrase the other way about, and to say that the troops, or the ships, or the dominions, as the case may be, were being visited by " their " King. The ownership, in fact, is vested, not in the monarch but in the nation. This sense of a share in the monarchy is, I think, one of the most potent and precious, just as it is one of the most venerable, of the links of Empire that we possess.

There is another bond of union about which I may say a word. I speak of the Imperial Parliament. I cannot help thinking that the Imperial Parliament has, in recent years, lost some of the halo that used to surround its brow, torn off to a large extent by its own hands. In theory it is superior to all the Parliaments of the Empire, and is supposed to make the laws which must be observed to the outermost rim. But the practice is not quite the same as the theory. If a Colonial Parliament chooses to snap its fingers at us, I am not clear what we can do. Therefore, I do not look to the Imperial

Parliament in the future to play the same part as a link of Empire that it has done in the past.

There is also another institution which I believe to be of great value. I allude to the small body of gentlemen, seated in a dingy room in Whitehall, in black coats, without even the advantage of wigs upon their heads, who constitute the final judicial tribunal of the Empire—the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Their judgments are received with great authority and carry immense respect, even when they are delivered, as they usually are, several years after the circumstances to which they refer. But, however much the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council may appeal to our respect, it cannot touch our emotions.

Some day I daresay we shall have a system of Common Trade and Common Defence, as well as Common Law. But we have ~~neither~~ at present; and accordingly we cannot point to them as bonds of Empire.

So we come to the conclusion that, while the material forces which hold the Empire together, with the single exception of the Crown, are as precarious and as inchoate as I have shown them to be, there is one force and one only upon which we can rely to fill the gap, and to supply the cohesive influence we desire; and that is the sense, to which you appeal, of brotherhood between men and women, our fellow-subjects all round the great circumference of our Empire.

The one instinct and sentiment that appeals most readily to the heart of every one of us is the sense of home. When the Imperial Press Conference met in England a few years ago, what was the word that ran like an electric thrill, not merely through that great gathering at the White City, but through the whole Empire? It was Lord Rosebery's "Welcome Home" to the members of that Conference. Let me mention what I think on the whole was the most remarkable thing that I heard during my service in India. An Indian prince once came to me and said that he wanted to go home. By "home"

he did not mean Rajputana, or Bombay, or Bengal, but he meant England, and he meant London. You could not have a stronger illustration of the way in which the conception I am speaking of has penetrated the hearts of our fellow-subjects, even in circumstances most unlikely to produce such a result.

This ideal I understand the Victoria League to have taken under its special charge. You exist, firstly, to make your fellow-subject, from whatever part of the Empire he comes, when he reaches our shores, feel that he is not a stranger but that he is coming home. You exist to carry "home" to the settlers who have left us and gone out to face the unknown; and you exist to create the idea of "home" among those in distant lands who never have seen and very likely never will see the Mother Country. This threefold work on which you are engaged seems to me to deserve the support of every thinking and patriotic man and woman in every part of the Empire. What can be better for the Colonial who comes here from distant parts of our Empire than, when he arrives, to find the hand of welcome stretched out to him in England, to be shown the sights of London and elsewhere, to be introduced to our people and to be guided to an understanding of our institutions? When that happens he feels that the Empire is something to him. It is not a mere vague abstraction which he reads about in school books; it is illustrated in his own person because he has received a practical demonstration that he is one of its sons.

And how well will this attention be repaid! Hospitality is both an instinct and a tradition of our Dominions across the Seas, and you may be certain that, for every handshake that you give to the Colonial coming to these shores, a warm grip will be given in return to the settler going out from here to distant lands, to novel scenes, to a task of which he knows little. I can say as a traveller, though not perhaps as a settler, that one of the most distressing and uncomfortable experiences of travel is one's first night

in a strange country. You may depend upon it that any little service we may render here will be more than repaid in the manner I have described.

But great as is this task, an even greater one lies before the Victoria League in the future. Only a fraction, I suppose a tiny fraction, of our fellow-subjects come here as it is. But as the years roll by, as the population of our Dominions increases, even in spite of the growing facilities for travel, you may be certain that the minority which is able to come to our shores will become smaller and smaller, until the time will arise when there will probably be millions of British subjects who have never seen, who never will see, the white cliffs of Dover ; who will never enter Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral or hear the roar of London ; who will never see the church spires rising above the village roofs in our beautiful countryside. Just as in the old saying, when the mountain would not come to Mohammed, Mohammed had to go to the mountain, so it is clear that we must go out to them. When I say "go out" to them I do not mean in person, but with all the agencies of books, letters, literature, and correspondence, which are a feature of the work of your League. I have been delighted to read of the newspapers and books that you send ; of the correspondence bureau that you have instituted, and of the reproductions of great pictures by ancient and modern artists which you also send out to induce a cultivated sense among our people in different parts of the world. I truly believe that with every shilling and much more with every pound that is spent on objects such as these, you will be laying a brick in a wall—no Roman wall of military defence, no Chinese wall of selfish exclusiveness, but a wall of human hearts built around our Empire, a wall which, when all other defences crumble and give way, will perhaps avail to keep it safe.

INDIA

SERVICE IN INDIA

LONDON, *April 6, 1906.*

[On the return of Lord Curzon from India, at the end of his second term of office as Viceroy, a dinner was given in his honour by the London Society of Pilgrims at the Savoy Hotel. The chair was taken by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, and the toast of "The Guest of the Evening" was proposed by Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India during the greater part of Lord Curzon's administration. Lord Curzon replied in the following terms:]

I NEED hardly assure you that I appreciate most highly the great honour which you have conferred upon me this evening, and the manner in which you have just received the toast of my health. If a pilgrim is still, as he always used to be, a person who wanders abroad for a definite object at a distance from his native land, then as a wanderer of this character for many years I may perhaps claim that there is something not inappropriate in my being entertained by a Society of Pilgrims. And if, as I understand, this particular association of pilgrims who are gathered round these tables consists of Englishmen and Americans who are banded together to promote goodwill between these two great wandering races—or I would rather say between these two great branches of the same wandering race, because, after all, English and Americans are now and henceforward one—then may I not claim a further justification in the fact that the best pilgrimage I ever made in my life was to the other side of the water in order to persuade an American pilgrim to execute a life pilgrimage in my company? I was not the

first Governor-General of India to take this prudent step. Nearly a hundred years ago there was another Governor-General—Lord Wellesley—who also married an American woman, but who only did so after he had returned from India, and in the latter part of his life, when the union of which I speak happened too late to exercise any influence upon his Indian career. Wiser in my generation, I took the step earlier in the day, with what effect upon my administration the speech of Lord George Hamilton has sufficiently shown.

But, my lords and gentlemen, there are, I think, other connections between America and India less accidental than the matrimonial sagacity or the matrimonial happiness—whichever it be—of two Governors-General nearly a century apart. I have always heard that when Christopher Columbus lighted upon America he was in reality on the look-out for an eastern extension of India, and it was that particular discovery that he thought he had made. Hence those extraordinary solecisms of the “West Indies” and the North American “Indians,” which we continue to employ at the present day. From this point of view America may, I think, be described as a kind of historical and geographical afterthought of India, although perhaps this is an aspect of the case upon which it will not be wise for me to lay too much stress upon the present hospitable occasion. But there are other links between America and India that are closer still. In India we have been engaged for a hundred and fifty years or more in making, with greater or less success—I myself think with greater—the same experiment which America is undertaking in another part of the same continent, and in which we who have served in India or been resident in India wish her the good fortune which we have enjoyed. A little earlier in the evening we drank the toast of “The Sovereign of the British Empire and the President of the United States.” I have often thought myself that, although there is the utmost difference between the constitutions of America and India, yet there is a greater similarity between the

positions of the President of the United States and the British official who is placed in charge of the destinies of India than there is between the positions of any two political functionaries in the world. Both hold their office for a limited term, both exercise, as Lord George Hamilton has pointed out, an immense authority, and have the power of exerting a great, and let us hope beneficent, influence over vast multitudes of their fellow-men ; both have higher authorities above or behind them with whom sometimes they are so unfortunate as to disagree—in the one case there is the Senate of the United States and the House of Representatives, and in the other case there is the Secretary of State and his Majesty's Government ; both when they descend from their official pedestals relapse into the tranquil obscurity of private citizenship, and, from having been the man at the helm, become that apotheosis of commonplace, the man in the street. Of course the President of the United States occupies the greater position, for he is the elected ruler of a self-governing people of his own race, and that perhaps the mightiest people in the universe. But I am not sure that the Governor-General of India has not in his time had the opportunity of exercising an even greater influence over those who are committed to his charge ; for he has been placed in custody for the time being of the lives and fortunes, as we have had pointed out to us, of over 300,000,000 of human beings, or approximately one-fifth of the human race—and they are not one community, one language, one race, or one religion ; they are a continent, an Empire, almost a universe apart. They are a people who, of no premeditated design, but in the dispensation of Providence, have been handed over to the dominion of the British power, with all the romance and wonder of their past history, with the stupendous problems which come up for solution from day to day, and with the infinite mystery of their unknown future. My lords and gentlemen, I own that when I speak about India before any assembly I can scarcely avoid the language of emotion. I was reading

the other day in one of the newspapers that as many as 400,000,000 of the population of the world were the subjects of the British Crown. That is an amazing reflection in itself, a fact which makes one pause and think. But when you remember that three out of every four of these subjects of the King are in India, that Calcutta, the capital of India, is the next city in size to London in the whole British Empire, that, with the possible exception of China, India is the largest and most populous political aggregation in the universe, then I think you begin to realize to what extent the British Empire is an Asiatic empire, and how, if we cut out the Asiatic portion of it, it would infallibly dwindle in scale and in importance. I sometimes like to picture to myself this great Imperial fabric as a huge structure like some Tennysonian "Palace of Art," of which the foundations are in this country, where they have been laid and must be maintained by British hands, but of which the Colonies are the pillars, and high above all floats the vastness of an Asiatic dome.

Think of the nature of the human mechanism with which we maintain this great possession! When I was in India I had certain inquiries made with regard to our officials. Applying the test of salaries, than which I know no better test or distinction between higher and lower appointments—this society appears to be in a very cynical humour to-night—we find that there are only 1,200 official Englishmen in India drawing salaries of £800 or over £800 a year; while of those drawing £60 or more than £60 a year, which is going very low, we find there are only 6,500 English officials in India. In other words there is but one English official to every 46,000 natives. These figures, eloquent in their simple condensation, explain how it is that none of us who have been engaged in the work of administration in India can speak of it without exultation or abandon it without regret. I am sure there are many persons at this table who share to the full the feeling which I am now expressing. If I were to ask the illustrious Field-Marshal who is presiding to-night what has

been the part of his great and eminent career of which he is most proud, I am certain he would reply in the title which his own literary labours have rendered classical—"Forty-one Years in India." If I were then to turn to Lord George Hamilton, whose official connection with India in England has been longer than that of any living statesman, and who conducted the administration of India with an urbanity and sympathy which made it a positive delight to serve under him, and if I were to ask him what is the most valuable experience that he has acquired in his long and distinguished official career, would he not say that which India has given him? And so with many others who are present here. The soldier who has served in India would say that there is no soldiering like it—so masculine, so earnest, so instinct with actuality and life. The Indian Civil Servant would say there is no form of administration in the world so strenuous, so unselfish, and so inspiring. Their experience is my experience also. There is no one of us who has served in India who regrets one day or one hour that he has given to it. Whatever of health or strength he may have sacrificed—and the sacrifice sometimes is not inconsiderable—it has been gladly rendered. And though, when we come back to this country, we occasionally find that nobody quite knows where we have been and still less what we have been doing, we feel that our experience in India, whatever it may have been, is something with which we would not part for anything else the world has to offer, that we have had our hand, so to speak, on the pulse of the universe, and have played a part, however humble, in the greatest work that can be given to human beings to perform.

The other day, when I was thinking over what I should say at this dinner, I took up a book about India to acquire some information to lay before this assembly. In it there was an article about the work and position of the Viceroy. When I read it to you you will realize how far fiction can be carried from fact: "The Viceroy of India leads a pleasant life, having a charming summer residence in

a lovely mountain retreat, with the full prestige of representing the British Crown, and provided with a splendid personal staff and furnished with a luxurious railway carriage ready to convey him to his Calcutta palace in the winter, or to waft him about among beautiful landscapes and old historic cities. He is always in the prime of life, assisted by Councillors who act as his Ministers in the different departments, and relieve him of all responsibility in administrative details. In the charge of the Army he is aided by the experienced officer who commands the Indian forces." Generally speaking, the whole of that is true, individually true. I profited by every one of those advantages. I would not propose to curtail or abrogate one of their number. And yet it is impossible to imagine a paragraph which, though the individual items of it may be correct, could give a more inadequate description of the life of the Viceroy. Let me give another instance of a similar illusion. I read in a speech that was made by a member of the present House of Commons that my administration of India had been one of pomp and pageantry. The observation appears to have captivated even the sagacious intellect of the present Secretary for India (Lord Morley). Such is the baleful influence that is exercised by alliteration on the literary mind. I turn to the speech which has just been delivered by Lord George Hamilton, and say, "There is my answer." It is perfectly true that we did celebrate with becoming pomp and dignity the Coronation of King Edward at Delhi, and I thank Heaven that there is one part of the Empire that is not so drab and colourless as this dingy and unimaginative realm. I do not think there was much pomp and pageantry in that part of the life of the Viceroy which was described by Lord George Hamilton. I remember working through the long hours of the day and far into the night. I count the working days of the Viceroy as 365 in the year, if not more; and if my friend Mr. Winston Churchill were here this evening I should have to present him with this description of the

life of the Viceroy, and of my administration in particular, as a more striking example of "terminological inexactitude" than anything that has yet been achieved by the party of which he is so distinguished an ornament. Lord George Hamilton referred to the discussion on the education question which was held at Simla, and was kind enough to point out that the 150 Resolutions passed by the conference were framed by myself. I am afraid there was a suspicion of autocracy in that fact. But the Resolutions were not 150 but 175. And more remarkable still, whether they were drawn up by myself or not, every one was passed by the unanimous vote of the whole of the gentlemen seated at the table. May I commend that as a study in administrative methods to his Majesty's present advisers? There was only one other passage in the speech to which I shall allude. Lord George Hamilton paid me the greatest compliment which it is possible to pay to any man in my post by drawing a comparison between the administration of Lord Dalhousie and that of myself. Since Warren Hastings, I regard him as incomparably the greatest administrator ever charged with the destinies of India—as having an administrative genius greater almost than that of any other Englishman of our time, though perhaps I ought to say that he was a Scotsman. Had he lived and devoted his genius to the service of his country, it must have lifted him to the first rank of English statesmen. While, however, I regard the comparison as a compliment, I cannot help finding in Lord Dalhousie's experience a sad omen; and I only hope that there may await me in future a different fate from that which befell him—coming back worn out in the exercise of his great duties and incapable of giving to his country at home that which he had given to it abroad, and wasting away in retirement the few years which should have fulfilled the supreme ambition of his existence.

I believe that when a pro-Consul returns from abroad he is permitted for a short period to philosophize for the benefit of his countrymen. I am not sure that sometimes

his experience does not make a very great call upon any resources of philosophy that he may possess. If I were asked to sum up what were the lessons which Eastern government had given to me, I should say they were these. In the first place, remember always that you are not in India or in any foreign dependency, any more than the Americans are in the Philippines, for the benefit of what in diplomacy are called your own "nationals." You are there for the benefit of the people of the country. In the old conception of colonies and dependencies the people did not occupy a prominent part. They were a mere physical feature of the country—an ethnographic excrescence on the surface of the soil. In our school-days we used to read of the Roman Empire and its colonies, and how the Roman Government ended its letters to its pro-Consuls with the words "*Si tu exercitusque valetis, bene est.*" Now we add to "*exercitus*," or substitute for it where we can, the word "*populus*." That is the spirit in which all administration of dependencies which is to succeed must be carried on. That is the spirit in which South Africa was administered by Lord Milner. It is the spirit in which Egypt is being administered by Lord Cromer. It is the spirit in which India has been administered by a long succession of Viceroys, and in which, I hope, it will continue to be administered in the future.

The second thing I would wish to say to high officers of State and the Ministers of Government is this. As far as you can, trust the men on the spot. Do not worry or fret or nag them with your superior wisdom. They are loyal to you—do not have any fear about that. They are running your show, not their own. They claim no immunity from errors of opinion or judgment, but their errors are nothing to be compared to yours. Still less do they claim any immunity from supervision and control. They know perfectly the part that is played in the Constitution by the Imperial Government and the Parliament of this country. I have often heard of "a prancing pro-Consul." I have never myself known a pro-Consul,

to prance, except in a Radical peroration. But, after all, remember that these men know more of the local facts than you can do yourselves, and that their judgment, on the whole, is likely to be more correct.

Thirdly, never sacrifice a subject interest—that is, the interest of a subject dependency or possession—to exclusively British interests. Do not force upon your dependencies a policy which may be distasteful or unsuitable to them, merely because it is advantageous to yourselves. The meaning of empire is not to impose on dependencies the will of the Mother Country or master power, but to effect a harmonious co-ordination of the interests of the whole. I read in the papers this morning that last night a Member of Parliament said that the British Empire could get on very well without Natal or West Ham. I cannot personally speak for West Ham. It is just conceivable to me that the Empire might survive its loss. But Natal, no ! And why ? Because if you lose one colony like Natal, the process does not end there, but goes on, and you find before long that you have lost the British Empire itself.

Lastly, I would say both to our own people and to all other peoples, who may be engaged in empire-making, send out to this task the best men you can tempt or train—send them out to India, to Egypt, to South Africa, to West Africa, to the uttermost ends of the earth. Do not be frightened by distance. Do not let them be dismayed by exile. In far-off lands, amidst alien peoples, in friendless solitudes, under burning suns, your sons, the offspring of your race, will still do good work, work that is good for themselves, good for the country that has sent them out, and good for the community in which they are placed. They will lead clean and healthy lives and have opportunities for doing noble and unselfish deeds. Wherever unknown lands are waiting to be opened up, wherever the secrets or treasures of the earth are waiting to be wrested from her, wherever peoples are lying in backwardness or barbarism, wherever

new civilizations are capable of being planted or old civilizations of being revived, wherever ignorance or superstition is rampant, wherever enlightenment and progress are possible, wherever duty and self-sacrifice call—there is, as there has been for hundreds of years, the true summons of the Anglo-Saxon race. May we hope, in this assemblage of Englishmen and Americans, that neither of the two great branches of that race, now so happily reunited, may ever fall below the dignity of their high calling.

LORD CLIVE

MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL, LONDON, *December 13, 1907.*

[On the above date Lord Curzon unveiled a mural tablet which has been set up in the great hall of the school to the memory of Lord Clive, who was a boy at Merchant Taylors' in 1737-9. He said:]

I SUPPOSE that I have been asked to unveil this tablet to Robert Lord Clive in the main because I have been lately concerned in inviting public contributions for a larger memorial to that great man both in England and in India. I am glad to say that remarkable success has attended that undertaking. It has been suggested in some quarters that perhaps this is an unfavourable moment for honouring the founder of the British dominion in India, because of the unrest of which we have recently read in that country—an unrest which I hope and believe is diminishing from day to day. In my view no moment can be unfavourable for retrieving a great neglect or paying a long-retarded tribute of honour. You might as well say that we ought to refrain from doing honour to Wellington for fear of giving offence to our very good friends and allies the French, or, to come down to more recent times, that it would be unwise to compliment and honour Lord Roberts for fear of any irritation that might be caused to our new fellow-subjects, the Boers. That this view is not taken by many of those most qualified to speak in India itself is shown by the fact that numbers of the Maharajas and Princes of India have written to me of their own accord expressions of their individual opinion, very often enclosing handsome contributions to our funds. Only by the last mail I had a letter from the Maharaja of Nepal, the ruler of a powerful State from which we draw those splendid forces of the

Gurkhas, of whom you have no doubt heard, and who may be called the Warden of the Northern Marches in India. He wrote as follows: "It was always a mystery to me that Lord Clive, the founder of the British power in India, should have remained unhonoured so long in marble. I am glad to see that the omission is now going to be rectified, and I do myself the pleasure of sending a small sum of £100 as my contribution to this laudable undertaking." Many similar letters and contributions have reached me from all parts of India. In this country the response to the appeal has been swift and generous, and at the present moment we have for our fund the sum of £4,700, which I hope before we close, and perhaps partly as a consequence of this meeting, may soon reach £5,000. With that sum we propose to raise statues to Clive, both in England and in India¹—in the old Empire which he so largely extended by his genius and in the new Empire which he won. It does not often occur, I think, in history that 130 years after a man's death, more particularly when his death was surrounded by circumstances of so much tragedy and gloom as in the case of Clive, posterity unites with so much unanimity to do honour to the dead. This undertaking of yours in this school is, of course, on an independent though a parallel footing. You, I believe, had commenced the arrangements for your memorial before I had started the wider scheme. You owe it to the generosity of the Company whose Master and whose members are present on this platform. And in addition to their good work here I may add that they have given a most handsome contribution to the larger fund.

If anybody is disposed to ask the question why either in this hall or in the larger world of England and of India honour should be paid to the memory of Robert Clive, I think that the answer is very simple and clear. Clive was one of the master spirits of the English race. He was one

¹ These statues, both by Mr. John Tweed, are now *in situ*—the first, in bronze, in Whitehall, London; the second, in white marble, in the Victoria Memorial Hall, Calcutta.

of those forces that seem to be put into the world to shape the destinies of mankind. Wherever history is read, wherever heroic deeds are sung, wherever the origin of that wonderful achievement, the Indian Empire, is traced, there the name of Robert Clive leaps at once to the front. You can no more get away from Clive than you can get away from the towering image of Julius Cæsar or the mighty personality of Napoleon. One of the most characteristic episodes of Clive's career is told, I believe with a certain amount of poetical embroidery, in one of the Dramatic Idylls of the poet Robert Browning. I do not know if it is familiar to you. If not, I would recommend you to read it. You may imagine the attraction exerted by the man of action, whose character was hewn out of adamant, though at the same time he was human to the core, upon a poet like Robert Browning, whose verse was as rugged as the nature of Clive, but who was inspired by no less ardent a patriotism. In this poem there is a line which expresses what we all feel :

In my eyes, your eyes, all the world's eyes, Clive was man.

That was the fact. Clive was a man and a master of men. From the time when he was a boy in this school until in middle life he was standing up against his persecutors and revilers in this country, with a noble courage that never quailed, all through Clive was a man, raised above the level of his fellow-creatures as one sometimes sees some great lighthouse of granite lifted above the scream and buffeting of the ocean.

I am not going to say anything to you to-day, though perhaps you may expect it, about Clive at school. It is an astonishing thing, when man have attained to greatness, how many imaginary stories circulate about their earlier years. The ancients gratified this instinct by pretending that portents hovered round the birth of illustrious persons. Bees, you may remember, settled on the lips of the future poet. The skies thundered and the earth groaned when some great commander was

born. We in our more prosaic age, as a rule, represent the great man of action as having been a very naughty and turbulent and unruly schoolboy. Such is the popular tradition about Clive. There are a number of stories circulated about his boyhood and schooltime, many of which are, I fancy, apocryphal, though some, no doubt, contain a substratum of truth. But I am not going to repeat them here for fear that, if I did so, I might encourage a spirit of insubordination among the boys of Merchant Taylors' School (who, I believe, are at present distinguished for their excellent discipline), under the impression, for which there would probably be not the shadow of a foundation, that they are embryo Clives of the future. Nothing, I am sure, would be more unwelcome to the eminent teachers whom I see before me, and therefore without further apology I pass away from Clive's school-days.

For the majority of people interest in Clive dates from the time when he landed at Madras, a friendless and disconsolate clerk of nineteen years of age, whom his father described as a booby, condemned to one of the most unattractive professions in a disagreeable and steaming climate. In nine years from that date that poor and unknown clerk, who had never received any military education at all—not as much as is enjoyed by these cadets whom I see before me—whose education at Merchant Taylors' School had, I believe, been of the most slender description, had become one of the most famous captains of that or any other age. Good judges of strategy and warfare will tell you that in military genius he was equal to Marlborough and superior to Turenne. He showed in his military career that peculiar combination of qualities which go to make the great commander—extraordinary intuition, infinite resource, unflinching clearness of vision, a capacity for instant action, coolness in danger, and a power—a remarkable power—of winning the confidence of his subordinates, whether they were natives or Europeans. One of the most interesting and affecting

things about the history of Clive is the way in which he was loved by the native troops who served him in India. By these means, not merely did Clive acquire a great military reputation, but, in the southern parts of India in these early years of his career, he shattered the dreams of dominion which had entered the minds of certain able Frenchmen in that part of the country, and taking their framework and outline, he put into it what ultimately turned out to be the reality of the British dominion of the future.

• I do not propose to dwell on the military episodes of the second part of Clive's career in Bengal, although the Battle of Plassey, which was a scrimmage rather than an actual conflict, is, because of its enormous and far-reaching influence, rightly known as one of the decisive battles of the world. These campaigns in Bengal were less remarkable for their military features than for their political consequences. When the troops of the Nawab in Bengal fled before the tiny force of Clive at Plassey, and when a few years later on he took over the *diwani*, which means the revenue collection, of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, then it was that he laid the foundations of that mighty dominion in India which has grown and swelled until it stretches from the Atlantic Ocean on the south to the eternal snows of the Himalayas on the north, while its borders stretch from Persia on the west to Siam on the east. I do not pretend that this was all Clive's doing. Impersonal as well as personal forces were at work. Other great men filled in the scheme of which he sketched the outlines. Perhaps he himself had no clear grasp of what was reserved for the future. But the fact remains that had it not been for Clive the first steps would not have been taken, and the British dominion in the form in which I have described it might never have been.

Up to the time which I have now reached in his record Clive was a soldier and a man of action. During the remainder of his Indian career we observe him as a statesman, an administrator, a reformer, a man of affairs. It may not be so attractive to you schoolboys, who like

to read about bloodshed and glory and great fights, but in the long run it is more important to the history of mankind. During his second term of office as Governor of Bengal, his work in purifying the Civil Service, in stamping with a heavy foot on cupidity and speculation, in reducing expenditure, and checking misrule in the face of an unscrupulous and relentless opposition, which pursued him to England and finally hunted him to a premature grave; was service which, in my judgment, has never been surpassed in the history of civil administration. It was during these short but strenuous months that Clive laid the foundation of that great Civil Service of which it will always remain the chief pride of my life to have been for nearly seven years the head, and which for 150 years has ruled those hundreds of millions with a self-effacement, an absolute integrity, and a devotion to duty that are an inspiration to Englishmen, and are without parallel in the history of the world. It is given to but very few men in the world's history to be great soldiers and great statesmen, and it is difficult to say in which sphere Robert Clive the more excelled. In both he showed the same qualities of acute penetration, of absolute fearlessness, of quick decision, and of restless and resistless pushing towards his goal.

It has sometimes been said, and I dare say you boys have read it in your history, that Clive was guilty of some acts against which the higher moral sense should have rebelled. No one would wish to defend any deviation from the highest standard of honour among even the greatest of men. And yet from a minute study and knowledge of the facts, it has always seemed to me that there was much to be said for Clive. Remember what he did. He outwitted a notorious trickster and villain by tricking him himself. He defeated a scoundrel with his own weapons. Observe, too, that Clive made no concealment whatever about his act. He did it from no mean or ignoble motive. He always avowed, both in India and when examined before the House of Commons in this country, that his measures were justified by their supreme

necessity, and that, but for the action he took then, thousands of lives would have been lost, and the British cause would have failed. There is a very great deal in that plea ; and if we may look forward to the final Judgment-seat—unless it should be held presumptuous to refer to that august tribunal—I think it may well be that Robert Clive will make for himself a not inadequate defence.

Finally, bear this in mind : Robert Clive was no self-seeker. Never did he strive to fight for himself. He had—and that is what I want you boys to get into your hearts and minds—always something bigger, larger, and nobler behind. Though he amassed great wealth, which was easy in those days in India, he might easily have been a hundred times richer than he was. Enjoying those great riches, he was always open-handed and lavish in their distribution. Though he spent so much of his life amidst the excitement and smoke of the battlefield, he was never guilty of a harsh or cruel deed. Though he was somewhat intolerant of opposition, he was always generous and discriminating in his recognition of the merits of others ; and though, almost more than any public man of that century, he was injured and reviled, he never lost his dignity before his traducers. By no mean or petty motive was Robert Clive ever actuated. All his action, like his character, was conceived on large and spacious lines. Behind everything lay a high ideal of duty and a passionate love for the country from which he had sprung. Such was the man whom many of us are honouring in the wider circle of England and India, and whom we are about to honour by unveiling this memorial to-day. He was a great man. He was a great Englishman. He was one of those titanic forces that rise above the obscure surge of humanity to affect the fortunes, for good or evil, of the world. That Clive's work was for the good of England, for the good of India, and for the good of mankind no one can reasonably doubt, and posterity, correcting the errors and atoning for the injustice of his contemporaries, has rightly assigned to him an imperishable niche in the temple of fame.

VETERANS OF THE MUTINY

ALBERT HALL, LONDON, *December 23, 1907.*

[On the fiftieth anniversary of the Indian Mutiny a great celebration was organized in London by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* in honour of the event. The main feature of the celebration was a banquet given in the Albert Hall, to which all the survivors of the Mutiny at the time in the United Kingdom were invited. These included nearly 400 officers, the great majority of whom were present, 65 civilians (male and female), and nearly 1,300 non-commissioned officers and men, of whom 550 were able to accept the invitation. At the banquet the toast of "The Survivors of the Indian Mutiny" was proposed by Lord Curzon, in the following words :]

LORD ROBERTS and veterans of the Indian Mutiny : The ceremony in which we are taking part to-day—for it is a ceremony much more than it is a festival—is the natural complement of an incident that occurred at the Delhi Durbar close upon five years ago. There we were commemorating the Coronation of our King, whose gracious message has just been read. In a great amphitheatre, built within sight of the famous Ridge, were assembled the Princes of India, the civil and military officers, and the representatives of all the peoples and races of the mightiest Empire that East or West has ever seen. Suddenly there walked into the arena, unexpected by the audience and unannounced, a small and tottering band of veterans, some of them in civil dress, others in old and frayed uniforms, but all of them bearing the medals and the ribands on their breasts that told a glorious tale. A whisper went round that they were the Indian survivors of the Mutiny, who had been bidden to that famous

scene of their heroism and bravery nearly fifty years before. As soon as this fact was known a roar of acclamation burst from that vast assemblage, and, amid shouting and tears, for even strong men broke down and wept, the veterans, the heroes of the great rebellion, passed to their appointed seats. What India did for its Indian veterans on that occasion, England, by the liberality of a great newspaper and its proprietors, is doing for the English survivors to-day. And those of us in this hall who are privileged to be present are gazing for the last time upon one of the supreme pages of history, before it is turned back for ever and stored away on the dusty shelves of time. We in the crowd are here to render our last tribute of gratitude and respect to those who wrote their names upon that page in letters that will never die. And they are here to answer the last roll-call that they will hear together upon earth, in the presence of their old comrades and before their old commanders.

I suppose that to the bulk of Englishmen present to-day the Indian Mutiny of 1857 is already a tradition, rather than a memory. It happened before many of us were born. Already it is receding into the dim corridors of the past, and is surrounded with an almost mystic halo as one of the great national epics of our race. But to all of us, young or old, it is one of the combined tragedies and glories of the British nation—a tragedy because there were concentrated into those terrible months the agony and the suffering almost of centuries; a glory because great names leaped to light, high and ennobling deeds were done, and best of all, and most enduring of all, there sprang from all that havoc and disaster the majestic fabric of an India united under a single Crown, governed as we have tried to govern it, and are still trying to govern it, by the principles of justice, truth, and righteousness—a spectacle which, if the entire Empire were to shrivel up to-morrow like a scroll in the fire, would still be a supreme vindication of its existence and its accomplishment in the history of mankind.

What a thought it is that we have here to-day in this great hall the actual survivors of that immortal drama, the men, and I daresay also the women—may I not say the heroes and heroines—who fought together in those fire-swept trenches and behind those shot-riddled barricades, and to whose deathless valour and endurance it was that “ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England blew.” Let us count it the proudest moment of our lives that we are here to meet them to-day—the first of duties to pay them an honour, perhaps too long delayed—the most precious of memories to have assisted in this commemoration. And most of all do we congratulate them, and will they congratulate themselves, that here in the chair is the foremost of all those survivors, the veteran Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. We see in him the hero of a score of campaigns, the proven champion of our national honour, and the trusted servant of the nation. Perhaps they will recognize in him rather the Lieutenant Roberts of 1857, who trained his gun at Delhi upon the breach in the wall, who met the dying Nicholson in his litter inside the Kashmir Gate, who three times raised aloft the Regimental Colour on the turret of the mess-house at Lucknow, and who won his Victoria Cross along with the recaptured standards on the battlefield near Futtehgur.

But may we not also feel that along with him and the heroes who sit at this table, for all we know the spirits of the mighty dead may be looking down upon this banquet this afternoon? The gentle and fervent soul of Henry Lawrence, part soldier, part statesman, and wholly saint ; John Lawrence, that rugged tower of strength, four-square to all the winds that blow ; Nicholson, the heroic Paladin of the frontier ; Outram, that generous and gallant spirit, the mirror of chivalry ; the grave and high-souled Havelock ; Colin Campbell, the cautious and indomitable veteran ; Hugh Rose, that prince among fighting men ! And there are many others whose names I see here on the walls around me—Neill, Hodson, Inglis,

Peel, Chamberlain, all of whom there is not time to describe. Neither let us forget the Viceroy, Canning, calm amid the tumult, silent in the face of obloquy, resolute through all upon the great and crowning lesson of mercy. And together with these let us not forget the hundreds more of unknown and inconspicuous dead, who were not the less heroes because their names are not engraved on costly tablets, or because their bodies rest in unmarked Indian graves. Equally with their comrades they were the martyrs and the saviours of their country. Equally with them their monument is an Empire rescued from the brink of destruction, and their epitaph is written on the hearts of their countrymen. The Ridge at Delhi which they held against such overwhelming odds, the Residency at Lucknow which they alternately defended and stormed, the blood-soaked sands at Cawnpore—all these are by their act the sacred places of the British race. For their sake we guard them with reverence, we dedicate them with humble and holy pride, for they were the altar upon which the British nation offered its best and bravest in the hour of its supreme trial.

But, Lord Roberts and gentlemen, I think that there are other memories than those of woe and anguish which the Mutiny may suggest. Often as I have wandered in those beautiful gardens at Lucknow, which those of you who are before me would not recognize now, where the scars of siege and suffering have been obliterated by the kindly hand of Nature, and where a solemn peace seems to brood over the scene, I have been led by those conditions to discern a deeper truth and a more splendid consolation. Primarily, they remind us of the dauntless bravery and resolution of the British soldier—never seen to greater advantage than during that awful summer when the scorching heat of the Indian sky alternated with the drenching rains of the monsoon, and when cholera and pestilence and every attendant horror stalked abroad amidst the camps. But they also remind us of the equal gallantry and constancy of the Indian troops, who fought

side by side with their British comrades in the trenches and died in the same ditch ; and also of those hundreds of Indian attendants, faithful unto death, who clung to their English masters and mistresses with an unsurpassed devotion. And perhaps most of all we are reminded, and we rejoice, that when those dreadful passions were slaked, the spirit of forbearance breathed in high places, and there sprang from that chaos and suffering a new sense of peace and harmony, bearing fruit in a high and purifying resolve. Never let it be forgotten that the result of the Mutiny was not merely an England victorious, but an India pacified, united, and started once more upon a wondrous career of advance and expansion. The bitterness has gone out of their minds as it has out of ours, and the bloodstains have been wiped out in the hearts of both, just as in that beautiful garden at Lucknow they are covered up with the brightness of verdure and the blossoming of flowers.

And so we are brought to our duty of this afternoon. First and foremost it is to render praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God, who wrought that great deliverance, whose accents were heard even in the shriek and roar of Delhi and Lucknow, and who spoke again, and spoke last, as He did of old, in the " still, small voice " of mercy and forgiveness and reconciliation. Then honour let it be to the living and honour to the dead ; honour to the European and honour to the Indian, whom neither difference of race nor of religion could keep apart in that pit of suffering and death. Honour to the officer and honour to the private, who served side by side without distinction of rank ; honour to the men and honour to the women who faced those perils with equal fortitude and devotion ; honour to the sailors who served the naval guns ; honour to the surgeons who attended the stricken and wounded ; honour to the chaplains who administered the last rites to the dying and the dead ; and, finally, praise and glory to the dwindling band of war-scarred heroes whom we see before us this

afternoon, and who, by their presence here, have reminded us of their immortal services, and have been reminded, as I hope, of the undying gratitude of their country. I give you the health of the surviving veterans of the Indian Mutiny, and I associate that toast with the name of the hero of 1857, who is still our hero in 1907, endeared to the nation by half a century of service and sacrifice not less glorious than that of his youth. Ladies and gentlemen—Lord Roberts.

INDIAN CAREERS AND INDIAN VICEROYS

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY, *May 26, 1909.*

[Lord Curzon was invited to present the Public School Medal, awarded annually by the Royal Asiatic Society, to Mr. A. H. Wedderburn, of Eton, who had won the prize with an essay on Lord Wellesley. He spoke as follows :]

WHEN Lord Reay asked me to present the Public School Medal to the successful competitor to-day I felt that I must gladly accept the invitation, and it gives me the greatest pleasure to be here this afternoon. It would be scarcely possible to find a more congenial ground of meeting. The subject of the essay is the life of a statesman who was great as a Governor-General and as an Etonian. The winner of the medal is an Eton boy. And the person who presents the medal is a man in whose heart Eton and India are enshrined side by side, as the two objects of a lifelong and most ardent devotion.

Lord Reay has given us some interesting observations about the study of history in Germany. My few remarks will deal with history in its relation to India. I regard these competitions as one of the most useful means adopted to popularize the knowledge of India in this country. The ignorance about India in England is perhaps less now than it was twenty or thirty years ago, but it is still quite appalling. Sixty years ago Lord Dalhousie, that great Governor-General, said that it required either a great victory or a great defeat in India to make the smallest impression upon the public mind in Great Britain. We have fortunately passed out of the region of acute

warfare in India, but it almost needs a similar convulsion in some other sphere of action to disturb public opinion in this country about it.

And yet the means of information at our disposal are by no means small. It is a remarkable feature of our rule in India that it has thrown up in the last hundred years many eminent men, whose lives have been written and the facts of whose history and careers are well known. Moreover, hardly any history in the world has been so thoroughly illuminated by official records as that of India ; she positively staggers under the weight of Blue Books. If the whole of them were placed in the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, there would hardly be space for any other publications on these shelves. And yet who reads those Blue Books? I have scarcely met a single human being who would voluntarily open one of them, with the exception, of course, of the members of this Society. There is, for instance, the Blue Book known as "The Moral and Material Progress Report on India," published every year and containing admirable and well-condensed information. You will find in that book almost all that is to be known about India, and every ten years the experience of the previous decade is summed up in a larger publication. But no one buys it or reads it.

There is, indeed, a vast literature about India, if we care to study it. But, nevertheless, the ignorance remains great and widespread ; and that is the reason why I welcome so heartily these competitions, for it seems to me that they are attacking the English public from the right point of approach. If you take boys when they are young and inspire in them an interest in, and knowledge of, India, it will continue and will influence them for the rest of their lives. It is difficult to persuade middle-aged people to commence a study in which they have never so far taken any interest.

Let me say why it seems to me so desirable a thing that boys of an early age should become acquainted with the history of India. As I came here to-day a book

was placed in my hands, and on opening it I saw on the first page these words : " India should be placed first in the list of the world's countries, for she is almost certainly the birthplace of man." That is a very cryptic observation, and carries one back into a region of speculation into which I do not propose to enter. So far as I know, there is no foundation for the statement. But whether India has or has not any relation to the original birthplace of man, it is indubitable that the history, politics, ethnology, religion, and philosophy of India have left a deeper impression than almost any others upon mankind. Look again at the part which India has played in our own history. She has been one of the stepping-stones by which this country has marched from a small island kingdom to the greatest Empire of the world. India is at this moment geographically by far the largest and politically one of the most important, if not the most important, section of the British Empire, the keystone of the arch of our world-wide dominion. Then there is a point which appeals to me more than any other, namely, the problems of administration which India presents. They are the most complex, the most delicate, and the most responsible that devolve anywhere upon the shoulders of the British race. If I were a parent seeking a profession for my son, I think the first thing that I should do would be to cast my eye upon India, and this mainly for two reasons. In the first place, if my son went to India he would be doing something definite, practical, and of positive value to large masses of human beings at a time of life when in any other country or profession he would only be occupying a secondary and irresponsible position. In the second place, India opens up a field of honourable activity in the sphere of government greater than any in the world. It is open to any young man of character and ability who goes there, from whatever class he may be drawn, to rise to a position in that country, before he attains the age of fifty, in which he may be ruling,

almost single-handed, a territory larger than that of many European kingdoms, and exercising an authority greater than that of many European kings. Many years ago John Bright used to say that India was a playground for the aristocratic classes. John Bright had a great and genuine interest in India, tempered by a good deal of ignorance; and he seemed to think seriously that we kept India as a means of finding billets for the younger sons of the nobility. I should like to appeal to Lord Reay, with his long experience of India, and ask him to tell us whether, in travelling about the country and observing the Civil Servants conducting the Administration, he ever came across these scions of a pampered aristocracy. For myself I never saw them, and I have always held that one of the greatest merits of the Service and one of the sources of its strength was that, instead of being recruited from one class at home, it was drawn impartially from all sections of the community, so that the best English blood of the upper, middle, and all classes was perpetually flowing into India and giving to it the best that British character and British intelligence can offer. It is remarkable, too, what a hold the Indian Service establishes over a family, generation after generation. If you look at the Civil Service List you will find to-day names that were famous long before the Mutiny. I have sat upon a platform with a Lieutenant-Governor who told his audience that he was the fifth in succession of the same family to eat the salt of India.

There are other considerations, too, which prove that it is both desirable and necessary to be well informed with regard to India. In my opinion India will occupy a much larger share of public attention in the future than she has done in the past. More than a hundred years ago, when the East India Company was gradually developing, by ill-controlled and often corrupt expansion, into a governing power, Indian affairs were very prominent in Parliament, and excited the attention of such great men as Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Burke. Again, more

than fifty years ago, a violent interest was aroused in this country through the peril to our fellow-subjects and our rule arising from the Sepoy Rebellion. And recently a wave of unrest has been passing over India, resulting in some cases in the commission of atrocious crimes, and eventually eliciting concessions and reforms from the present Administration. Nothing could be more improper than for me to say anything on the present occasion that might have a political complexion ; therefore I will not discuss the effect which it appears to me that these changes must have on the future of India. But it is permissible for me to say this, which no one will doubt, that they must unquestionably render the administration of India more complex, more arduous, more difficult in the future, and must impose a greater strain upon the civilians called upon to conduct the administration of that country. And if this be so, how important it is for the ensuing generations of those men that they should have from an early age that broad acquaintance with Indian conditions and history which it is the main object of the competitions for the Royal Asiatic Society's Public School Medal to give.

I must pass by the personal topics raised by Mr. Wedderburn's essay on Lord Wellesley, but it is fitting that the prize for this essay should have been won by an Eton boy. Wellesley was one of the few men who had the rare distinction of being educated both at Eton and Harrow. I believe that the late General Buller was another. The fact points to a stormy interlude, and it was, as we know, owing to a boyish escapade at Harrow that Wellesley was removed to Eton, where he became one of her most loyal sons. In later years he always turned to Eton with affectionate remembrance ; to Eton he dedicated some of his best classical verses ; and when he died he was followed to his grave in the College Chapel by the 600 boys of his old school. I regret the controversies that have arisen with regard to him. I have had occasion to study his career, and I have always taken

the view expressed in Mr. Wedderburn's essay, that he was a man of large views, high courage, distinguished abilities, and absolutely sincere patriotism. There was a certain splendour and assumption about him which provoked criticism, but they were combined with genuine statesmanship. He is endeared to me particularly because in India he was a consistent patron of art and learning. When no one thought much of the education of young Englishmen in India, Lord Wellesley founded the Fort William College for the benefit of the Writers, as they were called, of the East India Company. Many of these young men went to India at the age of sixteen or seventeen, and Wellesley saw the temptations to which their ignorance exposed them. Accordingly, he sought to provide them with the means of education in the languages, laws, and customs of India. But the Board of Directors, who were always fighting him, eventually broke down his scheme. But while it lasted the students used to assemble once a year in the Throne Room of Government House and were addressed by Lord Wellesley on their duties and responsibilities. Government House itself brings Wellesley to mind, for he built it on the model, as you may be aware, of my own home. Sitting, as successive Viceroys do, in the rooms where a long series of great men have lived and worked, one thinks of them so often that their shades almost seem to rise before one's eyes. One becomes familiar with their personal appearance and with their character. Very real to me was the aspect of Lord Wellesley, with his slight form, precise features, and air of authority—a small man, as was his brother the famous Duke, but the best type of a patrician, carrying command in every gesture and in every trait.

In this way a Viceroy cannot fail to form some estimate of the place in history which his predecessors will occupy, as he reads their speeches and dispatches, notes the results of their policy, and realizes their definite identity. In the long list of eminent names two always appeared to me to stand out by themselves in moral grandeur and in states-

manship, Warren Hastings and Lord Dalhousie, the former persecuted while living, the latter slandered when dying, both vilified when dead, and only vindicated long after in their graves. Next to them comes Lord Wellesley. There have been other men, like Lord William Bentinck, remarkable for special reasons, and Lord Canning, distinguished for the serene composure with which he met a great crisis. But in actual achievement they were not to be compared with Warren Hastings or with Lord Dalhousie. I cannot, of course, speak of men still living who have held the great office of Viceroy of India ; but I should like to point out, in the presence of the Headmaster of Eton, that of recent Governors-General there have been five in succession trained in that school to which both he and I belong—Lord Dufferin, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Elgin, Lord Minto, and myself, and I might add another name, that of Lord Ampthill, who, in the interval in my own tenure of the office, filled the position for a time. So many Etonian Viceroys in unbroken succession are a remarkable achievement, and I hope that the Headmaster has some potential Viceroys up his sleeve for the future to carry on the traditions of the school in Indian administration.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

LONDON, *July 8, 1910.*

[Lord Curzon was the principal guest at the dinner of the Indian Civil Service Club at the Trocadero Restaurant. Sir W. Lee-Warner presided, and Lord Curzon proposed the health of the Service :]

I HAVE been invited to propose the toast of the evening, which is that of the Service to which you all belong. I do not think that a higher compliment can be paid to an ex-Viceroy of India than to be asked to take part in this annual dinner of the Civil Service. Twice previously has this honour been offered to me, and on neither occasion was I able to come. The first time was in 1904, when I was in England in the interval between my two terms of office, and when, unfortunately, ill-health stood in my way. The second occasion was in 1906, when other circumstances intervened. And now I am here for the first time to-night close upon twelve years from the date when I was appointed Viceroy of India. I say that I regard it as a great compliment, because the Viceroy of India, although he is for a term of years the head of what I regard as the greatest Civil Service in the world, is, at the same time, an outsider and an alien to it. I suppose, when he is appointed, that he is regarded with a certain amount of intelligent and interested suspicion ; his record is scanned for what he has said or done ; bets are made as to what he will do, or rather as to what he will not do. When he arrives upon the scene in India I dare say that many members of the Civil Service smile at his impetuosity ; he is lucky if they do not shudder at his ignorance. And yet all the time that

he is there he receives from the Civil Service a loyalty which never wavers. They place at his disposal the abundant stores of their own official knowledge and experience; they build up his triumphs, if he has any; they cover up his mistakes, which are certain to be neither few nor far between. And at the end of his time, if I may speak for myself, it is impossible for a Viceroy to leave India without a deep and grateful attachment to the Service of which he has been the titular chief for a number of years. Sometimes I think that that feeling deepens into a stronger and a warmer emotion. I certainly bound myself by ties of attachment to some of my old colleagues, I daresay present here to-night, which will last as long as life itself; while in the case of others—perhaps I may be allowed to mention the names of Ibbetson¹ and Deane²—the feelings of which I speak have neither been extinguished nor diminished by the grave. Nothing would be easier for me in proposing this toast than to flatter the Civil Service of India. I have only to tell the truth for you to receive the most acceptable of all forms of flattery. Yet I am going to say to-night nothing whatever about the merits of the Civil Service, nothing about the disinterested service which you have rendered in that country, nothing about your freedom from political bias or prepossession, nothing about the high standard of honour that exists in the Civil Service, or the equally strong devotion to duty, nothing about the regard which all of you feel and have often shown for the country of whose honour you are in charge, or of your devotion to the interests of the people over whom you are placed. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*—a tag sufficiently familiar to be intelligible, even

¹ Sir Denzil Ibbetson, who died after a short tenure of the post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab and who had been a Member of Council and one of Lord Curzon's most trusted colleagues during his Viceroyalty.

² Sir Herbert Deane, appointed by Lord Curzon to be the first Chief Commissioner of the newly created N.W. Frontier Province.

to the distinguished audience that I see before me. After all, the history of India is the main tribute to the work of the Civil Service, and with that reflection and with my tag I think I may pass away to other branches of the subject.

But there are two features of the Civil Service which I should like to mention before I pass on. The first is this. I think you only see the Civil Service at its very best when it is working under the strain of some great affliction or disaster in India, such, for instance, as plague or famine. Plague was continuous through my time; famine marked a considerable portion of it. It is at those moments that you realize, more fully than at any other, the real devotion of the Service, not only to the cause of duty, but to the interests of the people of India themselves. Our Civil Servants on those occasions will work themselves to the bone in the discharge of their duty. Very often the eye of no official lights upon their labours; sometimes, perhaps too often, no order shines upon their breasts. And yet they go on working, up to the end even, sometimes at the sacrifice of their lives. One of the things that I remember most clearly is the impression produced upon me in my tours when in remote parts of the country I came across the silent tombstones that recorded the lives of Englishmen given up without a murmur to the service of the Indian people.

The second point which I would like to mention is this. We sometimes see it said or written that the Indian Civil Service is less in touch with the peoples of India than it used to be in the old days. Now this is a very vague and obscure phrase. What is the meaning of being in touch with the people? It is difficult for any man to be closely in touch with the people of a foreign race; it is difficult for an Englishman to be closely in touch with a Spaniard, or a Russian with a Turk. But how much greater is that difficulty when between yourself and the people in question is erected a solid wall of difference, built up by religion and caste, and social custom

and prejudice? How is it possible to be in real or close touch with a people when you can never penetrate behind the veil of their domestic life? To that extent we never can be really in touch with the Indian people. But in so far as the use of the phrase means the exercise of the qualities of sympathy and conciliation and comprehension, then I hold that the charge, if it be directed against the Civil Service, altogether breaks down. It is true that there is less time in India than there used to be for a confidential intercourse between the civilians and members of the Indian community, that there is less leisure for patient investigation of cases, and that the Viceroy very likely is to a less extent than he used to be the "little father" of the people over whom he presides. But do not imagine that that is the fault of the man himself. It is the fault of the system which he serves, of the Government under which he works, of the Secretary of State who is always calling upon him to answer questions, and of the House of Commons which is always bullying the Secretary of State into making those inquiries. It is not the nature of the civilian that has changed; I do not believe that the nature of the official Englishman in India is one whit harder or less sympathetic than it used to be in the old days. No doubt we Englishmen in India all make mistakes of manner as well as in other directions. But, if I look back upon my own experience, I would say that those mistakes were seldom committed inside the ranks of the Civil Service. On the whole I came away from my Indian experience with the firm conviction that the example set by the Civil Service in India is, broadly speaking, an upright, a righteous, and a kindly example.

That is true so far as it goes. But none of us can deny that the conditions in India are changing very much and that the position of the civilian is not now what it was. Let us pause for a moment and see in what respect it is that the condition of the Civil Servant in India is changing, and the effect which must be produced by

that change upon the character and *morale* of the Service. In the first place it is a matter of common knowledge that there is not the same scope in India that there used to be for independent initiative and action. I do not think we ought to complain of that, because it is not limited to India. It is true of every administrative system in every country in the world, and it is the direct result, not of any change in our own methods, but of the introduction of the electric telegraph. When you have that baneful influence at work—and I have never yet met or heard of even the most courageous of civilians who has dared to cut a wire—with the civilian constantly referring for orders along the wire to his superior and the superior still more constantly sending down orders to him—you can quite understand that the old world of independent initiative, origination, and action has to a certain extent and inevitably passed away. But there is a second point of difference. As government in India becomes more complex, so also does it become less personal, and to that extent perhaps less humane and less feeling. Let me explain. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the extent to which the modern standards of administration, particularly in such departments as sanitation, education, and the like, have increased the burdens, and to that degree encroached upon the leisure, of the civilian in India. In the old days he used to be riding about the country ; he is now much more often writing than riding. In the old days you used to hear of him sitting outside his tent dispensing patriarchal justice to those who sought him ; nowadays he is more likely to be inside the tent writing up his reports. I shudder to think of the gallons of ink—futile and unnecessary ink—that are poured forth in India every year. I tried to cope with it in my day ; but I am sure I left enough ink still being spilt there to float a dozen Dreadnoughts into the sea.

I think it is undeniable, too, that fresh demands will be made upon the Civil Service of India in connection

with the changes that have been introduced in the government during the past few years—I refer to the expansion of the Legislative Council. Men will be, they already are, taken away from their work to sit on those Councils. They will have to reply to questions, and where they cannot do that they will have to provide material for other people to reply to questions. Hitherto they have had to satisfy the curiosity of the British Parliament, which, from a remote distance, has shown a certain parental interest in their welfare ; now they will have to satisfy the demands of a number of local Parliaments, whose interest will be even keener and will not perhaps be equally parental. They will no doubt be subject to a scrutiny of their official acts and conduct even closer than that to which they have been accustomed, and I dare say they will be exposed to an invective even coarser than that with which they have hitherto been assailed. All these are circumstances of the time in India.

Meanwhile there are other causes at work which to some extent are affecting the position of the civilian, and affecting it perhaps for the worse. Let me say that I do not include among them the greater risk to life from the weapon of the misguided assassin, although that also is a symptom of the day. I do not include it because I firmly hope that it is merely a transient symptom of Indian politics, and because, although it may be calculated to cause a certain amount of anxiety to a nervous parent, I do not believe it would deter from going to India a single high-minded, high-spirited young English gentleman. After all, everybody who goes to India incurs a certain amount of risk from causes climatic and otherwise ; and if the fear of enteric or other cognate complaints has never deterred the young British soldier from going to India, still less, I am sure, will the fear of the knife or the bomb ever keep away the young civilian. I therefore put that on one side. But there are other causes at work which may not be without their effect. There is the rise in prices in India, the increasing cost

of house rents, the augmented charges for education—all of which make it more difficult than in former days for the civilian to make both ends meet. Then, in proportion as more places are found for natives of India in the Administration—and I am the last person to complain of that, because it seems to me to be not only an inevitable but a just concomitant of our rule—so fewer opportunities will be left open to the European. Sometimes, too, circumstances occur—they have occurred in recent years—in which there has been a temporary block in promotion.

I do not know whether it is a combination of these various causes—I hope, if it be so, it is a temporary and accidental combination—that has led to the apparent falling off in the attractiveness of the Indian career, in recent years, to the best products of our older English Universities. Owing to my connection with Oxford I follow rather closely what goes on there, and I am sorry to have seen figures which seem to show that whereas, eight or ten years ago, at least half of the men who took the highest places in examination opted for an Indian career, now the proportion that does so is less than one-third. I have also seen in the Indian papers cases in which civilians have retired from the country as soon as they have reached, and sometimes before they have reached, the minimum period of service qualifying for pension. These are symptoms to which we cannot be indifferent, symptoms that ought to be recommended to the careful attention of any Government and any Secretary of State. Certainly I would lay down myself without hesitation this proposition, that while our rule in India depends upon many things, as, we are often told, upon sympathy, kindness, and conciliation, perhaps also to an equal degree upon courage and strength, yet it also depends in a higher degree upon our continued possession in India of a capable, a contented, and an efficient Civil Service. You can only maintain British rule in India if the instruments by which you do it are the best which this country can

produce. You can only have good government in India for the peoples of India—and that is the object for which we are in the country—if your administration is efficient.

Now I sometimes read a certain amount of goody-goody, wishy-washy talk of a quasi-sentimental description, as a rule emanating from men the soles of whose feet have hardly been soiled with the dust of India, in which they tell us that they are all for sympathy and conciliation and kindness. I take leave to say so are we all. Many of you have practised those virtues for the greater part of a lifetime, instead of merely preaching them for six months. Some of us have perhaps even suffered for practising them. At the same time, there is one thing which these gentlemen of whom I am speaking sometimes fail to grasp—namely, that the one hope, or at any rate the main hope, for the poor millions of India, in whom we with them are equally interested, does not lie in the House of Commons, or the Secretary of State, or even in the Government of India, but it lies in the individual Englishman, the member of the Civil Service, who is responsible for the charge of the district in which they live. They are much more likely to look to him for their patronage and protection than they are even to the voluble speaker of their own race who cuts a big figure on the platform. Therefore I say never take your eyes away from the standard of the Civil Service in India, because, as long as that standard remains high, your rule in India will be popular and successful, whereas, if the standard of the Civil Service declines, the power and prestige of your rule will decline in the same proportion. I should like to submit to you what may at first sight seem a paradox, though I believe it to be profoundly true—namely, that the more posts you open to Indians in the country, the greater the need for maintaining the high standard in the Civil Service. I say so for this reason—if I may adopt a military metaphor—the smaller the garrison with which you occupy a country, the greater need that it should consist of picked men.

We want our Civil Service in India, as long as our rule lasts—and we, at any rate, decline to contemplate its termination—to be highly efficient, because it has to keep the standard transmitted to it from the past, to set the example, and to maintain the tone.

A good many of the factors and circumstances of which I have been speaking lie perhaps outside Government control. But there are two services which the Government, both in India and at home, might render to their servants out there, and which the latter are entitled to look for from them. They are these. Do not ever let the idea get into the minds of the Civil Service in India that it does not much matter what they are doing, that the tide is setting against British administration in India, that it is turning against any exhibition of courage or independence or strength, that on the whole it is better for them to swim with the tide rather than against it, to clear out when their work is done. I say that that is a pernicious, a fatal, a disastrous idea. If you have a listless or an apathetic Civil Service in India, you will have an incompetent Civil Service. If you take away the ideals of the Service, you will take away its character at the same time. I hope that anybody in authority who ever speaks or writes about India will continue to impress upon the Civil Service of that country that they are engaged now, as they have been for a hundred years, in doing the greatest, the biggest, the noblest, and the grandest task in the world, and that, in proportion as they discharge this duty, not with mere perfunctory correctness, but with living enthusiasm, so will they be judged and rewarded by the Government which they serve.

The second point is this. Every member of the Civil Service ought to feel that, while the Government exercises a close scrutiny over his acts, punishing him or censuring him for anything that he does wrong, it will yet support him to the uttermost in everything that he does for the best, and that he will not at any time, in deference to considerations either of parliamentary expediency or of

local popularity, be thrown to the wolves. So long as a civilian is doing good work for Britain, the arm of Britain ought to be behind him. I say, therefore, that it rests with Government—with the provincial Governments in the first place, with the Government of India in India, and with the Government and the Secretary of State at home—to keep up the standard and to invigorate the hearts of their Civil Servants in that country. It is all very well to claim that they should have confidence in the Government. That is true, and that is right, but let the Government also have confidence in them.

THE CAPITAL OF INDIA

LONDON, *June 11, 1913.*

[Lord Curzon was the principal guest at the Eleventh Annual Calcutta Dinner held at the Hotel Cecil, with Sir Patrick Playfair in the chair. The attendance was the largest on record, and on rising to respond to the toast of his health Lord Curzon, in the words of the official report, was received with an outburst of cheering, which lasted for some minutes. When it had subsided he spoke as follows :—]

I CANNOT fail to be touched at the kind reception you have given to my name. I am proud to be permitted to respond to such a toast as this—"Calcutta Past and Present." I am glad that the proposal of this toast and the connection with it of my name has fallen to my old friend Sir Patrick Playfair. During the time that I was in India I was closely and happily associated with him, and I am glad to say that in the years that have since passed that association, mainly directed to affairs connected with Calcutta, has in no sense diminished ; it has remained bright and flourishing to the present hour. Sir Patrick Playfair is a sort of fairy godfather to Viceroys. He gives them the advantage of his counsel and patronage while they are there ; he endeavours, always successfully, to erect statues to them when they have gone. I am the latest happy victim of these successful operations on the part of our chairman.

Large as are the numbers assembled in this room—and your chairman tells me that this is a record gathering at the Calcutta Dinner—I can hardly bring myself to believe that this is a public function ; it seems to me rather to have a domestic character. For at all these

tables around me I see the faces of those who were associated with me in the brightest and happiest hours of my life, before sorrow had come across my path and darkened my life. I see the faces of many with whom I lived for seven happy years, who worked with me through good report and through ill report, many of whom doubtless found occasion to criticize my actions, and, I am willing to admit, to criticize them deservedly, but from whom I received during that time a forbearance, loyalty, and consideration for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. Most Viceroys at some time or other have a breeze with Calcutta. It is rather a breezy place, particularly in certain seasons of the year—usually when the Viceroy is away. But the characteristic of Calcutta breezes is that, swift as is their uprising, they subside with equal rapidity, and are followed by a gracious and agreeable calm. Such was my own experience. I would say this of Calcutta, that to every Viceroy as he comes she extends the warmest of welcomes and gives the fairest of chances. And if at the end of his time he can say that Calcutta is behind him, then he has his back against a rock which can never be shaken. How generous are the feelings with which you treat the men, who come out to rule that great Dependency is shown by the liberality with which you scatter their effigies—not always works of art—though in my own experience a consummate work of art—over the Maidan at Calcutta.

It is more than eight years since I said good-bye to "the City of Palaces." Why it is so called I have never been able to understand; but let us assume that there is justice in the name. This is the first occasion since then that I have had public opportunity to testify my feelings about Calcutta. But it is not the first occasion on which I have endeavoured to play the part of its devoted servant.

The allusion is to the statue of Lord Curzon by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., which was raised by public subscription and stands upon the Calcutta Maidan. It is admittedly the finest of many fine statues there.

Some of you here to-night may recall the dinner of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce in February 1903, when we celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of that Chamber, and when my friend Sir Montagu Turner, at that time suffering from a broken collar-bone, but on the present occasion looking many years younger than he did then, was in the chair. I remember I seized that occasion to paint a picture of Calcutta as an Imperial city. I described it as it was, and as I thought it might be. I ended my remarks by saying that I should like nothing better when I laid down the Viceroyalty than to be chairman of the Corporation of Calcutta, provided three conditions were attached to the enjoyment of that post : First, ten years' tenure of office ; second, a sufficiency of cash , and third, an absolutely free hand. Those were regarded at the time as rather Napoleonic conditions, as I frankly admit they were. I don't think they have been enjoyed by any of the distinguished men who have since occupied that post, and I doubt whether, had I been nominated, they would have been given to me. And yet at the same time what I said represented no idle aspiration, for I can imagine no place in the British Empire where there is greater scope for liberal and intelligent administration on the lines suggested by our chairman just now than at Calcutta, no place where there is greater opportunity for solving those problems of sanitation, town-planning, housing, and so on, which confront the municipalities of all great cities in the modern world. Nor am I certain that my dream has not been to some extent fulfilled in the interval. I am still a diligent reader of the Indian Press. There may be parts of it upon which I no longer bestow attention, but once a week the main Indian papers (I will not say what they are) rest upon my table. And as I read those papers I realize the astonishing progress that has been made since the days when I was in Calcutta. I read of new buildings, new business premises springing up in almost all quarters, of magnificent clubs replacing the modest structures in

which the people of my day took their solitary and inexpensive repasts. I wonder, indeed, if Macaulay would recognize the tenement in which he once resided. I read of the City Improvement Trust with an almost paternal interest, because I really built the nest from which it sprang. I read of it being actively engaged in extirpating noisome slums, in opening up wide new streets, and in solving necessary problems of sanitation.

There are strewn throughout Calcutta a number of official buildings—some of them constructed in my day—beautiful but empty, empty owing to reasons over which I have no control. Upon some of these buildings the Government of Bengal and the mercantile community of Calcutta have set their eyes, and I believe they hope to secure them on the most reasonable conditions, aspirations with which I am in the warmest sympathy. And slowly upon the Maidan of Calcutta—too slowly, in my judgment—with a growth that is almost painful in its slowness, there is rising the marble fabric of the Victoria Memorial Hall. I think I remember in history that an unconscionable time was taken by the Emperor Shah Jehan in building the Taj. He took so long in lamenting his wife that he could not in less than twenty or thirty years erect a monument in her honour. You are in a fair way of emulating, without the same excuse, the dilatoriness of Shah Jehan. I am glad to say that your new Governor in Bengal, Lord Carmichael, a man of wide interests and keen artistic perceptions, is taking great interest in this matter and means to push the building onwards to completion. I hope that the local commercial community will assist him in his endeavours with regard to the Victoria Memorial Hall. I think that it should appeal to the utilitarian as well as to the sentimental side of your nature. It will be a great epitome of the past, and will have another and even more practical value. The chairman alluded just now to the main attraction of Calcutta in its hours of ease as consisting of the racecourse. I hope and believe, however, that as time goes on the Victoria Memorial Hall

will attract as many visitors to Calcutta as do the Tollygunj Steeplechases and the Viceroy's Cup. Above all, it seems to me a fitting climax to her long Imperial career that Calcutta should contain the monument of a Sovereign in whose protracted and glorious reign it was that Calcutta grew to the greatness of which she can now boast, and became the second city in the Empire—the second city in point of population if not in respect of wealth and trade.

Only yesterday I was reading the figures of trade for the past year, and I was delighted to see that the exports and imports of Calcutta have attained a point never previously reached, that your jute industry, upon which so much of your fortune depends, was never in a more prosperous condition. I was not one of those who thought that when the capital was taken away the commercial interests of Calcutta would suffer. I believe you have sufficient guarantees of enduring importance in your physical position and in the amazing wealth of the *hinterland* behind Calcutta in respect of jute, tea, and coal. There were some who thought that when the Government of India disappeared property would depreciate, rates would rise, and a period of insecurity would ensue while Calcutta was adjusting itself to the new situation ; but I am glad to think that these forebodings, which I never shared, have not been fulfilled.

Now, turning to another point, may I confess to what you all know—my personal fondness for the city in which I lived for so many winter seasons? I loved the place ; I was proud of Government House—by far the stateliest Government House in the Empire, built on the model of my own home. I cannot say, to adopt the phraseology of our chairman, that I spent much time in perambulating its corridors—my occupations were usually of a more sedentary character. But I liked the life ; I did not rebel against, I even rather enjoyed, the official routine ; and I had the highest possible opinion of the climate, except at the latter end of March.

Above all things, I felt there the throb and stir of active life; I enjoyed the varied society, and, speaking as an official, I found no society more valuable than that of the non-officials. It was a great thing for the Government of India to come down from the hills and have a little breath of the Calcutta ozone blown into its lungs. We did good to Calcutta, and I am quite ready to admit that Calcutta did a great deal of good to us. I was very fond, too, of the people of Calcutta, and I should like to say that this remark does not apply to the English only. I have very friendly recollections of the native population. With many of the best intellects amongst the Indian people I was on intimate terms, and from the people I never received anything but kindness. It is quite true that from time to time hot-headed orators and hot-limbed youths, assembled in the Town Hall, were in the habit of passing resolutions which were not invariably favourable to the Government of which I was the head. Sometimes from my sedentary place in Government House I heard the plaudits which followed their vociferous harangues. But I do not think that I was any the worse for these ebullitions, and I like to think, I venture to hope, that they were the better. Anyhow, I was on most friendly terms with many of the leading spirits of the Indian community, whose friendship I am proud still to maintain, while as regards the great mass of the Calcutta population crowding the streets, streaming over the Maidan, meeting me in my daily drives and walks, never did I receive the slightest indication of discourtesy from them. They always extended to me the warmest welcome, and I could not but carry away from Calcutta a lasting feeling of attachment.

There is another side of Calcutta suggested by the toast, which, as some of you know, appeals to me even more. I allude to the fascination and the romance of the past. I always had the feeling, while I lived and worked there, that it was a place where great men had laboured and also suffered—some of them suffered bitterly.

Their ghosts seemed to me to haunt the places which I frequented, but, in so far as those spirits had a voice, they spoke to me in accents, not of terror but of inspiration. There I always felt that the great fabric of British dominion had, by the labours of these men, been fashioned and reared to its present towering height. Calcutta seemed to me to be a fitting embodiment, not merely of their labours but of British rule in India. It never occurred to me that such a place, rendered so sacred by the memories of the past, with so vigorous and so vital a present, with a future so certain to be worthy of that past, could be dethroned from its high estate. I always realized that if we were starting afresh in the task of governing India and were building anew our dominion, we might have sought for some other and more central seat of government for its capital. But viewing the circumstances and the history to which I have referred, the change made was one for which I, at any rate, would never have been responsible.

I have never hidden the view—indeed, I have openly stated it in Parliament—that a mistake was made by His Majesty's Ministers when they placed in the mouth of the Sovereign the momentous decision to remove the capital of India from Bengal. I expressed that view and I hold it still, not in the interests of Calcutta, or of the mercantile community in Calcutta, not on behalf of any sectional interest at all, but for the sake of the Government of India, of the Indian people as a whole, and of British rule in India. I held then, as I hold now, that the decision to abandon a place with such memories behind it, a place which for two centuries has been the seat and centre of British rule, and to go hunting about for a new capital amid the graveyards that surround the deserted cities of forgotten kings; to spend millions of the money of the people of India—perhaps available now, but not so certain to be available a few years hence—on this object, and then to construct a new capital, which, as it seems to me (I may be wrong), will be shut off

from the public life of the country and from the currents of popular opinion, and in which Government will finally have little to contemplate but its own official charms—I held and hold that such a decision is one not likely to be fraught with good to the interests which we are in India to safeguard and defend.

For two years I have not said one word on the subject. I have left the plans of the Government of India to develop in their own hands, and I have a regard, admiration, and sympathy for the present Viceroy, who is my personal friend. I have no criticism to pass upon anything that is now being done, and I have no reproach to make. But I would like to point out—indeed, I think it is the duty of a man who has filled my position to point out—that every objection, so far as I know, which was expressed by Lord Lansdowne, Lord Minto, and myself two years ago has been confirmed rather than shaken by everything that has happened since. And if my information is correct, public opinion in India has itself experienced a sensible change in the interval. Whereas a great number of persons were attracted by the glamour of an Imperial capital, or were actuated by jealousy of Calcutta or dislike of Bengal or other reasons, sober reflection, I learn, has induced a great many somewhat to alter their views and to regard the matter with no small misgiving.

I know well that it is too late to alter the decision which has been embodied in the august pronouncement of the Sovereign. Nothing would induce me to say anything which would lead any one to suppose that such a change could be made. But though the decision cannot be changed, and we are bound in loyalty to accept it, it may be possible, it should be possible, to adjust the decision to the circumstances of the day. I do not often prophesy; still less am I disposed to prophesy about the East. The East is the graveyard of predictions, just as Delhi has been the graveyard of dynasties. Yet there are one or two prophecies I have made about India which have not turned out altogether untrue. I will only give you one illustration. It is a digression, but not unimportant.

When I left India I prophesied that the system of military administration which had been set up by the Government at home against the advice of the Government of India, and over which I resigned, must result in confusion, if not in chaos, and that the attempt to combine in one person the positions of Commander-in-Chief and War Member and in one office the functions of Headquarters Staff and War Office must inevitably break down. Every one who knows the facts in India at the present moment is conscious that this prediction has been fulfilled ; every one knows that sooner or later a change must come. I do not desire to extract satisfaction from this fulfilment of my prophecy—the only thing I want is the good of India. But having made a prophecy that in one case has been singularly fulfilled, I am tempted to make another. It seems to me that the best thing that can happen in regard to the new capital of Delhi would be that the Government of India, realizing that it can only be the ceremonial headquarters of Government during the winter months, should not be too ready to spend crores and crores of rupees in building palaces, cathedrals, and halls, but should adapt themselves to the restricted circumstances of the case. But if my views do not prevail (and I have no influence with the powers that be), then I do venture upon this prediction, that if a great and glorious capital is there set up, covering twelve square miles of ground, with all the appurtenances of a great seat of Government, in time it will be found that the Government have sacrificed the fruit for the rind, the Viceregal Court and the Government of India will more and more become a gilded phantom, haunting the new halls of Delhi, much in the same way as the shadowy figures of the successors of Aurungzeb haunted the old, and little by little the power and initiative will go elsewhere, and will cease to exist in the central authority. That is my prediction. Now, I am one of those who hold firmly to the belief that a strong central Government of India in close touch with the

currents of public opinion, but nevertheless holding the sceptre in its hands and wielding it, is vital to the continuance of British dominion in India. I should therefore regret anything that seemed to interfere with the Government of India retaining supreme power in its own hands.

But to revert, in conclusion, to the subject of my toast, I would say that Calcutta, undisturbed by these high issues, has still a great part to play in upholding its own majestic destinies. I would say to the people of Calcutta : Take advantage, continue to take advantage, as you have in the past, of the opportunities which are presented to you. Keep up that high standard of commercial integrity which has made you known and respected throughout the East. You have a beautiful city with a glorious past, and it is for you to make it still more beautiful, and to ensure that the future is worthy of the past.

I do not suppose it will ever fall to my lot to visit Calcutta again. Never again, I suppose, shall I see what is one of the most beautiful sights in the world—the evening sun sinking in a crimson bath of fire across the tranquil bosom of the Hugli. Never again shall I inhale the life-giving breezes of the Maidan. Fortune is likely to take my footsteps in other directions. But whatever betide, Calcutta will always hold a secure and abiding place in my memory, and on this occasion, as on previous occasions, I take the opportunity once, more to proclaim that I am one of the most loyal and devoted of her sons.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS

THE LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

DOVER, *July 2, 1904.*

[The ceremony of the installation of Lord Curzon as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle, in succession to the Marquis of Salisbury, was held in the College Close, at Dover, during Lord Curzon's visit to England in the interval between his first and second terms of office in India. At this ceremony Lord Curzon spoke about the duties and prerogatives of the office of Lord Warden. Later, at a banquet in the Town Hall, he replied to the toast of his health, proposed by the Right Hon. George Wyndham, M.P. :]

..

I THE INSTALLATION CEREMONY.

WE English are a people who combine with a love for progress and a faculty for ordered change the most passionate attachment to our ancient institutions, and a scrupulous reverence for those forms and customs whose roots are embedded in our history, and whose evolution has been typical of our national growth. We are always living half in the present and half in the past. In the conditions, and still more in the ceremonies, of our public life, the two are blended together with a peculiar harmony, so that we cannot quite say where the one ends and the other begins, and the spirit of the past seems to be a part of the atmosphere which we breathe. But if there is any part of this country where those sentiments are entitled to exist it is here. For it is on the shores of Kent that the vital chapters of our national history have begun. It is that strip of sea which we all had in our

eyes as we were descending from the Castle just now that has been the main secret of our national strength. It is those white cliffs that are the dearest sight in the world to any Englishman. It is upon this stretch of coast that the only successful invaders of England have landed, and from it other and more formidable invaders have recoiled. It is to the men of Kent that have been addressed some of the most stirring appeals in the English language. And if there is any one office which may be said to crystallize these traditions and emotions in a single form, it is surely that of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. For his appointment is almost the last survival and epitome of those struggles and services that built up the civic liberties of Englishmen, that founded our trade, that created our Navy, and won for us the sovereignty of the seas. It is true that the Lord Warden is no longer required to guard the Straits or to scour the ocean. He need hardly contemplate placing himself at the head of the splendid body of Volunteers of whom he is the hon. Colonel, to repel the landing of a foreign enemy. I am not sure that he is even called upon to don the uniform of the regiment. He no longer draws those large and mysterious emoluments that were alluded to in my patent when it was read out a few minutes ago. He does not even return Members of Parliament to the House of Commons for boroughs which were sometimes called by an uncomplimentary name. All those relics of the good old days, or perhaps the bad old days, as some would call them, have been swept away. But the Lord Warden is still the head of an ancient and honourable confederation, whose privileges he may safeguard and whose traditions he should maintain. He is the patron of courts and institutions which have far from lost their practical utility even in modern days. He is charged with duties to this ancient county and to this famous city and its harbour which I do not mean to treat as a sinecure. And, finally, he is the occupant of a residence whose history is intertwined with that of

England, and whose memories are an inspiration. All these privileges and obligations I gratefully acknowledge ; these liberties and rights I will to the best of my ability defend ; and, be my term of office short or long, I shall endeavour so to discharge it as to show myself proud of its dignity and conscious of its duties.

II. THE BANQUET.

Among the many agreeable incidents connected with the ceremony of to-day, none has given me greater personal pleasure than that my health should have been proposed at this banquet by the Member for this borough, Mr. George Wyndham. He is one of my oldest and dearest friends, and on occasions of rejoicing we all like our friends to be about us. In the discharge of his parliamentary duties he has greatly distinguished both himself and the constituency that returns him, and his eloquence and abilities are such that his name is sure to be written large in the history of his country. Such men, particularly when they become Ministers in the House of Commons, acquire the art of embroidering with exquisite grace the most unpropitious of themes ; and, as I have been listening to my right hon. friend, I could not help thinking how greatly his parliamentary experiences have assisted him in this respect. It will not do for me altogether to dispute his veracity, because I should then be impugning the character of your Member, and inflicting an indirect affront upon this constituency. I will only ask you, therefore, to remember that for some time past he has been moving in a Hibernian atmosphere,¹ and that a certain amount of generous hyperbole is the natural and inevitable consequence.

Most of the speakers to whom we have listened to-day have exerted themselves in the ingenious endeavour to prove that I am a fit and proper person for the post whose duties I am now taking up. My own main feeling throughout the proceedings has been that of my un-

¹ Mr. Wyndham was Secretary for Ireland.

worthiness to succeed to this proud and ancient office. How ancient it is may be illustrated by the fact that, though my title is that of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, the majority of the ports have, in the passage of time, and owing to the action of the winds and tides, long ceased to be ports at all, while it is more than 800 years since their number ceased to be five. I have also seen it stated that I am the 152nd Lord Warden ; and assuredly there is no post under the Crown that has anything approaching its personal memories and traditions.* Five Sovereigns of England have been Lord Wardens before they ascended the throne. The consort of one Queen and the sons of more than one King have filled the same post. On looking through the records I also discovered that three, if not four, of my predecessors were beheaded. But when I found that the last of these regrettable incidents happened more than 350 years ago I felt considerably relieved. In modern times you know the traditions of the office even better than I ; and you can recall the illustrious procession of statesmen and warriors who have paced the ramparts of Walmer Castle—statesmen of whom no fewer than six were Prime Ministers, warriors of whom one was the greatest of all.†

In this long and distinguished line there are two names that appeal especially to my imagination. The first of these is my predecessor in the Governor-Generalship of India half a century ago, Lord Dalhousie. Like myself, he received the honour while he was still in India. But he was never installed. He did not even set foot in Walmer Castle. He only came home to die, a victim to heroic and devoted toil in that great Empire across the sea. Small of stature but great of soul, splendid in his sense of duty, and uncomplaining in his sufferings, no nobler figure stands forth from the long roll of Lord Wardens. The second figure to which I refer is that of my immediate predecessor, the late Lord Salisbury. If I am proud, as I am, to follow in the footsteps of

* The Duke of Wellington.

Lord Dalhousie in India, I am prouder still to succeed Lord Salisbury here. From him I received every post that I have filled in public life ; to him my unalterable devotion was given and was due. As we all of us grow older and look back upon the history of our times, there will always stand out before us, clear and prominent, that great character, simple in its attributes but monumental in its outlines ; and we shall recall those commanding abilities and that lofty patriotism that were so freely given to the services of his countrymen, and that lifted him above the level, not merely of men but of statesmen. If I wished to realize my own unfitness for this office, I could not do so better than by recollecting that I succeed Lord Salisbury. If, in another frame of mind, I desired to congratulate myself on my good fortune, I should equally indulge in the same remembrance.

I spoke this morning of the altered conception and duties of the post of Lord Warden. But Mr. Wyndham has supplied me with what is perhaps the best reflection with which I can console myself, when he pointed out that the duties which used to be discharged by Lord Wardens on this coast are very much the same in kind, if not in degree, as those which I have lately been discharging, and shall continue for some time longer to discharge, in another part of the Empire ; so that any deficiency in my qualifications here I may perhaps hope to fill up by corresponding activities elsewhere. There is, indeed, a very close analogy, though the scale is different, between the task that formerly devolved upon the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and that which now devolves upon the Viceroy of India. We are charged out there with the defence, not, it is true, of the United Kingdom, but of the largest and most powerful constituent of the British Empire. We have to guard, not the narrow straits but a land frontier many thousand miles in length ; and just as the Lord Warden in old days was confronted with the greatest continental Power in Europe, so in India we look out

from our frontiers upon the greatest continental Power, next to ourselves, in Asia.

But I think that we may derive from the analogy further lessons still. If I have read the history of the Cinque Ports aright, it has taught me that what maintained the power and privileges of the ports and the safety of this realm was the general loyalty of the barons and freemen to their Sovereign, their passion for military service, their high spirit, their knightly chivalry, and their unfaltering courage. It is with precisely the same qualities that we defend the frontiers of India from tribal disturbances and foreign aggression. There, too, we have barons—not so picturesque as those of this morning—in the persons of frontier chieftains, whose privileges and independence we safeguard as jealously as they do themselves, and upon whose loyalty and martial ardour we count. We have our Militia and levies, raised in the various localities, to defend their own strip of frontier, as here in olden times the line of coast; and behind them we keep as reserve the entire forces of the Indian Army, just as in former days the King's ships used to be forthcoming from the Thames to be hurled with irresistible force at whatever point the enemy might threaten. The Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports was a proud man when he could assure his Sovereign that the seas were clear and that the national flag flew unchallenged. Believe me, the Viceroy of India is equally proud when he can point to a frontier free from war and resting in contentment. The idea that he can find any pleasure in fighting or any zest in advance is one which, if you had any conception of the immense anxieties that nightly and daily press upon him, common sense alone would dismiss from the mind.¹ But just as the Lord Warden of the past did not hesitate to man his flotilla and put out to sea, to strike where compelled, and to strike hard, so the Warden of the Marches of India is sometimes forced

¹ This was a veiled allusion to the Tibetan Expedition, then in progress.

to assume the offensive and to deal blows where the safety of the frontier, the prestige of the ruling Power, or the future security of the Empire is at stake. I hope that no Viceroy of India will ever close his eyes to the injunction, "Seek peace and ensue it." But I hope, also, that none will ever shrink in dismay from any challenge that may be directed against the integrity, the honour, or the ascendancy of our dominion in that country. For it is upon our ability to preserve that dominion intact that depend both its immunity from external assault and its continued beneficence to the peaceful millions who inhabit it.

ETON

ETON COLLEGE, *July 14, 1911.*

[The centenary of the Eton Society, or "Pop," was celebrated by a banquet in the School Hall at Eton on July 14, 1911. Lord Rosebery was in the chair, and the toast of "Floreat Etona!" was proposed by Lord Curzon. He said :]

LORD ROSEBERY, with that humour and eloquence of which he is an acknowledged master, and which presumably, in spite of the alleged failure of his maiden speech, he acquired in the old days in "Pop"—although none of us succeeded in doing the same—has proposed the health of the Eton Society. He told us that he was no chicken, and I suppose he may be regarded as the representative of the older generation, of which he is certainly the most illustrious figure. Then, in reply to his speech, we have had some remarks, not merely from the distinguished gentleman who has just addressed us, and who is also the spokesman of an older age (Sir A. Bosanquet), but also from the present President of the Eton Society. I have been invited to propose the next toast—I suppose as a representative of the intervening age, a middle epoch which is still sufficiently young to decline to believe that it is old, and which occupies a half-way house between the modest enthusiasm of youth and the more mellow wisdom of older years. We ought to be grateful to Lord Rosebery for one thing—he has given us a very good conceit of ourselves. He told us what, indeed, we all knew before—that we are the cream of society. I think it was the famous George Canning who made the observation that no man was ever so great a man as when he

was a Sixth Form boy at Eton. I cannot say that in my day that particular halo hung round the heads of the Sixth Form boys. But I do think that it was true of the Sixth Form boy who was also a member of "Pop." Do we not recall the moment of proud elation when we first heard that we had escaped that terrible ordeal of the ballot-box to which Lord Rosebery referred, and had been admitted to the most sacred circle in the world? If Lord Rosebery were still here I should like to have told him that the incidents that prevailed in his day were not unknown in mine. For I remember on one occasion when a candidate was put up for "Pop," though there were only eighteen members, twenty-four black balls were counted in the drawer. The first moment of pride was when one escaped those dangers, and the second moment of elation was when one received the cane which made one a member of the amateur police-force of the Etonian democracy. I read the other day in the papers that the members of "Pop" are no longer to be allowed to wear fancy waistcoats or to sit upon the Wall. I cannot say that in my day we regarded either of these as indispensable emblems of our greatness, but I remember Mr. Gladstone, when he came to Eton in my time, taking me to the Wall and showing me the place opposite the steps leading up to the ante-chapel where, on one occasion with great labour, presumably when he was a member of "Pop"—because at Eton he could not have been a member of anything else—he had carved his own name in the stone on the top of the Wall. I believe it has been obliterated by the trousers of successive generations of Eton boys. But let this be a memory.

Lord Rosebery went on to speak about "Pop" in his day. He did not seem to have a very high opinion of its intellectual or rhetorical qualifications. I cannot say that in my day "Pop" could fairly be described as a nursery of rhetoric, and yet I have known occasions upon which, amid loud applause, a member of "Pop" has successfully addressed his audience for fifteen or twenty minutes.

I don't know that he was ever allowed to exceed the latter limit, although I must admit that almost equal applause was given to a member who, on making his maiden speech, after repeating "Mr. President" three times, resumed his seat without further troubling the audience. But there are also great things to be said to the credit of "Pop." Whatever its merits as a debating society, it has been the parent of a healthy and prolific offspring. It was about the time I was at Eton that the debating societies were established, first in College and then in the various houses, which, although they may not have inherited the social distinction of "Pop," certainly carried on its intellectual tradition. Above all, "Pop," although it represents what we regarded as the aristocracy of merit and distinction at Eton, has always been constituted upon a purely democratic basis. Lord Rosebery compared it to the Garter. Now, the distinguishing feature of the Garter is that nobody below a certain rank can obtain it, and, as Lord Melbourne remarked, "there is no damned merit about it." Do not let us, therefore, accept the metaphor of our noble chairman. It would be both inconsistent with the facts and uncomplimentary to ourselves. My own view about "Pop" is this: that neither title nor means, nor athletic distinction, nor place in the School, *per se*, ever enabled a boy to get inside its walls. There was something else required. He had to be what, in our old Eton phraseology, we used to call "a good sort," and it is that tie of good-fellowship that has brought the 400 men here before me, old members of "Pop," from all parts of the country, proud to come here on this happy occasion to renew old memories and to congratulate each other on the tie by which they are united.

But I must recall my own toast, which is rather a larger one—"Floreat Etona!" We are here not merely as members of a debating society, but also as members of a school, the freest, the greatest, the most glorious corporation of men and boys that has ever existed in this

country, and I speak to-night not only for members of "Pop" but for all Etonians. Surely it is a source of gratification to us that in all the changes of modern life, in the competition with which our great Public Schools have to contend, Eton retains her pride of place. She still breeds men and rulers of men. Reference has been made to some of them to-night, whether they were or were not members of this society. Is it due to mere accident that four out of the last six Prime Ministers have been Eton boys? Encouraged by the fact that I see Lord Minto here to-night, may I not also mention that "Pop" has laid a particularly vigorous hand upon India, and that six of the seven last Viceroys have been Etonians? Mention has been made of the illustrious veteran Lord Roberts. I do not know that he has ever talked about the playing-fields of Eton—perhaps had he done so he would have been poaching on preserves already annexed by an even more illustrious predecessor—but who can doubt that the lessons he learned here, if he learned any, helped him in those historic achievements of his Indian and South African career? I once heard Mr. Balfour say that he could not remember that he ever learned anything at Eton. This was one of those amiable paradoxes in which that ingenious spirit loves to indulge; but I console myself by thinking that if he had been to any other institution what he might have learned there would probably have prevented him from occupying the position to which he attained later on, and for which his career at Eton must certainly have fitted him.

Do not let us imagine, however, though we may be, as Lord Rosebery has said, the cream of Eton, that the fame of Eton is made only by her famous sons. They are the men whom ability, or accident, or opportunity has floated up to the top, and who, as we all of us fondly believe, have deserved and justified that position. But there are others who have not enjoyed the same opportunity, but who have carried the flag, borne the name, and done the work of Eton. Therefore, in proposing

this toast, I desire to offer my tribute, not only to the famous but to the illustrious obscure—if the phrase may be permitted—who are equally entitled to rejoice in the festival of to-night.

Perhaps the question may be a fair one to put to ourselves : What is the precise link that unites us all and makes us feel this common bond? I do not think it is the mere fact that we were here for so many years. It is not the memory of the old buildings and the playing-fields and the shining river. It is not the boyish triumphs we enjoyed or the reverses we suffered. It is not the education we obtained, or failed to obtain. Neither is it the friendships we then made and which, if we are true Etonians, we have never broken off. It is something more than any of these. We feel that somewhere in the background there has ever since been in our hearts the inspiration of a common idea ; a sense of purpose and responsibility and duty ; a desire to do nothing that at any time shall render us unworthy of the great institution to which we have belonged. That, I think, is the Eton spirit. It is the spirit that made a contemporary of mine shout "Floreat Etona !" as he led his regiment to the charge in South Africa, falling, shot through the heart, at the head of his men. It is the spirit that imbued your Eton Eleven last year at Lord's, and made your Eight at Henley this year carry itself with an ardour that constituted a record, not merely in the history of the School but on the Henley course. It is the spirit which is enshrined in the words "Floreat Etona !" and it is at the back of the minds of every one of us as I propose and as you drink this toast.

Our noble chairman said we ought to indulge in reminiscences this evening, but that the reminiscences ought to be of a narrow application, and to be confined, as far as possible, to those who have been members of the Society. I have not many to give you, but, when we talk of Eton, I think most of us do call to mind the houses in which we resided, and the masters and boys of our time. By a

strange coincidence, I am speaking in this hall to-night on the very site of the house in which I spent six happy years. It was a grim and monstrous barrack, which has, fortunately, entirely perished from human view, to be replaced by this spacious structure; and it was only, redeemed in my time from utter atrocity by the bright spirits which it contained and by the immortal figure who presided over it. Some of you will remember Wolley-Dod, the most genial of hosts, the most gallant of sportsmen, the finest of gentlemen. We remember the then Head Master, Dr. Hornby, the most cultured and courteous of men, the most polished of speakers, the only man within my recollection who could preach a sermon of fifteen minutes to boys in College Chapel and make them wish it had lasted thirty. There are others whom I might well mention, but whom I must pass over. I am standing between two members of the Lyttelton family. There is not a man of my day who does not look back with pride upon that majestic procession of Lyttelton brothers, five or six of whom are present to-night, I will not say in the evening, but in the beautiful sunlight, of their day, culminating as they did in Edward—I do not know if it is disrespectful to speak in those terms of your Head Master—marked out already to be your future Head, and spending the interval before he could accomplish this purpose in travelling in foreign countries with Welldon,¹ Cornish,² and myself, and when not doing that in hitting loose balls to leg through the window of the tennis-court at Lord's. With him there was Alfred, the Admirable Crichton of our day, who embodied in himself more successes in every department of activity than any other boy in the School. There was Welldon, whose mighty leg could kick a ball higher and farther than any other man of our recollection. There

¹ The Right Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, and now Dean of Manchester.

² F. W. Cornish, formerly an Assistant Master, now Vice-Provost of Eton.

was Edwards Moss, most beautiful and polished of oarsmen ; and, if I may utter one note of sadness, Jim Stephen, that great genius who was cut off before he had reached his prime. There is one figure I have not mentioned, and whose name I am permitted to associate with this toast. It is that of one who, in my day, was a master, and afterwards, for a long time, Head Master, and who is now your honoured Provost.¹ All our tenderest memories, all our deepest thoughts, all our fondest hopes, as old Etonians and as old members of the Eton Society, are summed up in the toast of "Floreat Etona !" which I now give you, coupled with his name.

¹ Rev. Edmond Warre.

LONDON BEAUTIFUL

MANSION HOUSE, *January 13, 1913.*

[At a meeting held under the presidency of the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House to inaugurate the recently formed London Society, Lord Curzon moved the following resolution: "That this meeting recognizes the importance of the work which the London Society proposes to undertake in furthering the improvement and beautification of London, and in arousing the interest of Londoners in their great city, and expresses the hope that public authorities will co-operate with the Society and help to make London a worthy capital of the Empire." He spoke thus:]

THE objects of the meeting and of the Society could not be better stated than they are in this Resolution. In a sentence, our object is to make London beautiful where it is not so already, and to keep it beautiful where it already is. We recognize that this London of ours is the greatest, the most populous, the most amazing city in the world; but I do not suppose there is anywhere, or ever has been, any great city that grew up with less forethought, or that rested less definitely upon a plan. The capital is in this respect very like the British Empire of which it is the head. Both of them have sprung up almost unawares, their great position being due partly to advantages of geographical situation, partly to the blessings of Providence, partly to accident, partly, as we like to think, to the genius of our own people; and both Empire and capital have now reached a point at which we have to take stock of our position, and see what we are to do for the future, because in both cases one of two conditions must result: either the Empire and the capital will break down from their plethoric condition, and from

the operation of the numerous centrifugal tendencies that are at work ; or, by counsel, by consideration, by forethought, it may be possible both for Empire and for capital city to create a new unity, to obtain a more commanding influence, to ensure a future not less wonderful than their past.

I said that our object was to make London beautiful. Perhaps some of you faithful citizens of this great city may say that it is beautiful already, and that we can afford to let well alone. Yes, London is beautiful, but it is beautiful by fits and starts, in nooks and corners, in parts and sections. Nobody contemplating this huge area can say that it is beautiful as a whole. There are deformities in the figure, there are plague-spots on the skin, of London, which we should all like to remove, and the London Society is to become the physician who will give the prescription.

This Society, therefore, consists of men and women the first condition of whose union is that they love London, and the second that they wish to keep or to make it beautiful. And the object they have in view is by system, foresight, and taste to carry out the objects which I have described.

I am not an expert in this matter, and there are many much better qualified to speak about the expert aspect of the question. Even to me, however, it is obvious that a very wide field of work opens before the Society. There will require to be some co-ordination of existing authorities, each quasi-independent in its own sphere. Perhaps there may have to be created a single central town-planning authority to work for the whole. There may require to be some redistribution of funds, some readjustment of local taxation. The committees of the Society will direct their attention to the laying out of streets, the erection of buildings, the construction of bridges, the alignment of roads ; perhaps, also, to the proper placing of our statues in London, so melancholy, so pitiful, so unutterably forlorn.

Then there is the traffic problem, which is a matter of the most urgent importance ; and it may well be that, before anything substantial can be done, the assistance of Parliament and legislation must be called for.

Now, may I utter one word of caution? The plans of the Society ought not to be lacking in imagination or idealism—and, if they err at all, by all means let them err upon the side of ambition. But if the proposals that are to be framed are to be effective, they must be business propositions. They must be correlated with the facts, and perhaps still more with the figures of the case. There is a talk about framing some one great plan for the future town planning of this great city. It is really a question not so much of one plan as of a multiplicity of plans, and those plans, as time goes on, will require readjustment and adaptation in many forms to the circumstances of the hour ; in fact, the work of a society like this, instead of being comprised within the space of ten years or twenty years, is much more likely to be spread over centuries.

My second word of caution is this : We must be careful to avoid speculative, impracticable, or impossible finance. It is to be hoped that these plans, or many of them, may be carried out without placing an additional burden upon the rates. It is very easy, when talking about the laying out of a great city, to speak in terms of millions, but it is not good business to do so ; and I trust that those who frame the plans of the Society will in every case draw up a profit and loss side of the account. Much of the expenditure will be a most splendid investment. The beautification of London will in many cases treble and quadruple the value of the property that is dealt with—and a good deal of the improvement will be paid for by the increased land values which it will itself create.

Next, let me say a word to the sceptic. There are some who will say : " Is this possible? Are you not living in a land of dreams? Does any man really know

London, or anything but a small corner of London? And, whether his knowledge be great or small, does he care about London? Does it mean anything to him? Where are you to find the sacrifice, the industry, the labour, the foresight that will be required for carrying out your views? "It is a commonplace to say that there is no such thing as civic spirit in this metropolis of ours, that a man or woman cares little even for the street in which he or she was born, or the square in which he lives, and that whereas you have this great city, the government of which, I believe, costs at the present moment twenty millions a year, there are thousands, and I dare say scores of thousands, of our fellow-citizens who care so little about it that they will not even put themselves to the trouble of going to the polling-booth to give a vote upon its administration.

In a sense, that is true. London never has been to the Englishman exactly what Paris is to the Frenchman, or what Berlin is becoming in an increasing degree to the German. If you meet a Frenchman abroad, you will find that in his mind *La Belle France* means as a rule Paris; and that, wherever he builds a town, he endeavours to reproduce with as much fidelity as he can the boulevards, restaurants, and cafés, and all the gay and sparkling brilliance of that delightful city. But the Englishman does nothing of the sort. If you meet the Englishman in the remote corners of the Empire and talk to him of Old England, he does not think of London, he thinks about beautiful country villages, about the surroundings of his old home, about the exquisite scenery, and the leafy lanes; the last thing he attempts to do anywhere is to reproduce London, his one idea is to get away from it. From my own experience, I would say that the first thing an Englishman does in the outlying portions of the Empire is to make a race-course; the second is to make a golf-course; and the third is to sever all connection with London by putting away his silk hat and frock-coat, and appearing on all occasions in a straw

hat. Therefore, I concede that London does not make the same appeal to the average Englishman that Paris does to the Frenchman.

There is another point that may be made against us. It may be said, "Have you much encouragement for your ideas in the history of the past?" My lord, I speak with some trepidation in your presence, for it is within my recollection that the City of London was willing to part with its ancient historic portal of Temple Bar. I remember in more recent times that Crosby Hall, the place where Richard of Gloucester lived, where Shakespeare stood, where Sir Thomas More wrote, was taken down stone by stone, and with difficulty re-erected elsewhere. And if you look at what is going on in other parts of London it seems almost incredible that in a great modern cultured and civilized city a horrible phantasmagoria like Queen Anne's Mansions should have been allowed to rear its hideous head into the air. Even when we erect our finest buildings we indulge in the strangest freaks as regards the architects. We employ a classical architect (Sir Christopher Wren) to put the western towers on to Westminster Abbey, another classical architect (Sir Charles Barry) to build a Gothic House of Parliament, and a Gothic architect (Sir Gilbert Scott) to put a Renaissance tower and façade on to the public buildings facing St. James's Park. All these things have been, and I suppose might be again.

But, on the other hand, things are changing very rapidly. There is an increasing interest in the fortunes of London. There is a growing taste, and public opinion is building up a strong force upon our side. There are many people in London now to whom this old city has a soul and a spirit and a voice of its own. I do not say that it speaks to all with the same voice. It is a city of many voices, but there are few in whose heart some echo is not struck by the thought and the mention of London. At any rate, to me London speaks with a very clear and definite voice indeed. The London which

I care for is the London of the past, and the reason why I am interested in this Society is not merely because it is going to prevent mistakes in the future, but because it will arrest the sort of mistakes that have been made in the past, and will keep for us that priceless possession which we still have in the monuments and antiquities of this great city.

If you look to history, there are many Londons, some of which do not happen to appeal to me at all. I have no interest in prehistoric London. It does not affect me that the mastodon and the elephant once wallowed in the swamps where the Mansion House now stands. I am not greatly interested in the London of the Celts or the Romans, or the Saxons or the Danes, although I admit that every relic of those days ought to be most scrupulously preserved. The historic interest of London begins for me with the Norman days; and Norman London, Plantagenet London, Tudor London, and Stuart London are to me a matter of absorbing interest and concern. When I go down to Westminster I see the courtly figure of Charles I walking from St. James's Palace on a frosty day in January between two lines of soldiers, with the Bishop on one side of him and the Colonel on the other, to his fate at Whitehall. And when I pass the Banqueting House there steps out of one of its windows—I will not say which, because there is a dispute upon this point¹—the figure of the King.

¹ In a subsequent article in the *Nineteenth Century* (February 1913) Lord Curzon wrote as follows on this point: "The dispute is one which I do not presume to solve, though I am not deterred by Lord Beaconsfield's alleged witticism from stating its conditions. He is reported to have given the following advice to a young man about to enter society: 'Never ask who wrote the Letters of Junius, or on which side of Whitehall Charles I was beheaded.' Neither of the questions here posed is any longer acute, for the identity of Junius scarcely admits of doubt, and the puzzle at Whitehall is not on which side the Banqueting House, the street side or the river side, Charles I was executed—for it is absolutely certain that the scaffold was erected in Whitehall directly facing what was then the Tilt Yard and is now

I picture him taking his place on the platform, in the midst of a little group of five, with his scarlet silk waist-coat and the George of the Garter round his neck. I see the scene, I see him lay his comely head upon the

the Horse Guards—but out of what part of the building he stepped on to the scaffold, after resting for a while in his chamber in the interior of the palace. Sir Thomas Herbert, his gentleman of the bedchamber, who attended him in his walk across the park and to the scaffold, and who carried off his dead body to be embalmed, says that 'there was a passage broken through the wall by which the king passed unto the scaffold.' Excluding inadmissible suggestions, the alternatives are practically limited to two: either the middle window on the lower tier of the Banqueting House was broken through (these windows were at that time unglazed and were built up with masonry) so that the King might step straight out on to the scaffold; or, after walking through the Banqueting Hall, he passed into a little annexe or building which then projected from the northern or Charing Cross end (corresponding to the present outer entrance into the Royal United Service Museum), and stepped through a window on the Whitehall face of this building (where is now a blank wall) on to the northern end of the scaffold, which extended along the face of the Banqueting House towards Westminster. In this case 'the passage broken through the wall' would be either a passage from the Hall to the annexe (corresponding fairly to the present inner doorway of the Museum) or the window, which may have been enlarged for the purpose. Those who have argued for or accepted the former or middle window hypothesis have been Mr. Wyatt Papworth (*Notes and Queries*, 1863), Professor S. R. Gardiner ('History of the Great Civil War'), Professor C. H. Firth (*Cornhill Magazine*, January 1897, and 'Cromwell,' 1900). The case for the annexe has been fully stated by Sir R. Palgrave (*Architectural Review*), Rev. E. Sheppard ('Old Royal Palace of Whitehall'), and rests in the main upon the testimony of G. Vertue, the engraver, who was appointed engraver to the Society of Antiquaries in 1717, and left a memorandum on the copy of Terrason's engraving of the Banqueting House (dated 1713) in the Library of that Society, to the effect that it was out of the window in the annexe that, 'according to the truest reports,' King Charles stepped out to be beheaded, this window being marked in the engraving (reproduced by Sheppard, p. 202, and in Gardiner's 'Student's History of England,' p. 558) with a royal crown, and the initials C. R. above the window, and the date 1648 below it. Not much assistance is to be derived from the various contemporary or nearly contemporary engravings, which were mostly Dutch and

block, I see the executioner a moment later raise it to the mournful crowd. And then, as I pass on, I take no interest in the spacious buildings which are being erected by a generous Government on either side of Whitehall, in which to perform their sometimes unnecessary labours. I think rather of Holbein's beautiful gateway, taken down 150 years ago, because there was no London Society in those days to save it, in order to make way for Parliament Street. When I come to Old Palace Yard I care nothing for the taxis and the pigeons that now occupy that place. I think nothing even of the work that is going on or that is alleged to be going on inside. I remember rather that it is the place where the old tournaments and trials by battle were held, where the head of Guy Fawkes was struck off, and where the wife of Sir Walter Raleigh carried away the severed head of her husband in a bag. Those are the pictures presented to me by living in the past in London. Therefore your Society appeals to me immensely, if a part of its duty is to be a reverent regard for the still surviving memorials of the past.

But I recognize that there are many to whom London represents a much more mundane conception. I must remember my own dictum that there is not one London, but at least a dozen Londons. There is the London of business and finance, the emporium and counting-house of the world. There is the London of industry and manufacture, in which almost everything is made or distributed or sold that is produced by the ingenuity of man. There is the London of the shipping and the

appear to have been executed from hearsay. Personally I incline to the theory that it was from the window in the annexe that King Charles stepped forth to his doom. Another controversy arises out of the same incident—viz. whether the King knelt with his head on a block of the customary size and shape, or whether he lay prone on the ground with his neck stretched over a low wooden bar. Into this dispute I will not enter, save to say that the former appears to me, from a study of the evidence, to be the more probable hypothesis."

docks, where the great steamers go to and fro, all the day and all the year, like the shuttles of some mighty loom, whose web covers the whole surface of the globe. There is the London, not by any means despicable, of society and amusement, with its theatres, operas, music-halls, hotels, and restaurants. There is the London of art, of our galleries and museums, which contain treasures beyond price. There is the London of monuments, of cathedrals and churches, of palaces and forts. There is the London of government, which keeps its finger on the pulse of the universe. And, finally, there is the London of which I know so little, but wish I knew more, the London of the submerged millions, that mysterious, unknown, inscrutable London that always baffles and bewilders. These are all different Londons, and I dare say there are many more that may appeal to others who are here, each speaking with a different voice to a different heart, but each awaking an echo which this London Society ought to be able to answer.

One word as to the future. I suppose we are each justified in having our particular fancy, and in dreaming our own dreams. My dream of the London of the future is for the south of the river. On this side of the Thames I would keep for the most part the buildings and streets and squares, in so far as they deserve it, as they are now; but south of the river I would like to make a clean sweep, and to have a large conception. I can see no particular beauty, although I dare say there is considerable profit, in frowning warehouses and grimy wharves; the mud flats of the Thames and the barges lying upon them leave me unmoved. I decline even to see any special symmetry in the Shot Tower. I would like to see a new city grow up in the future on the south of the river, a city in which the grey streets should be opened up and the gloomy tenements swept away, in which light and air and beauty should be let into those dark places.

And then if we were to make London on that side of the river beautiful and accessible, is it a dream to imagine

that some day in the future we might revive the life of the Thames? London as we know it is a city of streets and pavements and long avenues and a million houses ; but London to our forefathers was a city of a single water-street, and that the Thames. The taxis of London in those days were its boats, the chauffeurs were the 3,000 or 4,000 watermen that plied upon its waters. And here again let me give you a picture that is always coming into my mind. As I drive down the Embankment I see the stately palaces of the nobles stretching along the river bank from St. Paul's almost to Westminster, with the palaces of the Court intervening. And then, looking at the river, I see it alive with boats, great and small. I see the river barges—in one of which your predecessor, my Lord Mayor, no doubt showed himself to the crowd (indeed, I believe that up till 1857 the Lord Mayor's procession always took place by water). I see the painted barges of the nobility and well-to-do persons, and the boats of the middle classes rowing to and fro, with the women singing in them in the merry summer afternoon to the sound of guitars. I see the ceaseless life of this great City, conducted as it then was almost exclusively upon the water. Although it may be impossible to bring back that state of affairs, and although the penny steamboat is neither exactly beautiful nor musical, nor, I believe, profitable, yet I cannot help thinking that if a new London were created on the south fit to match the London that already exists on the northern bank, something might be done to revive the vanished river-glories of the past.

I hope I have said enough to show that this London of ours is a city that is capable of making an appeal to all. It should appeal to its own citizens, who are already awakening to its beauties, its delights, and its possibilities. It should appeal to every citizen of the United Kingdom, from England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland, who comes up here, whether it be for business, or politics, or amusement, and who finds in this city a

microcosm of the kingdom, expressing its greatness, and embodying and symbolizing its life. It should appeal to every citizen of the whole British Empire, who journeys here from time to time, as to a parent altar. And I think London may make a wider appeal, because it is becoming every year more and more the capital, the cosmopolis of the civilized world. It is becoming what Rome was in the first three centuries after the coming of Christ, what Byzantium was later. We have only in summer-time to look at our streets to see every colour of skin and every variety of costume represented, and to hear all the languages under heaven. It is the meeting-ground of all the races, and to all we extend a ready welcome.

For these reasons I hope that you will take an interest in the work of this Society, which is intended to keep that which we have of good, and to make better that which lies before us. I ask you to regard London, ancient London, as a sacred possession, which it is our duty to safeguard and save from sacrilege or spoliation; and, as regards the future, let it be the object of this Society that the development of London shall henceforward proceed upon gracious and orderly and artistic lines. You may remember that the poet Wordsworth said, of a single view from a single spot at a particular hour of the morning in London, that

Earth has not anything to show more fair.

Let it be the object of the London Society to make that description applicable to the whole city.

OLD LONDON

CROSBY HALL, *December 4, 1913.*

[At a meeting of the Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London, Lord Curzon, President of the Committee, spoke as follows :]

THIS Society possesses a modest but rather lengthy title. It is called the Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London. Our members are persons who take an interest in the capital in which we live, and more particularly in its archæological and antiquarian side—that is, in the preservation of the records of the past. To us London is not a vast and purposeless aggregation of human beings. It is also a great historical monument, a unique and wonderful treasure-house of the past. It is a place that has exercised a powerful influence upon the life and growth of the nation ; and correspondingly the history of our people has written itself in indelible characters, sometimes in savage scars, upon its face. To different persons London even in its historical aspect will appeal on different grounds. Some are concerned with digging up its remains, unearthing an old Roman bath or the timbers of a mediæval ship. Others are engaged in the collection and exhibition of these and similar objects in museums. Others, again, set up tablets upon houses once inhabited by famous men. Others are more interested in the future, and dream noble dreams of a city laid out on grand and spacious lines. All of these are excellent works and are the special care of useful and powerful bodies. We pursue rather a different line. The branch that we have taken under our protection is

the register and record and permanent preservation of the still existing memorials of the past.

These are disappearing with a rapidity that is truly alarming. Perhaps from one point of view things are not so bad as they were a little while ago in our own lifetime. It is terrible to think of all that we have lost in the past thirty years, swept away, wiped out, destroyed. Sometimes the destruction has been due to commercial or economic or sanitary reasons. Old streets and structures have had to give way to the industrial needs or superior standards of the modern age. Sometimes it has been the result of the ignorant or heedless vandalism of public bodies, municipalities, and school boards. Sometimes an entire locality has fallen into the merciless clutch of the jerry-builder. Or again the unscrupulous renovator—that worst of all criminals—has been at work in a period of low taste, and has destroyed far more than he restored. The process is still going on, perhaps on a smaller scale, and in less crude and offensive forms. But we have only to follow our papers to know that even if the exterior of an old building is spared the interior is often despoiled. We need only go into the big antiquity shops to purchase—if we so desire—a Tudor room, a Jacobean mantelpiece or ceiling, a Georgian staircase, all of them torn out of their original setting. Further, the greater wealth, the increasing business, and the higher standard of comfort of the day demand great structures for which space must be found in the heart of London, and which can only be erected at the sacrifice of much that was previously in existence and may have been of value.

Take the Strand as an illustration, perhaps in its original state one of the most picturesque and characteristic streets of London. Every day it is losing something of its old charm and is becoming at the same time palatial and commonplace. Vast hotels, great theatres, huge offices, gigantic blocks of buildings, rear their pompous heads against the sky. Some of them are not with-

out merit ; others are monstrous. But be they good or bad, the street which they adorn or disfigure is not the street of our ancestors. The latter is rapidly disappearing from view. In some respects I do think that a reaction has set in. It affects both public bodies and individuals. A sense of civic pride in London is springing up, a consciousness that we have a city which, because it is a jumble of old and new, because it was never laid out like modern Paris on a single plan, but has been allowed to grow up anyhow, and in spite of the hideous and barbarous incongruities which are permitted to be set up side by side, is nevertheless one of the most picturesque cities in the world—perhaps all the more picturesque from the haphazard character of its up-growing, the peculiar and at times incredible climate which it enjoys, and the startling hieroglyphics that are written by soot and smoke upon its surface. Public corporations are beginning to have a sense of the value of the ancient and beautiful buildings which may happen to be within their area, and almost every borough likes to have its local memorials of the past. There is scarcely a parish in London which has not its group of local antiquarians and students.

Simultaneously, the necessity for open spaces for the health of the people is preserving from the depredations of the builder many beauty spots that might otherwise have been destroyed. So also is it with the individuals. The number of people who are interested in old things is daily on the increase. Almost every one is a collector of something that is ancient and interesting, from old masters or old furniture to shoe-buckles or silhouettes ; and magazines and papers are specially devoted to the gratification of this taste. On the other hand, the growth of the cult for the antique is in itself a danger. For the dealers are everywhere engaged in rifling old mansions and searching for obscure treasures in their, desire to gratify the ravenous taste of their customers ; and the result too often is that, while the object itself is preserved, it is torn away from its original setting, and loses

all historical value by being transferred to modern and often incongruous surroundings. In such a condition of affairs there is an ever-increasing need for a Society that shall devote itself as a special duty to the record of old buildings and objects before they have been despoiled by the zeal of the curio-hunter, or swept away by the needs of the times.

This is the object that we have set before ourselves. You may have heard of the recently formed London Society which has been founded to secure the organized effort of those who take an intelligent and artistic interest in this great city. We have—wisely, I think—joined hands with them. The London Society concerns itself largely with provision for the future, for the planning and laying out of the new London that is everywhere springing up, on sound and artistic lines. We devote ourselves to the preservation of the past, and more particularly to the recording, mapping, and describing of it before it has perished or been forgotten. We have accumulated a great collection of drawings, photographs, and sketch plans which are available as the memorials of topographical history whenever this requires to be written. Then, as to our publications, we have undertaken a series of historical surveys of particular parishes (particularly those containing historical associations) which are now prepared and printed, with the aid of the London County Council, under an arrangement concluded with them in 1910. Bromley and Chelsea have already been done. St. Giles-in-the-Fields is still in course of execution. We are deeply indebted to the London County Council for their generous assistance and co-operation.

Further, we have brought out a series of monographs written by eminent architects or authorities on individual buildings of historical interest, like the Old Palace of Bromley and Crosby Hall. These publications have a high and permanent historic value quite apart from the fact that they are splendidly printed and illustrated, and are valuable as works of art. In time they will stand

as a complete account—an inventory, and much more than an inventory—of London antiquities. Whatever happens to London itself, should it perish by conflagration or earthquake, or be wiped out by an invasion of Chinamen or Malays, or be sacked by an insurgent democracy on the search for “rare and refreshing fruit,” they will remain a record of the London of the past. Finally, our members have done a good deal of independent research work on their own account, and the Committee has been instrumental in preserving many beautiful fabrics from destruction.

BIRDS

LONDON, *March* 6, 1913.

[The annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds was held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, Lord Curzon in the chair. He said :]

WE live in an age of Societies, when men and women who are interested in any object which has not perhaps caught hold of the popular imagination, or for which a good deal of spade work is required, find it necessary to combine together in order to carry out their ends. A secretary, a knot of earnest supporters, a code of rules, a publication, and a subscription list—usually in inverse ratio to the importance of the object concerned—are the common marks of these organizations. But among all the hundreds of Societies the names of which you can read in the London Directory, there is not one that is more meritorious or more deserving of popular support than this. The Society does good work with small means—means much too small—and its field of activity is practically co-extensive with the whole world.

The root principle of our Society is this, that the birds of a country are among its greatest treasures, valuable not merely for the beauty of their plumage or the melody of their song—if they sing—or for the gaiety and rapture that they lend to outdoor life, or for the happiness that they bring to thousands, one might say millions, of human beings; but also from the utilitarian point of view, for the inestimable services that they render in the destruction of insects and other pests to animal and vegetable life. We pride ourselves on the pitch of culture, refine-

ment, and civilization to which we have attained in the twentieth century ; and yet I am not sure, if we contemplate certain things that are still done in our midst, that we are very far removed from the barbarian age. I make these remarks with reference more especially to the attitude of the world, even the civilized world, towards birds. We still allow, or at any rate we do not forbid, our boys to amuse their leisure hours in despoiling birds' nests of their eggs, and then in treasuring up the empty and useless shells in cabinets, which are an encumbrance and nuisance to us for the rest of our lives. We still keep captive some of the most beautiful objects of God's creation which were never intended either for imprisonment or for torture. We allow our gamekeepers, those of us who have them—I am glad to say I have forbidden mine—to kill the kingfisher, quite the most exquisite bird that can be seen on the streams in this country, because it is supposed to devour juvenile trout, and also the harmless and serviceable owl. If a rare bird—say a buzzard or a bittern—turns up in any neighbourhood, does the whole countryside constitute itself a volunteer bodyguard for the protection of that rare specimen? Not a bit. The local sportsman shoulders his gun ; he goes out ; he stalks the unsuspecting prey ; he slaughters it ; he writes to the local newspaper to boast of his glorious achievement ; and then he puts the stuffed object in a glass case and shows it to his friends after dinner. Those of you who know country-house life will bear me out when I say there is scarcely a country house in England of the old type where a hundred years ago, and even fifty years ago, it was not the regular fashion to construct a whole museum of specimens in glass cases in order to illustrate the prowess of these pseudo-sportsmen—I would rather call them these cruel corsairs—of the past.

And then, if we come to that which is the most striking case of all, we encourage, or at any rate allow, our women, presumably in order to satisfy us or to gratify themselves,

to decorate their hats with the plumage of the most beautiful and innocent things in the created universe, to obtain which the whole world is ransacked and ravaged in deference to this nefarious and abominable taste. It is an appalling traffic, and I am not aware of a good word to be said for it. Look at what this traffic is in its various aspects, this traffic in the feathers and skins of beautiful birds.

In the first place, it is a cruel and an inhuman traffic, partly because of the suffering it causes to the unhappy victims themselves. I remember when I was a boy there was a passing fashion for putting gulls' feathers in women's hats, and I was told that in order to gratify that fashion the wings of these wretched creatures were hacked and torn off from millions of living birds, which were left to die in this maimed and suffering condition. And it is cruel in another way, because by a deplorable irony the plumage, which is most in request for purposes of human adornment, is the plumage that can only be procured at the period of the nesting season, when the bird is of all times most entitled to the protection of man; so that in order to obtain it at this time you have to commence with the slaughter of the parents and proceed with the starvation of the young.

Secondly, this trade is a wanton and a wicked one, because in this way some of the most beautiful specimens of bird-life in the world are rapidly being exterminated. Take the humming-bird. I thought that the craze for the humming-bird was almost over, and that the traffic had been extinguished, but I have had figures placed before me showing that in three of the feather sales in 1911—and there are six in the year—no fewer than 41,000 humming-birds were sold in London. Is it not wicked? Is it not abominable? And in consequence of this destruction whole varieties of this beautiful little creature are being exterminated in the West Indies and in Brazil. Then take the familiar case of the bird-of-paradise. Here again it is reported that in these three out of six sales

in London in 1911, 20,700 birds-of-paradise were sold. The consequence is that travellers in New Guinea—where most of the birds-of-paradise come from—will tell you that some of the varieties of the bird are quite extinct, and others are disappearing with increasing rapidity from day to day. Then there is the case of the unhappy egret. Here again there has been a great outcry, but the outcry has not stopped what is going on. In the three sales in 1911 the feathers of 129,000 egrets were sold in this country. The white egret is, I believe, extinct in China, where I remember seeing it on my first visit twenty-five years ago. Venezuela is now being decimated of these birds by the export trade, and little by little these beautiful creatures are being extirpated out of the whole habitable globe.

Thirdly, it is a senseless and a suicidal traffic, because many of these birds are really the best friends that men can have. And lastly, it is an utterly indefensible traffic, because I ask, what good does it do to any human being? Are these skins, are these feathers, required for the comfort or the convenience or the health of any man or woman? No, they are simply required to pander to the vanity of woman or the idiocy of man. I ask you, does it make any real difference to any woman or the husband or admirer of any woman that she should have in her headpiece an aigrette that has been torn from an egret in its nesting season, rather than that she should wear a plume which is innocently or artificially produced, whether it be made of feathers or of bristles or jute or glass? What difference can it make to any man or woman whether she wears the one or the other? That is my indictment, and I believe not an exaggerated indictment, against the traffic.

Of course, a great deal has been done in different countries of the world to stop this barbarous trade. Acts have been passed by various Legislatures, and Orders are in existence in many civilized countries. I remember when I was in India we were able to do something

really substantial there. Soon after I went there as Viceroy I instituted an inquiry, and found it demonstrated beyond doubt that many beautiful specimens were being extirpated, and that some had already been destroyed. Figures were put before me showing that on an average £50,000 worth of feathers and skins of valuable birds left the country every year, and I have no doubt that did not represent the real total. We in India are not bothered by a House of Commons to the same extent that you are in this country, and interested parties cannot exercise the pressure there that they can here. Accordingly, in 1902, we were able to issue an Order absolutely prohibiting the export of skins and feathers of all birds from India, except domestic birds, and ostriches, which stand in a class by themselves. I believe that this Order has been a good deal evaded in practice. The dealers discover roundabout roads for sending their feathers; they dispatch them carefully done up by parcel post, and therefore immune from inspection. On one occasion large consignments of cowhair which were entering this country turned out upon examination to be the feathers of prohibited birds. The fact is—we must admit it—that our line of attack is not complete. There are many weak links in the chain, and perhaps the weakest link is that at our end of the chain in this country there is no prohibition of the import or sale of these objects at all. What may be the objection to such regulation or prohibition in Great Britain, other than the interests of those who are engaged in the trade, I do not myself know.

A priori I cannot conceive anything more desirable than that there should be legislation in this country prohibiting the wearing by women, and prohibiting if possible the import into this country, of objects such as aigrettes, the plumage of birds-of-paradise, and so on. And if, in order to render such legislation effective, it were necessary to co-operate with foreign countries so as to secure common action all round, then I should have thought that no one would be more disposed to help us in that respect

than so famous a lover of bird-life as Sir Edward Grey himself, who is, I believe, one of the Vice-Presidents of your Society. That is our weak spot. Of course, there are many other countries in the world where at present no sort of protection or prohibition exists, and you may be sure of this, as experience shows, that as the feather-hunters are driven by legislation from one country, so do they scour the whole world to find other fields for their activity ; they pounce down upon the area of their choice, and never leave it alone until they have stripped it to the bone.

You will see, therefore, that there is enormous need for the work of a Society such as this. The Society sets to work in a businesslike way ; it endeavours to begin at the beginning—namely, by encouraging the study of Nature and inculcating the right point of view with regard to bird-life in the young in our schools ; and it offers medals and prizes for essays on the subject written by the boys in our Public Schools. Next, it circulates literature and pamphlets dealing with the matter, and it has an excellent publication of its own which is no doubt familiar to many of you in this room. Thirdly, it has a staff of watchers who are appointed to guard those areas in our country where rare birds are apt to congregate and to breed ; and lastly, it endeavours to secure co-operation among the lovers of bird-life in all the countries of the world. For it is not our conscience alone that is pricked. There is a rising sense of the iniquity of this traffic and of the need of regulation in other European and foreign countries as well as our own, and it is only by combination and co-operation that the evil can be effectually suppressed.

In conclusion, looking at it from the widest point of view, ought we not to regard birds as no less essential a feature in the scheme of Creation than we ourselves? They have been put into the world, not for vain or non-sensical purposes, but to serve a definite object, to preserve the balance of Nature's forces, and to render

inestimable services both to Nature and to man. There is a particular obligation upon man in the matter. Man is much the most potent instrument in the organization of the world. He is the first of God's creatures, and he has become much more powerful in recent years owing to the degree of perfection to which weapons of destruction have been brought. At the same time, birds are the most defenceless creatures in creation; and their defencelessness no advance in civilization does anything to mitigate. Therefore, in proportion as we are strong and become stronger from year to year in relation to the lower types of animal life, so our duty towards them increases rather than diminishes. This is not a question of sentiment, as it is often described; it is a question of duty. It is our duty as men to the defenceless members of the animal world, and a duty not merely to them, but to our own posterity, to whom we ought to hand down undiminished, so far as that is possible—because the diminution is going on from day to day—that which has been our precious inheritance and ought to be theirs.

ENGLISH SCENERY

REIGATE, *May* 31, 1913.

[Colley Hill, the spur of the North Downs which overhangs the town of Reigate, and commands views of great extent and beauty over the weald of Surrey and Sussex, having been bought for the nation through the instrumentality of the National Trust, was formally dedicated to the enjoyment of the public by Lord Curzon, who spoke as follows :]

THE question may be asked why some of us are so keen about preserving beauty-spots like Colley Hill for the people. The answer is simple. In the first place, we desire to keep them because they are a part of the history of our country, a portion of the national heritage of England. They are a survival of the days before the countryside was cut up by roads and hedges and built over with houses. They remind us of the England which our forefathers saw and lived in hundreds of years ago. How historical this particular neighbourhood is shown by the existence close behind us of that ancient Pilgrims' Way along which many a motley group—I would rather like to have been among them, because I believe they enjoyed very good cheer, though they rode on donkeys instead of in motor-cars—wound its way from Winchester to Canterbury to visit the tomb of the murdered Thomas Becket.

The second is a utilitarian reason. These open spaces are needed as an outlet for our urban population, stunned by the noise, jaded by the excitement, and fatigued by the burden of life in London and the large towns. Some of us who live much in London feel as though our spirits were

crushed by van-loads of bricks and mortar. In some parts of the year we are stifled by the smoke, in other parts we are choked by the fog, and we can never escape the deafening clamour of the streets. While driving down from town this afternoon, I realized the great changes that have taken place in this neighbourhood since first I knew it twenty years ago. London is ever spreading in this direction, stretching out its tentacles like a great octopus, to lay hands on the rich pastures and leafy lanes of the countryside. We have to defeat that object ; for when we come to a glorious spot like this hilltop, the fog is blown out of our lungs, we feel a new spirit invigorating us, and we recognize what a splendid thing it is for our working people that they should come to these uplands and breathe the air of another world.

There is yet another point of view. No doubt the people of Reigate will be the chief gainers from this place, so close to their homes. But there is a much wider public that is interested as well, a wider public even than the inhabitants of the grim and gloomy metropolis of London. The entire civilized world is concerned in the preservation of the beauty-spots of England. Every year more and more the travelling public of Europe and America are drawn to this country. They come here, not merely for the pleasure of crossing the Channel and seeing the white cliffs of Kent, nor in order to visit the theatres and music-halls of London, or to lose their money at the Derby. They are tempted hither to see the beautiful old-time villages, the mediæval mansions, the little village churches, with their sacred tale of bygone history and romance. And, above all, they come to see the unequalled country scenery of England. Let us not sacrifice that which is so priceless a possession to the nation.

I often notice remarks in the papers about the growing prosperity of this country and the marvellous "boom" in trade, and I see evidences on every hand of increasing welfare, in the comfortable appearance and improved dress of almost all classes of the people. We are constantly

asked to contemplate our great industrial concerns—our coal-mines and factories and workshops—the rise in wages, and so on, as proofs of the advancing wealth of the nation. All that is quite true, though behind it there is a background of misery and squalor and gloom which some of us see very little of, but which we all deplore. But what profits it us to be fat with material riches if we lose our souls? The soul of the nation is to be found far more in the countryside than in the dim and crowded cities, and it is because we wish to preserve that soul uncontaminated and pure that we attach such value to the preservation of open spaces like this.

THE HOMES OF GREAT MEN

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, *May* 6, 1910.

[Lord Curzon, on being elected a Trustee of Shakespeare's Birthplace, made the following remarks at the Annual Meeting of the Trustees at Stratford-on-Avon :]

IT is a very sound instinct of mankind to conserve with great care and reverence the places where great men were born, lived, and died. It is by no means an idle or morbid curiosity such as we see too much of in the life of the day. Nor is there any element of sentimental hero-worship about it. What we are really doing is to add to our own knowledge of the circumstances and surroundings which moulded their characters, and, if they were writers, in all probability influenced their writings. When we come, for instance, to a place like Stratford, the value of our visit does not merely consist in the fact that we see the scenes which Shakespeare saw, or, in the case of a painter, that we visit the spots which he may have depicted in his paintings, or, if he were a writer, that he may have described in his writings, but that we learn the man himself in the Nature which was his daily surrounding, which he absorbed into his being, and which was just as much a part of him as that hereditarily acquired entity which came to him at his birth. To take an illustration, any man who goes to see the country cottage in which Milton is believed to have written a portion of "Paradise Lost," or who sees in Holland the hut where Peter the Great lived and worked, or who visits the house, still existing in London, where the elder Pitt lived when that

excess of sombre melancholia came over him in the declining years of his life, and where he had his daily food handed to him through a partition in the wall, is brought into closer contact with and knows more of the individuality of those persons than he otherwise would do. I myself lived for some months, when I was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, in the house—Walmer Castle,—where the Duke of Wellington spent a good deal of his concluding years, and where he died. The death-chamber of the Duke has a positive effect upon our understanding of the man. There is the simple camp-bed in which he always slept, and by its side the arm-chair, still with the same covering, in which he died.

Rather more than a year ago I took advantage of a holiday that was imposed upon me by an illness to pay a visit to St. Helena, on purpose to study the *mise en scène* of the last tragic years of the great Napoleon's life. Visiting the house at Longwood and its surroundings, I saw at once that quite one-half—I might say three-quarters—of what has been written about Napoleon is utterly false and wrong, because it has been written by men who had not the slightest conception of the environment in which those years were passed. Half the details of the horrors amid which he is supposed to have eked out the last shabby and deplorable years of his existence are blown to pieces when one sees the beautiful and exquisite character of the spot in which he was placed. I give these as mere illustrations of the effect upon one's own knowledge and understanding of a visit to the localities in which great men lived and died.

It is the same with our English Shakespeare. Any one who knows anything about Shakespeare knows more if he comes here, because he sees, in the room in which Shakespeare was born, in the streets in which he walked, in the country scenery which influenced his phraseology and his outlook upon life, something that gives him greater width of knowledge, greater depth of comprehension, and greater sympathy with the Master whom we all revere.

I was reading only a day or two ago an article in the *Nineteenth Century* by Miss Rose Kingsley, the eldest daughter of Charles Kingsley, of Eversley, on "Shakespeare and Warwickshire," and with great skill and picturesqueness of language she there shows how the surroundings of this beautiful neighbourhood influenced Shakespeare in his life and character, in the diction and words that occurred in so many of his plays. That is the type of interest and work that is developed by a place like this, and by the associations which great men collect around them.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS

HOUSE OF LORDS, *April 30, 1912.*

[One of the subjects in which Lord Curzon has taken the keenest interest and effected the most practical results, both in this country and in India, has been the preservation of the mēmorials of the past. In India he created a new Archæological Department, and undertook the scientific conservation and repair of the wonderful ancient monuments in every part of that country. In England he has taken a similarly active part, in the press and in public, in pleading for the preservation of famous sites and buildings, and his acquisition and restoration of the famous fabric of Tattershall Castle, in Lincolnshire, and its dedication to the public, are fresh in the public memory. He spoke as follows in the House of Lords on the Second Reading of Lord Beauchamp's Ancient Monuments Bill :]

THE attitude of this country and of the civilized world in general has changed towards archæology in recent years. We regard the national monuments to which this Bill refers as part of the heritage and history of the nation. They are part of the heritage of the nation because every citizen feels an interest in them, although he may not own them ; and they are part of the history of the nation because they are documents just as valuable in reading the records of the past as is any manuscript or parchment deed to which you can refer. That point of view is accepted by the owners of these monuments, who do generally recognize that they stand with regard to them in the position of owners, not so much of private property as of that which is, in a sense—a broad sense, I admit—a national possession, for which they are trustees to the nation at large.

The case in England is different from what it is in any other country, and for this reason : These ancient monuments are dear, not only to ourselves, but to our offspring who have gone out from this country to our dominions beyond the seas. They are a part also of their heritage and of their history and tradition, and the reason for this feeling is clear. In the countries to which they have gone there are no such monuments. In the nature of things they cannot exist there owing to the newness of the country. The result is that year by year we see our kith and kin from America or from the Colonies come back to this country and visit, with an interest and devotion greater even than our own, the ancient monuments which exist in this land. Therefore we have a duty in keeping them up which is not only a national duty but may be described as an Imperial duty.

The question has been raised what a national monument is. I take it that the national monuments to which reference is made in this Bill are structural monuments, which may be either old stone circles and remains or fabrics—and by fabrics I mean castles, the castellated structures that recall to us the traditions of the feudal times ; the mansion houses, or great homes, inhabited in many cases by the nobility ; the manor-houses which reproduce so much of the traditions and life of bygone times ; and then, descending the scale, the smaller buildings, whether they be bridges, market-crosses, cottages, or even barns, which carry on their face the precious story of the past. I take it that that is what is meant by “monuments” in this Bill, and that there is no idea of applying the definition to movable objects.

The number of the monuments to which I refer is greater in England than in almost any other country—greater because of our less troubled history and relative freedom from invasion, and because we have been less devastated than other countries by civil war. At the same time, you have only to study the records to see that the number is diminishing from year to year and almost

from day to day. If you take up any book about the old monuments of Britain a hundred or hundred and fifty years ago and compare them with the numbers that now exist, you will be horrified at the diminution. The same applies to almost every kind of monument. Take the stone circles. Go and look at Avebury, where you see that magnificent arrangement of stones destroyed, its form almost entirely lost, by the depredations of persons who have taken the stones to build cottages and walls, and even to supply material for roads. Everywhere a certain amount of destruction is brought about by the ravages of time, but even more has been wrought in this country, by indifference, carelessness, vandalism, and the heedless utilitarianism of the day. Those are the dangers we have to guard against, and as, owing to these causes, our ancient monuments diminish in number, so a higher value attaches to those which remain and a greater duty devolves upon us to preserve them.

I do not say that we ought to be guided by the practice or the precedent of foreign countries, but I do think it is worth while to remember that in these respects we are far behind any other civilized country, not only the greatest but even the smallest, in Europe. In other countries the laws are much more stringent. Foreign Governments take power to assume charge of buildings. They take entire control of excavations, and have in almost all cases powers of compulsory expropriation. Then, in addition to their legislation, they have a powerful and perfect machinery. Staffs of inspectors and conservators are charged with duties in this respect. We have none of those things in this country. I am not saying that we ought to have them. The spirit of our life and of our legislation is opposed to this excessive and rather bureaucratic interference, and I should be the last to propose legislation like that which exists in Italy, and still more in Greece, where any national monument on the property of a private person is treated as State property. He is not allowed to touch it in any way, and the State may

become the possessor of it at any moment it chooses. I do not say we ought to go as far as that, but I do think we have gone to the other extreme. And one of the main reasons why I welcome this legislation is that it seems to me an effort in the right direction, a recognition of responsibility, too long delayed, which the State ought certainly to assume.

I have referred to Avebury and the shocking spoliation and demolition that have taken place there. Let me mention one or two other cases that I happen to know. There is the case of the famous standing stones of Laggan-gairn, which only three-quarters of a century ago were fifteen in number and are now only two. There is the case—within the recollection of nearly every noble lord seated in this Chamber—of Temple Bar. That beautiful structure, reminiscent of a very interesting period in our history, was torn down from the centre of one of the most prominent streets in London, parted with to a private individual, erected in a private park outside London, and replaced by a ghastly griffin which glares at us every time we go down to St. Paul's. There is the case of Tattershall Castle in Lincolnshire. That building, which is a beautiful specimen of English brickwork of the fifteenth century—I suppose the finest specimen in existence—was sold to an American syndicate for purely speculative purposes. They might have done with it what they willed. The famous and historic mantelpieces, covered with the heraldic bearings of the former owners of Tattershall, were taken out with the object of being sent to America. Take another case. There is not one of us who does not look with reverential feelings upon Stonehenge. I believe the present owner of Stonehenge is thoroughly alive to his responsibility. But under our existing law he might sell it or pull it down to-morrow; he might part with it to an American syndicate to be erected in the Central Park in New York. I give that as a case of what might be done with our national possessions.

In these cases the Government, in the existing condition

of affairs, is absolutely helpless. All it can do is to sit still and look on while these acts may happen, the only power it possesses being the limited and almost futile prerogative given it by the legislation of 1882 and 1900. You may say, "Oh, but these things could not be done." My lords, there is nothing but public opinion to prevent their being done. Public opinion is a very insecure guarantee in matters of taste and antiquity and art. For in what way does public opinion act in the matter? It proceeds entirely by fits and starts. It flares up, probably as a result of a letter in the newspapers, and there is a great agitation which eventually dies away into utter and callous indifference. You cannot rely on public opinion to act as the check and guarantee you require.

This Bill, in my view, makes a most moderate claim upon the rights and privileges of owners of property. A man is not forbidden to own, to buy, to sell, or to restore any ancient monument with which he may be connected. The Government cannot force compulsory acquisition upon him. Nothing can be taken from him without his own consent. Moreover, it ought to be remembered that this Bill does not in any way touch dwelling-houses, so that there can be no invasion of the sanctity of a man's home, however ancient and venerable it may be. As long as a man treats the monument in his possession well and reverently, this Bill makes no interference with him at all. It is only at the point where he utilizes his rights of ownership to neglect, or injure, or destroy, that the Bill comes in as a form of protection and a check. In other words, the good owner is not touched in the slightest degree by this Bill. It is only the vandal or negligent owner whom it will affect.

There is one omission in the Bill. Exclusive of castles and mansions and manor-houses, the most splendid national monuments that we possess are our ancient cathedrals and our parish churches. They are not only the pride of the country, they are not only part of the

visible history of the country, but they appeal in a peculiar degree to the reverence and the sentiment of every Englishman. The situation here is wholly different from what it is abroad, and notably different from what it is in France. There the bulk of the ecclesiastical property has been secularized. The fabrics of the cathedrals and the churches belong in most cases to the State, and if you look in the French Budget you will find a large sum set down for the upkeep of these religious fabrics. In this country we have exactly the opposite system. The State, except in cases where the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are concerned, has no responsibility whatever for these fabrics. They are the property either of corporations or bodies or individuals, or a combination of the three. That is in keeping with our general scheme of life and government, and I do not say that, on the whole, it is not a much better system than the continental system; I think it is. But it is not unattended with danger.

Take the case of Westminster Abbey—the most historic, the most famous, the most passionately revered building in the whole British Empire. As I understand, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey have such complete control over the fabric that it would be in their power to take down, alter, remove, or destroy any monument in that building without reference to anybody. I believe they could introduce into Westminster Abbey any structural or decorative alteration they pleased. They may put up—they do put up—any class of stained-glass window they like, whether or not it is in harmony with its surroundings. Take another case. The bulk of our parish churches are in the hands of the vicar and churchwardens, and for all I know it might be in the power of the vicar and churchwardens of Stratford-on-Avon church to take down the monument of Shakespeare, or for the authorities of the splendid church of Fairford, in Gloucestershire, to sell the wonderful fifteenth-century stained glass—subject only to a faculty, which, as we know, has sometimes been dispensed with altogether, sometimes granted almost with-

out inquiry, and which has proved an utterly inadequate protection.

In spite of faculties, grave acts of spoliation have taken place. It is notorious that many cases have occurred in which damage—in some cases irreparable damage—has been done to these fabrics by unskilful decoration and repair. I am not suggesting to the noble Earl (Lord Beauchamp) that he should bring cathedrals and churches under this Bill, but if he is going to set up an Advisory Board, composed of competent persons with consultative powers with regard to monuments in general, might it not be a good thing to establish some link of connection between the authorities responsible for our cathedrals and churches and the Advisory Board? Might it not be desirable that they should take advantage of the authority and advice of the Advisory Board, and that in this way some control should be exercised over those splendid fabrics which are so much a part of our national and religious life? These are matters very dear to my heart, and if I had not taken this opportunity of putting them before your lordships they could not have come before the Committee, and it is conceivable that in some cases they may be worthy of consideration.

LITERATURE AND POVERTY

LONDON, *May 27, 1913.*

[Lord Curzon presided at the 123rd Anniversary of the Royal Literary Fund, held in the Savoy Hotel. Owing to his exertions the list of stewards, of persons present at the dinner, and of subscriptions, was more than double that at the annual celebration of the Fund, and had only twice been exceeded in the history of the Corporation—when King Edward VII (as Prince of Wales) and Leopold II, King of the Belgians, were in the chair. In the course of his speech Lord Curzon discussed the relations of Literature and Poverty:]

I AM not going to argue that literature is a grossly underpaid or unremunerative profession, 'although when I compare it with the emoluments of some others I acknowledge a passing qualm. I speak with considerable humility and much apprehension in the presence, in all probability, of eminent and successful lawyers, perhaps of distinguished and prosperous surgeons and physicians. Heaven forbid that I should disparage their services to mankind. But I hope I shall not seriously offend if I say that the services of the lawyers, in extricating us from the troubles that attend our normal life—at no exaggerated rate of speed and with no undue attention to economy—and of the doctors in retarding, if they do appreciably retard, our departure into another world, are not conspicuously underpaid. Anyhow, the remuneration of both those professions is relatively stable and secure. Not so is it with literature. Literature gives its great and splendid rewards, but they fall to but a few, and by them they are sometimes worthily, sometimes unintelligibly won. Literature also has its great

and disastrous and pitiable failures. But the mean between the two, the state of the ordinary literary man, is one of no great stability, and is characterized by strange caprices and sometimes distressing vicissitudes.

I have been inquiring into what are generally believed to be the profits of the literary world. Some literature, even good literature, never pays at all. We all of us claim to be educated, and we profess, even if we do not feel, an interest in science ; but I am told that educational and scientific works in the majority of cases do not pay the tailors' bills of those who write them. Perhaps it is because, having received these prescriptions in compulsory doses when we were young, we absolve ourselves from any further attention to them in later life.

Next, as regards poetry. Good poetry always has its market, but then good poets are always few. Bad poetry, or mediocre poetry, is, as it perhaps should be, the most unremunerative, just as it is the most prolific, aberration of the human mind.

Then take fiction. Good fiction means a good income, and good fiction converted into good drama is a veritable gold-mine.

But even if this be the case, it is nevertheless true that a general atmosphere of doubt and insecurity overhangs the major part of literary endeavour. That is due to a number of causes. Public taste is very fitful in its operation. Sometimes it cheers its favourites with summer skies and gentle breezes ; sometimes even it warms them with a hot sun ; but then, in a moment, almost without warning, it overwhelms them with pitiless hailstorms, or nips them with a cruel frost. All these vicissitudes we know.

I remember the case of a friend of mine, poor Ouida. There was a time when Ouida's exotic but talented novels were read by tens of thousands, but a day came when her public had vanished, and she sank into a sorrowful and impoverished desolation.

I am not here to exaggerate the scope or purposes

of the Royal Literary Fund. I would not have you think that it exists to support unrecognized genius, although some of those whom it has aided may perhaps not undeservedly be called by that name. But genius, after all, is a freak, an abnormality, a breaking away from the natural law. You cannot produce genius. A hundred years hence, when the professors of our new science of eugenics have been at work for a century, they will not have succeeded in producing a single genius. And, if you cannot produce genius, still less can you provide for genius when it has been produced. Some geniuses require no help; some geniuses spurn help; others prefer the gutter, from which no force, human or divine, can lift them.

But, outside the magic and irresponsible circle of genius, there are a number of excellent and respectable writers, men and women, who sometimes, in the accident of life, stumble and fall by the way. Some of them have chosen the wrong vocation. Others are broken by ill-fortune. Some are temporarily submerged, and require only a helping hand to lift them out and set them again on dry land. These are the cases which are aided by the Literary Fund. It does not exist to help the gods on Olympus; neither does it exist to rescue those who choose to wallow in Tartarean streams. It does not affect to give "rare and refreshing fruit" to the millions or to the thousands, or even to the hundreds, because, after all, literature is only and can only be the production of a few. Literature would cease to be literature if it were turned out wholesale, and a world in which everybody wrote, and still more everybody wrote well, would be a world of lunatic asylums and of lost souls.

Some eminent persons have held the view that poverty has a propelling influence upon literary genius, and have started the amazing thesis that narrow means are essential to first-class literary production. Lord Rosebery, in one of those brilliant speeches the threatened cessation of which has produced almost a panic in the newspaper

world, in speaking about Burns a year or two ago, said that poverty produces masterpieces, and that wealth smothers. He said that you could count upon your fingers the masterpieces of the rich, and that all great literary works had been produced under the pressure of poverty. He went on to draw a picture of Burns, and discussed what might have happened to Burns had he emigrated, as there was at one time a chance of his doing, to Jamaica. Lord Rosebery's argument was that, had that event taken place, Burns' genius would have evaporated in a tropical climate and he would have sunk into a drunkard's grave. I believe that, apart from the story of Burns, or even including the story of Burns, this dictum is a fallacy, which finds no support either in recorded history or in inherent probability. I decline to admit that there is any stimulus in poverty or any inspiration in squalor. Byron was a genius although he was a peer; Burns was a genius although he was a ploughman. But Burns' genius was not due to his being a ploughman any more than Byron's genius was due to his being a peer. If Burns had not been a ploughman but had been a planter in Jamaica, an almost inconceivable idea, he would still have written great works, works of genius, although they would have been works of a different kind. Burns wrote works of genius, not because he was poor nor because he was a ploughman, but because he was a genius, and genius has to express itself whatever the station of life in which it finds itself.

I would carry my argument a little farther, and I would ask you when ever in the history of literature has poverty assisted in developing literary genius? Chaucer was a very impecunious person, but his best work was done when he was not pressed down by material cares. Chatterton did not write the better because he was penniless and starving. Goldsmith died in debt for £2,000, but his finest works were written when he was in comfortable circumstances. Balzac was an improvident sort

of man and was always more or less in debt, but because he was improvident and in debt that did not make him write better fiction.

If we look at the masters of English literature, at Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Swift, Pope, Dryden, Gibbon, Burke, Macaulay, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson—of none of these can it be said that

Chill penury repressed their noble rage
And froze the genial current of their soul.

None of them were poor in the sense that Burns was poor. The majority were fairly well off; some were exceedingly well off; and a limited number actually belonged to the "classes." Lord Morley will correct me if I am wrong when I say that Burke was at one time almost persuaded to become a peer. And what Burke was nearly persuaded to do Lord Tennyson did. As for Dryden and Addison, I suppose they would have absolutely lost the confidence of Lord Rosebery, because they both of them married into the aristocracy.

But then go a little farther afield, and look at the great literary men of foreign countries. I remember from my schooldays that Horace said something about being driven by poverty to write poetry; but if poverty tempted him to begin, it was Mæcenas who assisted him to go on. It was under the same patronage that Virgil wrote his best works. Both Horace and Virgil dined habitually at entertainments like this, or, let us say, at the tables of the rich, and under those influences they composed their greatest masterpieces. Take Dante and Goethe: it cannot be said that either of them produced under the spur of poverty. But the most striking case of all is Voltaire. Voltaire lived, happily for himself, in days before Marconi shares, but he made a very good thing out of several Government lotteries. He speculated largely and successfully in the corn trade, and made much money out of army contracts. I have no doubt

that, had he lived nowadays, we should have a House of Commons Committee sitting on Voltaire. But nevertheless Voltaire spoke with the tongue of men and of angels. That is the record, as I conceive it, of the past.

I dare say Lord Rosebery might be right in one sense. It may be true that few millionaires are geniuses. I do not happen myself to know any. But, then, few paupers are geniuses, and I do not suppose we know any either. And yet according to Lord Rosebery we ought to find a Lazarus in every niche of the Temple of Fame. The fact is that millionaires have other things to do than to produce masterpieces. A millionaire has to spend his life in struggling against his wealth, just as the pauper spends his life in struggling against his poverty. That is not a paradox : it is true. The wealth of the one is just as great an incumbrance to him as is the poverty of the other. What can the millionaire do? He can spend his wealth or he can misspend it. The former takes a good deal of time ; the latter takes less ; but either is enough to occupy the whole of his leisure, and he therefore has not much time left for masterpieces. What about the poor man? He is equally busy in struggling against the conditions of his life, and they are such that, before he begins to think about literary production, he has to be careful that he does not become either a rebel against society or a slave to its monstrous persecution. Therefore it seems to me, as regards literary production, that the rich man and the poor man are in much the same condition, and that any idea that literary masterpieces can be produced by one material condition rather than the other is a paradox.

I hope, therefore, that you will not any of you share the delusion with which I have attempted to deal—that there is any mystic quality in poverty in the production of literary genius.

The fact is that the ordinary literary man is very much like the ordinary man in other professions of life.

He has his weaknesses and his foibles, but they are not worse than those of other men. He has his virtues and his compensations, but they are not greater. Where he differs from them is that his fortunes are less stable, and his life is subject to more startling and often more tantalizing vicissitudes. That, I think, is the sum and substance of the position of the literary man.

OLD MASTERS

LONDON, *October 3, 1911.*

[Lord Curzon, who is a Trustee of the National Gallery, has spoken frequently in public on the importance of taking steps, mainly by a large increase in the Government Grant, to preserve in England the masterpieces of art which are still to be found in private hands in this country. He presided in 1912-14 over a Committee of the Trustees of the National Gallery appointed specially to consider this question. Its Report, which is understood to have been written by Lord Curzon himself, was published as a Parliamentary Paper in 1915. In the following speech, delivered at the opening by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught of an Exhibition of Old Masters at the Grafton Galleries, he touched on the same theme :]

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NONE of the pictures on these walls have come, I believe, from public galleries ; they are all from private collections. Some of them have never been exhibited before ; some, I dare say, are unknown except to a few. They give you some idea of the astonishing wealth of works of art, particularly in paintings, that exists in this country.

I believe that there is no country in the world whose resources in private collections are to be compared with our own. This has been due to a number of causes—perhaps most of all to the fact, which seems now to have receded into a past that we can hardly realize, that in the eighteenth century the education of a young nobleman was considered incomplete unless he had made the Grand Tour, and the Grand Tour was considered incomplete unless it was accompanied by the purchase of works of art. We have in my own home at Kedleston the corre-

spondence that took place between the first Lord Scarsdale, in 1760 and subsequent years, and the agents whom he was then employing to buy pictures in Italy and on the Continent. Most interesting reading it is—all these agents and the noblemen themselves competing with each other to buy the treasures of Italy for what seem now to be ridiculous prices. One picture that we have, which is worth at least £30,000, was bought for the ridiculous sum of £194.

Now, unfortunately, the pendulum has swung the other way. This country, which used to be the great purchasing country of the world, has become the great selling country. England is the happy hunting-ground of the foreign connoisseur, the director of continental galleries, and, above all, the American millionaire, all of whom come here to search out and to give enormous prices for the pictures that can be found nowhere else. Do not let us suppose that there is anything in the least surprising in this. It is inevitable, and it is due to a number of causes.

In the first place, there has been a great growth in artistic perception and in the sense of beauty in this country, which affects public bodies as well as private persons. We see our own galleries, under the guidance of competent advisers, competing with each other for ~~works~~ of art, which tend in this way to be gradually absorbed, while, owing to the competition, the price steadily rises. Upon this scene has stepped the American collector, who, whether his motives be personal and selfish, or public-spirited and patriotic, has a wealth behind him that renders him absolutely irresistible. Again, just at the moment when this attack is being made upon our virtue, our capacity for resistance is diminished by the heavy burden of taxation that is laid upon the owners of such works of art by the State. So we arrive at the situation that this drain of beautiful objects, and particularly of paintings—because they are the most valuable, and England is the richest in them—is steadily going on ; £100,000 is no uncommon price for a great picture ;

and when we open our paper in the morning, it is with no shock of surprise that we read that either an Old Master or an old castle is about to be spirited away from our shores.

I must indulge in one more pessimistic reflection. In my judgment the situation, instead of getting better, will get worse, because the number of genuine masterpieces is narrowly restricted, and, as they disappear, the price of the residue must continue to mount. Further, as far as I can see, the purchasing power of the United States is likely to increase in a corresponding ratio; and the American purchaser now insists on buying pictures with the most unquestionable credentials, and is not to be put off with the clever fakes with which he was content twenty or thirty years ago, and which you can see in the Metropolitan Museum and other collections in New York.

I come now to the point: How is this situation to be met? I think I shall carry you all with me if I say that our present measures are hopelessly obsolete, utterly inadequate, and reflect little credit upon our reputation as a cultivated people. At the present moment the Government gives only the paltry sum of £5,000 per annum to the Trustees of the National Gallery for purchases for that collection and for the Tate Gallery as well, and is with difficulty persuaded to supplement this meagre sum by exceptional grants for purchases of exceptional importance.

It is in consequence of the absence or the inadequacy of Government support that the National Art Collection Fund has been called into existence. Working with modesty and unostentation, as it has done, it has nevertheless succeeded in purchasing notable works of art for the nation. But this cannot go on for ever. If the officials of that Fund were asked to tell their secrets, they would probably confess that they have had to go over and over again to the same generous donors. But that process cannot be indefinitely repeated. The number of donors

is limited, and meanwhile the price of the best paintings continues to go up.

We have to do something more. Some people say that we ought to pass a law, on the lines of that which exists in Italy, for the prohibition of the export of works of art from this country. There is something to be said for such a procedure. But there is one great difference between Italy and ourselves—namely, that the works of art which the Italian Government keep in that country by the operation of their law are, in the main, Italian in character and origin. Therefore they are keeping in Italy that which is a part of the national heritage of that country. With us the circumstances are entirely different. The pictures that we desire to keep are not—for the present, at any rate—in the main, the great pictures of the English school of the eighteenth century—we may come to that in the future—but the paintings of the Old Masters which have come to this country by identically the same process of spoiling the Egyptians which is now being applied to ourselves.

It would be very hard, if my great-great-grandfather in 1760 bought a Raphael or a Rembrandt or a Hals, to say that his great-great-grandson is not to be at liberty, whether to meet taxation or for any other reasonable purpose, to sell it now. To lay down that an owner is not to be at liberty to part with a picture of such a character, because it is an inestimable work of art, is to contemplate an encroachment upon individual liberty which—much as there may be to be said for it in the interests of art—I do not think would be tolerated by public opinion or by Parliament.

It has been suggested that the State might earmark that portion of the national revenue which comes from the taxation of works of art and give it for the purchase of pictures. I can see nothing in principle to be said against such a plan ; on the contrary, it seems eminently just. But in practice I think you would find great difficulty in ascertaining the exact amount of the revenue so

collected. Moreover, I suspect that the idea would greatly shock the Treasury, and it would probably not be at all an easy thing to define a work of art.

Therefore I would rather take up the position that the real solution lies in a much more frank recognition on the part of the Government than it has ever hitherto made of its obligation to the public and the State in this respect. Instead of the £5,000 a year which we now receive, I would like to go to the Government and ask them to give £25,000 a year to the National Gallery for the purchase of pictures for the nation, the money not to be rashly or indiscriminately spent ; and if the pictures are not forthcoming in any one year, the sum to accumulate until they appear in the market. I have heard it said that it might be a good thing to have an official register of all the great works of art in the country drawn up by a commission or official body. But you will see at once that unless such a list were accompanied by some option or right of pre-emption on the part of the Government, we should really be only advertising our goods for the benefit of the foreigner, who in this way would be able to lay his hands on undiscovered treasures of which he was hitherto unaware. But I think that a good deal is to be said for the idea of drawing up a private and confidential schedule of those works of art in this country—~~strictly limited in~~ number—which possess such a unique value that we cannot afford to lose them, and of then inviting the owners of such pictures to enter into a voluntary obligation with the Government that in the event of their desiring to sell they will let the Government have the first opportunity. That would be placing us, not on an equality with the foreigner, but in a position of vantage. I believe there is a good chance that such a proposal may before long assume practical form.

In conclusion, there is one suggestion that I should like to make. We have lately read in the Press that the majority of our legislators in the House of Commons, actuated by a noble sense of duty, and with a not inade-

quate appreciation of their own services to the nation, have voted to themselves salaries of £400 a year. But there seems to be some difficulty in knowing what to do with these emoluments, and I notice that a large number of Members—doubtless under the influence of conscientious pangs, and with no thoughts of benefit to ensue—are struggling to discover the right objects upon which to bestow this superfluous generosity on the part of the State. May I suggest to them in this quandary the creation of an Art Fund, to be constituted solely from the returned salaries of virtuous M.P.'s? It would be giving back to the country what the country has given to these unwilling recipients. It would satisfy their own consciences ; it would add to the gratification of the people ; it would improve the artistic resources of the nation ; and if a Member of Parliament, as he went down to Westminster for the discharge of his daily duties, were to step into the National Gallery on the way, and were to see on the walls the proceeds of his own self-denial, he would justly feel that he was rendering a much greater service to the State in Trafalgar Square than he could ever hope to do at St. Stephen's. I therefore present this suggestion to our legislators for what it may be worth.

Let us adhere, however, to the main point—namely, that ~~it is~~ the Government which is responsible. When the Trustees of the National Gallery approach—as they shortly hope to do—the Government on the matter, I trust that public opinion will support us in obtaining from it a more frank, ample, and generous recognition of this responsibility than has hitherto been forthcoming.

THE NEEDS OF OXFORD

LONDON, *May* 16, 1907.

[A fund having been started to provide for the re-endowment of Oxford University, Lord Curzon, who had recently been elected Chancellor of the University, took the chair at a meeting held in the Theatre of the Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, to promote the scheme. In the course of his speech he said :]

I DO not know whether any apology is needed from me if my first appearance as the Chancellor of the University which has thus conferred its greatest honour upon me is to act as a sturdy beggar on its behalf. If this were so, I think I might find an excuse, or, at any rate, a parallel, in the earlier history of Oxford itself ; but I prefer to rest my case upon the necessities of the situation as they are known to most of you who are here to-day. The growing needs, the unfulfilled requirements, of Oxford have been a matter, not only of notoriety, but of discussion in the University itself for years. Ten years ago Cambridge passed through the same experience, and, under the enlightened guidance of her present Chancellor, wisely initiated a similar appeal. I wish that we had done it then. Let us, at any rate, lose no time in beginning now. I dare say that the ordinary University man, whose memories and affections are for the most part centred in the College of which he was once a member, hardly realizes what is the University as distinct from the College to which he formerly belonged. And yet it is the University—with its governing body and statutes, its institutions and buildings, its examinations and degrees, its professors and lecturers, its noble library,

and its liberal Press—it is the University, even more than the Colleges, which is the real heir of the spirit, and guardian of the traditions, of Oxford. It is the University which lends by its corporate action unity and cohesion to what might otherwise be a concourse of sometimes warring atoms. But it is precisely this University which, in spite of the contributions made to it by the Colleges—contributions often in excess of their legal requirements—and in spite of grants in aid and donations from the outside, is and remains permanently poor. You must not imagine it is poor because it has misspent its resources; it is poor because those resources are inadequate to meet the claims made upon them. I would not go so far as to say that the *genus* pious benefactor in relation to Universities is extinct in these islands, but it is unquestionable that he has been reincarnated in a more lively form across the Atlantic than we find here, and that hospitals and charities play a much larger part than do Universities in the wills of wealthy benefactors. Meantime increasing demands continue to be made on the University from year to year. More students flock to Oxford from all parts of the world, new courses of study are required and are opened, and diplomas and degrees are given in subjects which, when I was an undergraduate twenty-five years ago, had never been thought of in the University curriculum. Fresh buildings are called for, and the equipment of modern knowledge and modern scientific training is infinitely more expensive and more varied than in any other corresponding branch of study. Post-graduate study and research have come upon Oxford on the heels of the ordinary academic courses. That is the origin of the present position. That Oxford cannot cope with the situation thus created is indisputable. That she ought to cope with it, if she is to retain her historic character and to deserve the name of liberal University in the fullest sense of the word, few will deny. That she desires to cope with it is certain.

May I add a few words as to what in my judgment

ought, and what ought not, to be our object in soliciting this money for the University of Oxford? In the replies which I have received to the letters I have written I have observed two strains of apparently contradictory thought. One man has said that he was not disposed to give much so long as it was necessary to study a dead language in order to obtain a degree at Oxford. Another man has said that he was not in favour of any movement which would tend to deprive Oxford of her ancient and historic character as the guardian of the humanities, or which would compel her to conform to purely utilitarian standards. In my replies I endeavoured to pacify both those classes of correspondents, and, if I may judge by the result, I think I may say that I did it with success. And yet I think I may also say that I did it without the smallest compromise of truth. In the first place, no son of Oxford, and no lover of progress in education, would desire to destroy or impair the ancient character and traditions of Oxford University. We all of us cherish the atmosphere of broad and liberal culture which emanates from her halls and quadrangles, and which not even the fumes of a hundred laboratories ought ever to be allowed to extinguish. We all of us wish to retain Oxford as the stronghold and fortress of what is often described as the old learning. Further, it is not our business, and it would be vain for us, to attempt to compete with those Universities of the new type which are springing up with such amazing vitality and success in many of our great manufacturing cities and towns. Those Universities represent a type not inconsistent with, but different from, that of Oxford. They have different means, they subserve a different end, they are equipped with resources and appliances especially adapted to particular branches of mechanical or scientific training. Their spheres are alongside our own, but they are not identical with it. Let us see that as far as possible they do not overlap, but let us see still more that they never collide.

But if Oxford, quite apart from the question of these

new Universities, is still to retain that position which she has always claimed as the University of the better part of this nation, and still more if she is to become what the far-sighted conception of the latest and greatest of her benefactors, Cecil Rhodes, foresaw for her—if she is to become the central and leading University of the Empire, and, we might almost say, of the English-speaking portion of the globe—then Oxford must give to her new *clientèle* what that new *clientèle* demands. She cannot continue to mumble old shibboleths, although I do not believe she has ever shown the slightest inclination to do so. She must show herself in touch with the scientific and educational movements of the time ; and while she gives to her students the basis of good learning and culture which has built up her character, she must also present to them a practical training for everyday life. I have sufficient confidence in the vitality and resourcefulness of Oxford to believe that she is capable of undertaking this task. Reforms are being pressed upon us with astonishing exuberance from without. For my own part I think that a good many of them are capable of being quietly and noiselessly effected from within. For the advice so liberally showered upon us I am sure that we are grateful, and I hope we shall profit by it. But one proposition—and with this I will conclude—is, I think, certain : that no reforms can be effected in Oxford, that no substantial advance in carrying out her work in the world can be made, that she cannot be expected to rise to the level of her great traditions, or her still greater opportunities, unless larger resources are placed at her disposal. It is for these resources that we appeal to-day ; and we address that appeal first to old Oxford men, who will be guided by their pride in her traditions and their jealousy for her honour ; and, secondly, to the large outside field, not necessarily possessing any Oxford connection, who, we hope, will see in this ancient and famous Institution, if revived and re-endowed, a potent instrument for moulding the character and increasing the usefulness of the Anglo-Saxon race.

OLD AND NEW UNIVERSITIES

LONDON, *July* 3, 1912.

[In 1912 the Congress of the Universities of the Empire met in London, and the proceedings were opened on successive days by the Chancellors of the great English and Scotch Universities. Lord Curzon presided on the second day and spoke as follows on the relations of the older to the younger Universities :]

THE most ancient and perhaps the most illustrious of extant Universities is not behind any of her compeers in the enthusiasm with which she greets the birth of younger academic societies, some of whom may almost be said to have sprung from her own loins, whether they be in the crowded industrial cities of the Mother Country or amid the relics of a venerable civilization, as in India or in China, or amid the younger communities of our own race who are bursting into nationhood across the seas. Oxford recognizes in this vigorous progeny fellow-workers in the same prolific field, co-partners in the same high cause ; and where, either out of her accumulated experience or from her supplies of disciplined and eager manhood, she can contribute anything to the growth or strengthening of these younger offshoots, she does it with a full heart, generously and gladly.

Some of you who come here from distant lands may perhaps think that in our own country the old Universities, for one of which I speak, look with some tinge of jealousy or suspicion upon the type of University that is springing up in Leeds and Sheffield, Liverpool and Manchester, Birmingham and Bristol, and other great English cities. Let me assure you that such a belief would be

wholly without foundation. The field is too wide to be covered by any one institution, or even group of institutions. The growth of science is so rapid, and its ramifications so complex, that if the instruments of education and research are to keep pace with it there is need, even in these small islands, with their restricted population, not for Universities that can be counted numerically on the fingers of one hand, or even of both hands, but for as many as the specialized needs of localities, the impulse of provincial patriotism, and the ever-extending boundaries of the realm of knowledge may fairly demand.

We know no rivalry in this happy competition. There is no room for either superiority or inferiority. We are all contingents in the same army, fighting the same enemy, obeying the same commander, and occupying with a well-ordered strategy different parts of a single and almost boundless field. And if these are our sentiments towards these younger Universities, which give a more technical training and provide a more strictly professional outlook in our own country, we contemplate with equally warm feelings the efforts of those who, whether as teaching universities or as examining bodies, are engaged in creating for the first time, and in maintaining, the same standards in the Overseas Dominions of the Crown, and who, when they send their representatives home on such an occasion as this, we would fain believe, regard such institutions as Oxford and Cambridge, not as venerable relics of an obsolete past but as the sanctuaries of a spirit that never dies, but breathes in their bodies and burns in their veins just as in ours. Or, if a change of metaphor be permitted, we would like them to regard us as the elder sisters of the same family, anxious to share with our younger relatives whatever advantages or privileges or resources may have accrued to us from an earlier origin and a more prolonged experience, or from traditions that have been hallowed by centuries.

The first subject down on your agenda paper affords an illustration of the manner in which the older and the

younger Universities may profitably co-operate and divide the field of labour. If you ask me in what relation an old University like Oxford stands to technical and professional education, I would answer that in the technological training required for many industries and employments we do not attempt to compete. Those needs are better provided for in the newer and younger Universities, and as time passes on they are becoming increasingly equipped for the task. But there are certain professions in the preparation for which the parent desires that his son shall not merely obtain the technical knowledge requisite to pass his examinations and enter upon his career, but shall also acquire that breadth of mind and humanization of character that shall enable him to grapple with the problems of life and deal with men.

I allude, for instance, to certain professions in which we have begun lately to specialize somewhat at Oxford, either by providing the scientific groundwork for a professional career—as in engineering science—or by supplying more distinctly technical teaching, as in forestry and agriculture. What I say of Oxford applies, in the case of these sciences, equally to Cambridge. We do more than this at Oxford. We give a diploma in economics—also a development of recent years—which may be described as occupying a half-way house between a general Arts course and a technical course ; and, finding that business men—and this, I think, is a new feature—are increasingly turning to us because they want character and stability, and what is known as a gentleman's education, in the young men who enter their employ, we are endeavouring to frame a curriculum with direct reference to a mercantile career.

But in each of these cases I would impress upon you that the University is not so much entering upon a new field as it is opening up necessary extensions of its traditional arena ; for I would like it to be known to the members of this Congress that it is to our old traditions in this respect that we still cling, and mean to cling.

Never, I hope, will the day come when Oxford will cease to give to those who desire it—and in a utilitarian age the need will grow not less but greater—that liberal culture, that training of the mind, and that developed capacity for affairs which springs from the study of the history and literature and philosophy of the past, and is attuned to practical and strenuous ends by the influence of a society at once chivalrous and democratic, of a system of tuition at once full and intimate, and of associations and buildings at once venerable and inspiring.

These are the priceless possessions of the older Universities, of which none, I am sure, would seek to deprive them, which it is the duty of their official champions religiously to guard, and which are, I believe, as dear to the exiled teacher or the youthful student in Vancouver or Hong Kong as they are to the most indurated don in the sequestered shades of an Oxford garden. It is the inheritance of this spirit that enables us at Oxford and Cambridge to return an unfaltering answer to the second question submitted to us this morning—namely, as to the fitness of the curriculum of the older Universities as a training for the public service. A feeling exists, and has been to some extent responsible for the recent appointment of the Royal Commission now sitting to deal with the subject, that the older Universities have too great a monopoly of the public services, and that the newer Universities should furnish more men. I am confident that Oxford would grudge no such extension of opportunity. But as one who has administered great territories and been for a time the head of the most efficient Civil Service in the world, I should like to record my belief that in the College system as it exists in the older Universities, and in the life and teaching of those institutions as a whole, are to be found the best guarantees for that character which in the conduct of government and in the daily business of administration, particularly in distant lands, is more precious than rubies and more potent than regiments of armed men.

This, let me assure you, is not an aristocratic sentiment, born of a spirit of social exclusiveness or of caste feeling. The older Universities, as you will find, if you visit them in the course of your stay in this country, are thoroughly democratic places of study, and are yearly becoming more so. At Oxford, for instance, artisans, miners, compositors, and factory hands come up and take part both in our studies and in our social life. Conversely, we send out our tutors and classes to them, to the great hives of manufacturing industry, and thereby we learn something—and this is not the least valuable part of the association—of their aspirations and points of view. There may be, in the attitude of some of the labour organizations, jealousy, and even hostility towards the older Universities, but closer contact is rubbing away these misunderstandings, and there is growing up a warm desire to act in unison, and a feeling of mutual respect.

And so I am brought to the second main subject of our discussion this morning. In the increasing correlation of studies and courses between the Universities of the Empire, in the interchange of teachers and also students, will not the older Universities, retaining a pride of place which none will be concerned to dispute, and appealing to emotions which none will be ashamed to own, be able to render a service that no other bodies can supply? I should like to open wider than now our doors, that all may enter in, finding in the poetic groves and the sculptured halls of Oxford interests wider than are anywhere collected in any single place of learning, an experience that is both hoary with age and yet in touch with the latest phases of modern life, a social order that inculcates that give-and-take between man and man which is the cement of society, an outlook on affairs which is both catholic and imperial, and a sense of duty that inspires to honest effort for the public good.

The future will, I firmly believe, bring the older Universities into closer contact with the younger; affection, respect, and mutual co-operation will grow between them;

each will supplement the needs of the other ; and in the more systematic, but still elastic organization of educational effort which will spring from the labours of Congresses such as this, I cherish the hope that the eyes of the young and vigorous institutions which a century hence will be numbered, not by tens but by hundreds, in every part of the British Empire, will still look upwards to the old and famous and God-fearing Universities of the Mother Country as unto the hills whence cometh their help.

WOMEN'S WORK

OXFORD, *October 22, 1910.*

[Lord Curzon, as Chancellor of the University, opened the new buildings at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and made the following speech :]

I BELIEVE that, as Chancellor of the University, I do not enjoy the privilege of official connection with any of the ladies' colleges ; but recognizing that they form a definite and valuable part of the academic and educational system of Oxford, I think that I am entitled not only to feel but to exhibit the warmest interest in this institution. The history of this Hall is synchronous with the movement for women's education in Oxford. Lady Margaret Hall and Somerville started it in 1879. I remember that very well, because I was an undergraduate at the time, and I can recall the somewhat cautious and tepid reception that was given to the ladies when they first appeared in Oxford—not, of course, from any lack of gallantry on the part of the men, but from extreme reluctance to see the ancient conservatism of the University impinged upon and broken down. In those days, I believe, no lecture was open to ladies ; I doubt whether any examination-hall was open to them, and they had to start from small beginnings. The strides they have made in the intervening thirty years have been enormous. Now every school and every examination are open to them. The University has, by cautious but definite and increasing steps, extended to them its patronage, and there are few doors that are still barred or bolted in their face.

In a few days' time the latest step is likely to be con-

summated in a statute to constitute a Women's Delegacy—the final proof of the University's desire to extend its sanction to their organization and arrangements. I wish a successful passage to that statute. And it is just possible that at a later date proposals may be put forward which, if they are carried, may crown the ambitions of some among your number.¹ I hope you will observe that, like Agag, I have been walking delicately. Otherwise, I was afraid I might meet with Agag's fate.

The result of these thirty years is that neither party has the least cause to repent of the association. I know of no particular in which Oxford has lost, but I know of many directions in which it has gained, by the presence of women; and as for the latter, they have accepted the discipline, absorbed the spirit, and shown the fullest intention to profit by the opportunities of this place. Therefore the union between the two has been blessed, and it is a blessing that I hope may continue.

The Women's Educational Movement in Oxford is only a branch of the much larger movement that has been going on throughout the world during the last fifty years for what is commonly called—I do not myself like the phrase—"the emancipation of women." It is undoubtedly the case that this movement has been far more rapid among the different branches of the English-speaking races in this country, in America, and in our Colonies, than among the peoples of the Latin race. I sometimes wonder what is the cause of that. I think it is due to four reasons: firstly, to the traditional and accepted impulse towards freedom of the Anglo-Saxon peoples; and secondly, to the peculiar economic conditions of English society, particularly in relation to factory labour, which have enabled women engaged in industrial life in this country to claim and to receive independence much earlier than in foreign lands. The third reason is that their

¹ An allusion to the proposal to give University degrees to women, which had been strenuously advocated by Lord Curzon, but which has not yet been carried into effect.

cause has had the inestimable advantage of being championed by an able succession of writers, both men and women. I imagine that if, in any foreign country, there had been a galaxy of writers of the intellectual eminence of John Stuart Mill, the Brontës, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Tennyson, George Eliot, George Meredith, all illustrating or expatiating on different aspects of the subject, women's progress there would have been much more rapid than it has been. Finally, their cause here has had the inestimable advantage of being represented by women of first-rate ability themselves.

What is going to be the future? That is a more complex and difficult question which I cannot hope to answer. We have in this country a surplus of a million women over men. The figures show that if we take the total female population, more than 80 per cent. are engaged in earning a livelihood, for the most part in industrial occupations, and the number of those who are doing so is increasing from year to year. That means, in the first place, that women are steadily extruding men from spheres of activity which they have hitherto monopolized or occupied. But that does not end the matter. The chances are that women will presently be extruding each other; and that opens up a serious speculation. The danger is that if there are too many women clamouring for the number of posts available to them, a certain number will be driven into unsuitable employment, or perhaps—which is worse—will relapse into respectable but unoccupied indigence. If that be the future prospect, is it not the duty of every sympathizer with the women's movement, as far as possible, now while there is still time, to sketch out a plan of campaign for the future and to select those spheres of occupation and activity which are likely to be suitable to women, and in which they will not find themselves in unseemly, unprofitable, or uneconomic competition either with men or with each other?

Your latest annual Report tells me the class of occupation that ladies passing from this place commonly turn

to when they leave the University. I find time after time the words "assistant mistress," "head mistress," "senior mistress," every variety of mistress apparently, and now and then pops in, as an agreeable contrast, the words "private secretary." Now, I ask you the question in complete ignorance, and therefore you must receive it with compassion: Are you not possibly confining yourselves to rather a narrow and stereotyped groove?

It seems to me that there is an immense field for the activities of educated and cultivated women in this country in the near future in directions which do not at present—at any rate to any considerable extent—appear to have been tapped by them. I suggest that they might take up far more than they do already the profession of journalism. Why are nineteen out of twenty journalists men? Then there are librarians. What occupation could be more congenial, either in character or surroundings, to an educated woman? There is literary work in general, and more particularly archæology and historical research. Female students are already beginning to enter upon these fields, and I commend them to the earnest attention of women. Then I should like to know why we do not see more professional lady organists, and lady decorators of houses—women have a special genius for that art, as also for the designing and laying out of gardens. Gardening has come rapidly to the front in recent years as a professional and artistic study, and women, even amateur women, excel in its pursuance. In addition, an immense field is opened to women in all the societies and leagues that exist to carry out every project under heaven. The faculty for organization, an unruffled temper, and a reasonable power of expression—all the qualities, in fact, that we ordinarily associate with women—are the main qualifications that seem to be required.

Besides these there is an enormous opening in the Colonies as heads of institutions, secretaries, managers of households, and so on. And in India, too, although it is only slowly awakening from the torpor of centuries, there

is a movement towards the emancipation of the native women, even inside the walls of the *zenana*. As these ladies free themselves from the shackles of their old traditions and customs, they will want English teachers and English ladies to preside over their households and teach their children. I have known several English ladies who have rendered most valuable help in that direction, and I commend India to you as worthy of serious remembrance.

I dare say you are already in touch with many of these sources of demand. But at Oxford I always feel that I should like it to be true of us that our sound shall go out into all lands, and our words unto the ends of the world ; and I do not see why women, as well as men, should not be bearers of the message.

There is only one word of admonition, of respectful and, I hope, not impertinent caution, with which I would conclude. I hope that the ladies of these Oxford Colleges, in their pursuit of vocations, in their attainment of academic success, in their possible triumphs in respect of degrees, will never forget the sublime truth that the highest ideal and the most perfect conception of womanhood are still to be found in the home.

GEOGRAPHY

LONDON, *May 20, 1912.*

[At the Annual Dinner of the Royal Geographical Society, held at the Whitehall Rooms, the principal guests were the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) and the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Randall Davidson). Lord Curzon, as President of the Society, spoke as follows in proposing their healths:]

SURELY we may say that our science of geography is the most cosmopolitan of all sciences, and that there is no individual whom it does not touch at some point or another of his public or private life. It is not merely that we all studied geography when at school. That might apply to other subjects, such as Euclid, to which it is notorious that many persons look back with an invincible and lifelong repugnance. But in whatever form geographical learning was communicated to us, good or bad, lively or dull, I venture to say that it occupies a bright spot in the sometimes rather dismal background of our early educational efforts. But what a difference there is between the study of geography in the days when most of us were young and what it is now! If I may look back on the times when I was a boy, geography meant in the main the names and populations of great cities, the heights of mountains, the principal capes and promontories, the number of square miles that were included in a certain territory; and yet, dull and pedantic as it was, we were all of us touched by the latent spirit and romance of geography. But since those days an absolute revolution has occurred, not merely in the manner and methods of teaching geography but in the estimation in which it is held by public opinion. Nowadays

we regard geographical knowledge as an essential part of knowledge in general. By the aid of geography, and in no other way, do we understand the action of great natural forces, the distribution of population, the growth of commerce, the expansion of frontiers, the development of States, the splendid achievements of human energy in its various manifestations. We recognize geography as the handmaid of history. Without geography you cannot understand, much less can you write, history. Geography, too, is a sister science to economics and politics ; and to any of us who have attempted to study geography it is known that the moment you diverge from the geographical field you find yourself crossing the frontiers of geology, zoology, ethnology, chemistry, physics, and almost all the kindred sciences. Therefore we are justified in saying that geography is one of the first and foremost of the sciences : that it is part of the equipment that is necessary for a proper conception of citizenship, and is an indispensable adjunct to the production of a public man.

Then, is there any other common ground, on which we can all meet, to be compared with the literature of travel? You will agree with me that some of the best books ever written have been written by men who were primarily geographers, and only secondarily literary men. We are often told to regard our old friend Herodotus as the father of history. He was, to my mind, in a much truer sense, the father of geography. If we read the achievements of Alexander and Cæsar, we derive greater enjoyment from the geographical results of their expeditions than we do from the incidents of their battles. And particularly in the case of Alexander, who would deny that a far greater effect has been produced by his geographical researches than by his warlike exploits upon the history of mankind? If we come down to the Middle Ages, I yield to no one in homage to Froissart and Malory and the other ancient chroniclers. Yet who would say that there is not equal interest, wider knowledge, and

superior romance in the travels of the Venetian, Marco Polo? Supposing any one of us were about to start upon some adventurous journey into an unknown country, and were to pack his travelling library into a small valise, are there many of us who would exclude the immortal Eothen from their equipment? And even if we descend to modern times, while it might be invidious to discriminate between modern geographers, I should yet like to mention one name, that of Mr. Charles Doughty, who received our medal this afternoon. One of the great merits of Mr. Doughty is, that not only did his journeys provide us with the main authority on the geography of Arabia, but they also presented us with a classic in literature. Mr. Doughty must be tired of being told that his style is reminiscent of the Elizabethan age. I will only say this, that some of his phrases seem to be hewn out of the sheer granite, and when the blow is struck one can almost see the sparks fly forth.

I would like to see in the presence of the Prime Minister this evening a recognition by the first public man in England of the part that geographers have played in consolidating and organizing the British Empire. Without the geographers that Empire would never have been created. Without them it would have remained a stationary rather than a dynamic force. Everywhere throughout the world you still find them exploring and surveying unknown lands, demarcating boundaries, planting the seeds of commerce, pacifying savage tribes, and extending the frontiers of civilization. I hope I do the Prime Minister no injustice in believing that he is willing to pay a tribute to the work and the services of these men. He is also the First Lord of the Treasury, and is the head of the Civil Service of England. I hope I do not misinterpret his presence in regarding it as a recognition of the service of geography in the training of those officials. But most of all, may I not regard it as an admission of the part which geography must henceforward play, if it has not played it in the past, in the equipment

of statesmen and politicians? The time has long gone by when a Secretary of State for the Colonies—was it Lord Palmerston?—upon being appointed to the Colonial Office had to ask his secretary to open an atlas to show him where those — places were. It is no longer possible to sign away, or give away, great and splendid dominions like the island of Java, through the gross ignorance or the culpable ineptitude of Downing Street. Our present administrators live in an atmosphere of maps, and if you go down to a public office you will see that the most important decorations of any of these offices are the portraits of the present incumbents' predecessors—which I believe they contemplate with a certain gloomy satisfaction—and the maps which hang upon the walls. I dare say that the Prime Minister spends more time in consulting large-scale maps than he does in reading the speeches—I was going to say of his opponents, but think I will say of his colleagues. Speaking of his colleagues, I do not know if all those statesmen are as well equipped with geographical knowledge as he is himself. If they are not, and if he is disposed to make an appeal to me, I am ready to respond. I am ready to organize a party in a specially chartered ship, the official cicerones of which shall be members of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, to take these members of my right honourable friend's Ministry on a not unneeded tour to the outlying parts of the British Empire. Valuable as have been the services of these statesmen, while engaged in office in this country for the past six years, we could spare for a time the presence of some of them, solely in consideration of the much greater service they would be able to render when they came back stocked with geographical knowledge.

With regard to our other guest, we are charmed that the head of the Church should grace our banquet. I think it would be no less easy to demonstrate a connection between the Church and geography than it has been to establish one between geography and the State. The Archbishop of Canterbury, if he chose to do so, might

offer us the compliment, which would be in strict accordance with the truth, of referring to the services which on many occasions geographers have rendered to the diffusion of spiritual truth and to the propagation of the faith of Christ. I do not know whether in his reply he will be disposed to take that line. For my part it is more opportune that I should look to the other side of the shield, and should remind you that among the great explorers of the world not the least adventurous or beneficent have been the friars and fathers of the Catholic Church, and, in later days, the missionaries and clergy of the different bodies of the Church of England. It is to the Jesuit monks, the Capuchins, and the Franciscans that we owe the greater part of our original knowledge of the interior of Africa and America. When I was studying the history of Central Asia the works of the fathers of the Middle Ages were rarely absent from my hands. If we turn to the Far East, it was the Jesuits who first opened up China and brought it into contact with the civilization of the West. To come to more modern times, is it possible to over-estimate the debt which geography and knowledge in all its departments owe to such men as Livingstone and Moffat, as Grenfell and Mackay? Or, if I refer to the literature of travel, is there any book more fascinating than that which records the adventures and the privations of the Abbé Huc and Père Gabet, who, sixty or seventy years ago, penetrated into the interior of Tibet? And at this moment, among the scientific workers on the frontiers of knowledge not the least heroic, or self-sacrificing, or useful are still the missionaries and priests both of the Catholic and the Protestant Churches. We rejoice that the Church and geography have for so many centuries marched hand-in-hand in the illumination of the dark places of the earth and in the diffusion of truth, scientific and divine; and we hope that that co-operation, even though the world grows smaller and opportunities of adventure may be less, will be no less continuous or less fruitful in the future than it has been in the past.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

SAVOY HOTEL, *May 6, 1914.*

[At the 78th Annual Dinner of the Newspaper Society Lord Curzon spoke as follows:]

THIS Society is a great and powerful organization, representing about 1,000 newspapers, both London and provincial, and the power that it is able to exercise by virtue of its representative character must be an enormous influence in public life. I speak with great sympathy and appreciation of such an organization, because in the old days I was, if not a Pressman, at any rate a journalist myself. I was editor of a newspaper at the comparatively immature age of fifteen. I am not certain that any of you here present can beat that record. What the paper was I will not say,¹ and how long it lasted before it expired I will not reveal. In later days I was a constant contributor to the Press. The first money I ever made for myself was for a contribution to the Press, and I can recall with satisfaction the pride and pleasure with which I accepted the first "fiver" for a leading article—I believe a most unusual price, I doubt if I could make it now—and with which I transferred this acquisition to my account at the bank.

We politicians are very much in the hands of the Press. It is in your power to make or to ruin our careers. It is true that the papers no longer report our speeches, except those obscure journals the *Morning Post* and the *Times*! But there has been developed in recent days a most dangerous and formidable substitute for the old report—I allude to the descriptive paragraph. As I look up at the gallery in the House of Lords and see "the

¹ It must have been a paper called *The Etonian*, which Lord Curzon edited while a boy at Eton.

little cherub sitting aloft " I wonder to myself, not how my speech is going to appear in the newspapers—because I know it will not appear at all—but what the writer of the descriptive paragraph will say. Lord Charles Beresford has just told you that Pressmen always tell the truth. How, then, do you account for the fact that on Tuesday I made a speech in the House of Lords, and when I took up one paper the following morning I read in it that I had delivered " a powerful and impressive statement of the case," while in another paper I read that I had been guilty of a " shallow and superficial harangue " ? And yet the Press always tells the truth ! I suppose it is all a question of point of view. I conclude that my speech was both powerful and shallow, both impressive and superficial. Anyhow, that kind of experience has a chastening effect upon the speaker, but it makes him terribly afraid of the " recording angel " in the gallery, who has it in his power to represent him next day either as having had one of the triumphs of his career or as sitting shaking in his place with a flush on his cheek and every evidence of humiliation, after receiving from his opponents a castigation which the descriptive writer is usually careful to add was thoroughly deserved.

May I ask those of you who are connected with the Press, as you have the strength of a giant, to use that strength mercifully ? It is impossible to exaggerate the degree to which it is in your power to create or to injure the reputation of a politician in this country. Broadly speaking, I believe that the Press uses its power and exercises its discretion with fairness, but I still often feel inclined to say to Pressmen : " Do remember that in the modern condition of our politics the reputation of A or B, or whoever he may be, is not a matter solely of his own creation or ability. It is largely a result of the impression that you produce of him. Do reflect, therefore, that our reputation is in your hands, and that it is in your power to make or to mar us, and use that power with as much judgment, as much consideration, and as much mercy as you can."

NATIONAL PESSIMISM

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, LONDON, *July 7, 1909.*

[On the 400th anniversary of the endowment of St. Paul's School, Lord Curzon was invited to open a new Science building, and to take the principal part in the celebration. In the course of his speech he said :]

AMONG the reasons which have been put forward by the Master of the Mercers' Company for my presence to-day is the fact that I was educated at Balliol College, Oxford. Perhaps that is the best thing that can be said for me, although in the minds of some people to be a Balliol man is to be tainted with a certain amount of suspicion. I was educated there under Dr. Jowett, who was probably the most eminent Pauline of the last half-century, and I remember the idea we had of St. Paul's School. Looking to the great number of scholars and exhibitioners whom it turned out, it seemed to us to be a mysterious alchemist's shop where those products were manufactured wholesale, while Mr. Walker's was the magician's hand that stirred the brew. His name will live in the history of English education as one of the great Public School masters of the nineteenth century.

Some one has told me that it is my duty in my speech to talk about Colet, and Erasmus, and Lily, and has warned me not to say too much about Dean Colet, although his statue is outside, because he merely submerged the old St. Paul's School in his new foundation. I have, indeed, been struck by the extraordinary number of distinguished men whom the school has turned out. I read in the *Times* this morning that Thomas Becket

was educated at the old St. Paul's School. His name was not in the list of Old Paulines with which I have been supplied, but I would take credit for him if you can. Anyhow, it includes Milton and Marlborough—surely, a fine study in contrasts—the immortal Pepys and the learned Halley, two Lord Chancellors, one of unsavoury reputation, two Speakers of the House of Commons, three great antiquarians—Leland, Camden, and Strype—and twenty bishops, of whom three are present to-day. Milton wrote in a famous passage that he was seized with such eagerness for learning that from the twelfth year of his life he scarcely ever went to bed before midnight. That is a taste still to be found among the young men of to-day, but not, I fancy, entirely for the same excellent reason. Milton also remarked of the High Master of his time that he was an ingenious person, notwithstanding his humours, particularly in his whipping fits. Here we have distinctly advanced, or receded, whichever it be.

I am afraid that we live in an age of self-depreciation. The pessimists are abroad in the land. We can hardly take up our morning newspaper without reading of the physical and moral decline of the race. One day we are beaten at international cricket, another day we are worsted at international polo. On another occasion a foreign crew snatches from us the laurels of the Thames. Or, again, a foreign pastrycook is discovered who can run twenty-three miles quicker than any corresponding champion in this country.¹ Great generals tell us that we have no Army. We are beginning to be even a little suspicious about our Navy. Of course we have a bad Government—every Government in the eyes of its opponents is the worst of modern times. Then our national poets write poems describing in almost blood-curdling tones the decline and ultimate disappearance of the race; and every man over fifty years of age is a Cassandra, talking of the shocking times in which we

¹ An allusion to an Italian named Dorando, who had just won the Marathon race in the International Sports in London.

live and prophesying of the evil things that are to come.

Now a little pessimism may be a good thing as a corrective of national vanity and self-esteem ; it is better to know our faults and correct them than not to know them at all. But I venture to think there is at this moment too much of this spirit of decrying ourselves abroad in the land. There is an element of hypocrisy and cant in it, and perhaps there is something to be said on the other side. We know the saying that the judgment of foreign lands is the nearest equivalent that we can have to the enlightened verdict of posterity. That seems to me a wise saying ; and I ask you to take note of the fact that foreigners are continually coming here to learn the secrets of the very institutions which we are engaged in decrying at home. If a foreign nation—Japan, Persia, Turkey, China, or our own fellow-countrymen in South Africa—propose to set up a parliamentary system, it is to our Parliament, the Mother of Parliaments, that they come for a model and example. Take again our Universities. You can imagine no greater contrast than that which exists between the principles and framework of foreign Universities, which are based on the professorial system, and the old English Universities, like Oxford, which are based in the main on the collegiate and tutorial system. And yet people are constantly writing to me from abroad and asking : “ Can you tell me the secret of Oxford and Cambridge? How is it that you attach your students, not merely to the professor whose lectures he has attended, but to the College and the University of which he has been a member, surrounding them with a network of moral and social and intellectual ties which remain undissolved for a lifetime? ” Lastly, we may take the case of our Public Schools. Foreign inquirers, with all the advantages of their superior scientific equipment and their excellent organization, are constantly coming to us to learn how they may combine with the educational superiority of their own system that training in character, that sense

of moral responsibility, that spirit of civic patriotism, that ordered sense of personal liberty, which are among the chief and most valuable characteristics of our Public School life. Therefore I say to you, while we ought to be humble, do not let us be over-humble in our appreciation or depreciation of ourselves; and while we are quite content to learn from others, do not let us in any reforms that we introduce into our English Public Schools—and I am one of those who would like to see our Secondary Education overhauled by Government from top to bottom—sacrifice those parts of our system which have been responsible for such great success here, which are the subject of such sincere admiration and imitation abroad, and which have done so much for the civic government of the country and the Empire.

SMOKE

HOUSE OF LORDS, *March 24, 1914.*

[A Smoke Abatement Bill, supported by a large number of municipalities and health societies, having been introduced by Lord Newton in the House of Lords, Lord Curzon, who had initiated and carried into law similar legislation in India, where it has been most successful, spoke as follows in favour of the Bill. The upshot of the debate was the appointment of a strong committee to inquire into the matter and make proposals to Parliament :]

MY LORDS, may I be allowed to say a few words in support of the Bill introduced by my noble friend Lord Newton? Firstly, I should like to congratulate him on moving in the matter as he has done. We all know him as a determined rooter-out of the various pests and scourges of the community, human or otherwise, and now that he has turned his eye upon the smoke fiend that has preyed upon us too long, I feel that there is really some chance of its extermination.

I have two grounds for supporting my noble friend this evening. The first is this, that I think a very strong case can be made out, and has in part been made out by him, for legislation. The second is that practically the same thing has been done with success elsewhere. May I quote my own experience in India? When I went out to Calcutta as Viceroy I was horrified at the extent to which the beautiful climate of Bengal was being vitiated and injury was being done to public buildings and the amenities of the place by the smoke from the great factories that are constantly growing up around Calcutta. Every afternoon I used to look out and see the sun sink to

rest across the bosom of the Hugli, draped in a funeral mantle of black. I felt that steps were required to put this matter right. I am bound to say that, in the first place, I got not much support from local opinion. The local Government were averse from moving in the matter because so many important mercantile interests were involved. But I was resolved to push the matter forward, and accordingly I secured an expert from England. He came from Sheffield, where they have great experience of these conditions, and he delivered to us a most excellent report. Upon that we legislated in Bengal, and we did very much the same thing that the noble lord wants to do by his Bill.

We set up in Bengal a Smoke Commission with an equal number of members, half official and half non-official, with power to appoint inspectors. We made rules as regards the emission of smoke from the tall chimneys and as regards the construction of furnaces. So successful was this Bill when enacted that in less than three years the average emission of dense black smoke from those tall chimneys at Calcutta had diminished by over 80 per cent. We found that the generating plant was being improved, that stokers were trained to serve their furnaces in a more economical and scientific fashion, and that gas-engines and other motors were widely taking the place of coal fires. At first—and this is a difficulty that has to be met with here—the factory owners were, if not hostile, at any rate suspicious, but soon they came into line; and presently they gave us their hearty co-operation, no doubt influenced largely by the fact that we were able to show them that the expenditure in which they were involved was more than recouped by the saving in the fuel which they used. The upshot of it was that in only a few years' time Bombay introduced the same legislation. It was equally successful there, and at the present moment not a doubt is cast anywhere in India upon the advisability and practicability of this method of dealing with the subject. I draw from that brief

narrative an omen of encouragement to the noble lord in the ideas that he has placed before us.

We are dealing in this week of our history with important events which occupy and distract our attention ; and yet, after all, is it unfair to ask your lordships for half an hour to contemplate that which is really a great incubus and injury in the daily life of the nation? I am not going into the question of the great factory towns, although I am fairly familiar with the evil there. But take the question as we know it in London. You have merely to look at medical statistics to see how injurious this smoke nuisance is to the health and vitality of our people. Doctors will tell you of the number of pulmonary diseases that are due to it alone. Look at its effect on our public buildings, our ancient historical fabrics in London, always wearing a livery of sooty black, corroding their surfaces, impairing their beauty, threatening sooner or later, I suppose, something like destruction. Look at the effect on our own houses, our furniture, our clothes, the works of art in our public galleries, every one of which has, owing to the smoke of London, to be safeguarded by glass. Look at the effect upon the vegetation and plants in the parks and gardens of London. That is, after all, only a very brief summary of the effects of smoke ; and when you realize—because there are occasions when statistics, though repulsive, are more effective than any other argument—that annually 200,000 tons of sulphur are poured out over this city in sulphur gases and soot, and that it is calculated that 76,000 tons of soot are deposited upon London every year from the skies, you will have some idea of the magnitude of the evil with which we are grappling.

My noble friend said that substantial advance had already been made. That is quite true. But it has not been due so much to legislation as to other influences. It has been due partly to a change in public opinion on the matter, and still more to the activities of those bodies and leagues that he mentioned. There is an admirable

body called the Coal Smoke Abatement League, which has in this matter, by instituting inspections and by here and there enforcing prosecutions, done a great deal to ensure a higher standard. I would ask your lordships to submit it to the test of your own experience. Would not all of you agree that in our own time there has been an enormous difference in the atmospheric conditions of London? Thirty years ago the average number of days in the year on which there was a dense London fog was thirty; it is now less than ten; and the time, I imagine, will some day come when the London fog—that most hallowed institution, which has inspired the genius of poets and painters for years, although it has never elicited anything but a groan from anybody else—will be only a memory of the past. You can look at the figures, too, at the Observatories of the number of sunshiny days in the winter; the proportion of increase is about the same as it has been of diminution in the number of London fogs.

But still—and here is the necessity for the new legislation contemplated by my noble friend—there is a great deal of apathy and indifference in the matter. Everybody is waiting for somebody else to move. There are a good many powerful interests involved. We have all of us become used to the smoke, and seem almost to regard it as a necessary condition of our existence. There is no doubt also that the law as it now exists is ineffective, and that there are too many loopholes for escape. I have had evidence put before me showing that in some parts of the country, owing to the weight of local interests, the authorities are reluctant to put the law into operation. Lastly, I suppose the idea still exists, which I found so rampant in India, that this type of legislation will be an injury to manufacturers because it will cripple their industry and reduce their output. I believe that to be an absolute illusion. I believe that the reverse can be demonstrated, and that the real justification for this legislation in the restriction of smoke is not æsthetic but practical, businesslike, and economic. In other words,

we can show to these persons that they will be the gainers in escaping the wastage of fuel in which they now indulge by obtaining a larger return for their outlay. For these reasons I wish all power to the elbow of my noble friend. I hope that the Government, whether they actually approve of this Bill or not, will at any rate institute the inquiry for which my noble friend has asked. For, believe me, there is no subject more worthy of investigation by a Royal Commission or Committee than this ; and when some day, if he is successful, my noble friend hangs the scalp of what I have called the smoke fiend at his girdle, he will have added one more to his many achievements for the improvement of the condition of his fellow-countrymen.

FOREIGN COUNTRIES

PALESTINE

BASINGSTOKE, *May 20, 1908.*

[A Palestine Exhibition in the Drill Hall at Basingstoke was opened by Lord Curzon, who made the following remarks :]

A GOOD deal of my time has been spent in the East, and some small portion of it in the land which is illustrated in this building and on these walls. We very rightly describe Palestine as the Holy Land. It is to every one of us the holiest space of ground on the face of the globe. The land that produced Abraham and Samuel and David ; the land that contained the birthplace and also the death-place of the Redeemer of the human race ; the land upon which was enacted the drama that is the basis of the Scriptures of our faith ; the land which in more modern times inspired the enthusiasm of those dauntless but futile efforts that are known as the Crusades ; the land to which we turn every Sunday at certain portions of the service in church ; the land to which all our faces are turned when we are finally laid in our graves in the churchyard—is a land that must have an absorbing interest to every man, woman, and child in this country.

Some of us—perhaps a limited number, but an increasing number from year to year—have had the good fortune to visit this Holy Land. I am one of that company myself. It is now twenty-five years since I travelled in Palestine. Things were very different then from what they are now. There was no railroad in the country. There was only one hotel at Jerusalem, and nothing in the shape of a hotel or even an inn anywhere else. There were very few roads. One landed at Joppa and rode up to Jeru-

salem. In visiting Bethlehem and Capernaum, the Sea of Galilee and Damascus, all one's journeys were taken on horseback, living the life of the people of the country, in tents. I am sorry to say that these externals of travel in Palestine, which fitted in with the atmosphere of the East, are now changing. Only this morning I read in the papers that a gentleman—I need hardly say he was an American—appeared a few days ago at the gates of Jerusalem in a motor-car. This, to me, is a shocking thought. At the same time, I suppose that, if motor-cars enable more people to go to Jerusalem, we ought not to complain of the result. Be that as it may, ten thousand people assembled to welcome this gentleman, a good many of them, no doubt, hoping to profit by his largesse. In a little time the country will be opened to the influences of civilization and modern life.

When I was in Palestine the things that struck me most—it is perhaps more interesting to hear personal experiences than to have second-hand reflections—were these: First, the extreme smallness of the country. One could ride in a few days from north to south; and the whole scene is so restricted that from the summit of a lofty hill you can almost see the whole of Palestine in a single range of vision. The next point is the beauty of the site of Jerusalem. I see several pictures round the walls of this room depicting the Holy City. Well do I remember the spectacle of that lofty height (because the city stands on a considerable elevation), sundered from the surrounding country by deep valleys, with crenelated walls running round the summit, and the great dome of the Mosque of Omar, on the site of the old Temple of Solomon, rising above the battlements. Jerusalem can never lose its romantic interest or its religious halo. The next point I recall is the difficulty of attempting to determine what are called the holy sites. Nature has, of course, altered little. The Valley of Jehoshaphat and the Mount of Olives are indestructible natural features; but when you enter the city of Jeru-

salem many of the sites are suppositions, from the mere fact that the actual level of the ground, owing to long centuries of sack and siege, is now between twenty and thirty feet higher than it was in the time of Christ. But although there may be doubts about a particular site, about the broader features of the landscape there can be no question at all. I remember feeling some astonishment at the bareness of the country. You might imagine, when you read in the Old Testament that the Hebrews were invited to go up to a land that was flowing with milk and honey, that Palestine would recall the pastoral and agricultural beauty of this country. It is far from doing anything of the sort. It is a country of bare and stony hills, with narrow terraces capable of a certain amount of cultivation on the slopes ; at the present moment it is inhabited by quite a small number of people ; and it exhibits, except in places, but little natural beauty. It is certain from the Old Testament that Palestine was much more closely inhabited than it is now, and, even in the state of warfare described in the Chronicles, Judges, and Kings, was more cultivated than it is at present. Although the country is not one of great or uniform charm, some of the natural sights are among the most picturesque that I ever saw. I particularly remember the sight of the Plain of Esdraelon from the summit of Mount Carmel—a beautiful vision. I remember the first glimpse of the Lake of Galilee, as you climb the hills and see it set like a shimmering pearl amid the surrounding mountains. I remember the first sight of the snow on Mount Hermon, towering far above everything else into the air. These sights are indelibly fixed in the memory, and stand quite apart from the impression produced by the country as a whole, which is certainly not one of great natural attraction.

I can truthfully say that the Bible, and particularly the Old Testament, as read in Church on Sundays, became a different thing to me after I had visited Palestine. I dare not confess, in the presence of several clergymen on

this platform, that before that time I ever went to sleep during the first and second lessons in church, but it is conceivable that once or twice I may have closed my eyes ; but since I went there, whenever I hear the Old Testament read, I recall the scenes I have visited, I place the figures in their surroundings, and this makes the narrative more vivid and personal to myself. And although you will not feel this in the same degree, not having been to the country, yet in a small way, from what you will see here and from what you will be told in the addresses and lectures, I hope that the Old and New Testaments, the Scriptures of your faith, may become a little more real to all of you, both in Church on Sundays and in your everyday life.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN UNION

[When the Bill constituting the Union of the South African States was introduced, Lord Curzon, who had recently returned from that country, where he had been at the time that the conferences preceding the Union were held, spoke warmly in its favour both in Parliament and at a dinner given by the British Empire League to the Prime Minister of South Africa, then in this country :]

I

HOUSE OF LORDS, *July 27, 1909.*

MY LORDS, I join in congratulating His Majesty's Government most heartily and unreservedly upon the introduction of this measure and upon the reception that it has met with in all parts of the country. I agree that the credit for this measure is to be divided between more than one Government and between many statesmen, both in this country and in South Africa. I agree that the exact proportionment of that credit is a matter, not for ourselves but for history, although when the noble Earl [Lord Crewe] selected as the type of historian who is to make up our minds for us at some distant date a Froude or Macaulay of the future, I am not certain that he provided us with the best guarantee for a strictly impartial verdict.

My title to speak upon this question is a limited one, and is only assumed with the utmost diffidence. It arises solely from the fact that I happened to be in South Africa in the course of last winter at a time when the draft of Union was being deliberated, and when in all parts of the country the forces were being moulded that led to the issue we are here to consummate. Everything that

I then heard from the spokesmen of public opinion in South Africa as to the hopeful chances of this measure, even though it was thought by some to be optimistic at the time, has been justified by the results ; and I do not think that the most confident anticipations that were made in South Africa and re-echoed in this country have exceeded or exaggerated the realities of the case.

It is indubitable that this Union represents, not any conspiracy or combination—however honourable such conspiracy or combination might be—of the leading politicians of South Africa, but that it springs from the deliberate and settled convictions of the vast majority of the European population, at any rate, of that part of the Empire. It is not a measure that has been pushed forward with any undue degree of haste, and most certainly its progress has not been accelerated by any pressure from outside. When we remember that it has passed through the ordeal of the local Parliaments in South Africa, that it has run the gauntlet of all the constituencies there for months, and that it has twice been debated and passed by a Convention of the leading statesmen of that country, we may form an idea of the degree of support that is behind it. It comes to us with an authority which, I believe, has never attended any document of the same character in the history of the British Empire. The Government of Great Britain has given Constitutions sometimes to willing and sometimes to unwilling and suspicious recipients. But assuredly it has never given its sanction to a constitutional experiment which has been to so great an extent the product of local conditions or that has so well expressed the Colonial will.

I desire to identify myself with the argument as to the superior advantages, in the circumstances of the case, of Union over Federation. Lord Rosebery the other day congratulated the Australian Commonwealth on the evidence of virility which it possesses in being able to maintain seven separate Constitutions and Governments. Whatever may be the case in Australia, South Africa does not appear

to me to have the numbers, even if it has the vigour, to support four. Unity of system in respect of railways, customs, Imperial defence, and statute law must be a source of great strength to the future administration of South Africa. It will be of immense advantage, as matters develop, to have a national land settlement policy, a national immigration policy, a national labour policy, and, if the forecast is not too Utopian, a national native policy also. Whether a single Government will be able in the remote future to cope with the difficulties of controlling and administering territories so extended and so enlarged as these are likely one day to be need not concern us now. What we have to do, and what His Majesty's Government is doing in this Bill, is to provide the most potent and effective governing instrument for the needs of the hour.

The degree to which the centre of political gravity in South Africa has changed and is changing could not be better illustrated than by the tone of this debate. The real issue is no longer one between British and Dutch. That is an issue that has gone by and been submerged—as we hope, never again to be revived. In so far as any racial issue at all occupies our consideration, it is not one between British and Dutch, but between the Europeans and the different tribes and sections of natives. That is the only part of the Bill about which I am concerned, and upon which I am, perhaps, entitled to express an opinion, owing to the fact that in another part of the Empire I have been concerned with different evolutions of the same problem—namely, the management and control of native peoples.

I do not complain of the attitude which has been taken up by the advocates of what are called native rights. That attitude seems to me to be both honourable to them and reasonable in its character. Whether we regard the question of the native protectorates or the question of the exercise of the franchise by natives, it is pre-eminently incumbent upon both Houses of Parliament to safeguard the interests and protect the future of the native com-

munities committed to our charge. The question assumes a twofold aspect. There is the question of the Protectorates in South Africa, the native populations in which, I believe, amount to about 600,000 souls. There is no doubt that the chiefs and the peoples in those Protectorates have regarded, and, I dare say, still regard, with very great and not altogether unnatural apprehension, the change in their political status that is involved in the Union. They attach supreme importance to their direct rule by the Crown and by the representative of the Crown in South Africa. They have found their political independence guaranteed, their ownership of the soil secured, and their personal liberties safeguarded by that system, and in simple and rather moving language they protest—as we have read lately in the Press—against any change. It is true also that Colonial Governments have not always been successful in the past in their dealings with native Protectorates or in their management of native questions. Further, I agree that parliamentary rule is not the form of administration best adapted to solve the difficult and critical issues involved in native questions. Nevertheless, I unreservedly approve the conclusions at which the Government have arrived. I do not see how it would be possible permanently, or in the remote future, to contemplate a system of dual control in South Africa—a system under which the native population in the self-governing States, who, I believe, number about 4,500,000, would be under the local Governments, while the small minority of 600,000 natives in the Protectorates would be under another regime, administered and controlled from Great Britain.

I hope, however, that the process of transferring the Protectorates to the Union will not be sudden, abrupt, or violent, but gradual and slow, and that it will be accompanied by scrupulous regard for the feelings, desires, and conventions of the inhabitants. Many of your lordships must have looked with great interest and care upon the contents of the Schedule of this Bill. I confess that to

me the Schedule is almost the most important part of the measure, and I was glad to learn from the noble Earl that it had been introduced in its somewhat unusual form here to meet the express desire of the chiefs and peoples of the Protectorates themselves. From a perusal of the contents of the Schedule, I think your lordships may feel satisfied that the guarantees given for the preservation of the land rights of the inhabitants of the Protectorates, for the restriction of the liquor traffic, and in respect of taxation, are adequate, and that the form of administration which the Government propose to set up is, on the whole, the most satisfactory that could be devised for the purpose. . . .

To me the main justification of the Union of South Africa appears to be the splendid mental and moral discipline that it will provide for the whole of the South African community. We shall see there the evolution of a national consciousness, and—I hope the remark may not be considered an invidious one—the growth and development of a national conscience in all these matters. Whereas, under a system of four Governments, separated to some extent from each other by petty squabbles and the somewhat narrow and selfish interests of the various communities, you could have nothing of the sort, under a single and powerful Government you will have a new national sense growing up in South Africa. You will produce large and broad-minded statesmen, who will take a wide rather than a petty or narrow view both of local and Imperial affairs. And if, as time goes on, this process of intellectual and moral expansion is accompanied, as I hope it may be, by an increasing amalgamation of the races, and the two peoples intermarry and reproduce all the best qualities of both, then I believe that this Bill will be not only the dawn of a new era in South Africa, but will prove a positive and most important landmark in the history of the civilized world.

II

THE GUILDHALL, *July 28, 1909.*

YESTERDAY our distinguished guests, the Prime Ministers of South Africa, were present in the House of Lords to hear the Second Reading of the Bill for the Union of South Africa ; and as they listened to that debate they must have realized, if they had not done so before, that there is but one sentiment in this country on the question of that Union—and that sentiment is one of rejoicing that the old era of racial animosity is at an end, never to be opened again ; that the hatchet has been buried deep ; that henceforward in South Africa we are to be one, a new nation, born amid the throes of a great struggle, baptized, it may have been, in tears, but nurtured with a goodly hope, imbued with a steadfast loyalty, and confident of a glorious future. During the memory of living man, no deputation has ever reached these shores with a more precious freight than has been brought here by these Prime Ministers, for they have come with a Constitution, not devised by philosophers in their libraries or studies, but thrashed out by the statesmen of all parties in South Africa in the free atmosphere of debate—a Constitution which represents, not the programme of any party or even of any people in that country, but the policy of the desire of the entire nation. They come here and they ask us—they ask the Government of this country—to take the steps by which they may be enrolled in that great aggregation of self-governing communities which are going to make up the reconstituted and more powerful British Empire of the future.

And what a vision it is that they open up before us ! It is a vision of a dominion stretching from Table Bay in the south to the Zambesi in the north, and, I expect, in the future a good deal farther beyond—a dominion inhabited by peoples of divergent but by no means discordant origin, whose descendants in time to come will not be Englishmen or Dutchmen but South Africans, drawing from the

heritage of their common valour and patriotism the inspiration of a great ideal, and, as time goes on, evolving a new national sentiment from the recognition of mutual interests and allegiance to a single flag. Do not all our petty and parochial squabbles in this country sink into insignificance when we are confronted with so great a fact as this? It is not every day that we have the opportunity of assisting at the birth of a new nation, or of welcoming its parents to the historic Guildhall of London. Let us express our gratitude to all those statesmen in South Africa, both English and Dutch, who have taught us this great lesson—taught us how to forget, how to join hands, and how to look forward with confidence to the future. And while we offer our gratitude to them, let us also pay our tribute of honour to the illustrious dead who planned what they have achieved, and to whom some share of the triumph must be given in their silent graves.

And is there not one final reflection in which we may indulge—not in any spirit of vainglory, but in a spirit of honourable pride—on such an occasion? Surely the nation, or rather the two nations, who have accomplished this great deed cannot be in any state of decadence or decline. Their heart must be sound, their spirits high, and the blood of their forefathers on both sides must still run in their veins. And, more than that, may we not look forward to a future in which these two nations, the British and the Dutch—the Dutch contributing the valour and determination for which they have been famous in history, and the British contributing the character and grit with which we credit ourselves—will join and work out on this new field of enterprise an object as beneficial, as glorious, and as lasting as any that has yet been recorded in the history of either people?

ORIENTAL STUDIES

[In 1906 a deputation waited upon Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to press upon him the urgent need of creating a School of Oriental Studies in London. A Departmental Committee was then appointed, under the presidency of Lord Reay, which reported, with definite proposals, in 1908. A debate took place on the subject in the House of Lords in September 1909, in which Lord Curzon participated, and which resulted in the appointment of a Committee of which he was a member, and Lord Cromer chairman, to formulate a definite scheme. Finally this scheme was explained to a Mansion House meeting by Lord Curzon in May 1914.]

I

HOUSE OF LORDS, *September 27, 1909.*

AS one who has spent a good many years of his life in the Eastern parts of the world, I should like to make a few remarks on this question. It is scarcely possible to imagine a subject that is better qualified to arrest the attention of your lordships. Our familiarity, not merely with the languages of the peoples of the East but with their customs, their feelings, their traditions, their history and religion, our capacity to understand what may be called the genius of the East, is the sole basis upon which we are likely to be able to maintain in the future the position we have won, and no step that can be taken to strengthen that position can be considered undeserving of the attention of His Majesty's Government or of a debate in the House of Lords.

A good deal of the discussion has turned upon the advantage to merchants, and upon the facilities that are required in China, Japan, Korea, and the countries of the

Far East. I think that mercantile bodies are very seriously interested in those parts of the world. In my travels in Asia, from Yokohama in the East to Baghdad in the West, I have been struck with mingled admiration and dismay at the success which is attending German efforts at the expense of our own, largely owing to the indomitable industry and the command of native languages possessed by the clerks and assistants, and, indeed, most of the members of that great nation. It is not only a warning but it should be a stimulus to us, and from that point of view I earnestly hope that the mercantile bodies will support this scheme.

But the chief interest in this question is an Imperial interest. A fear has been expressed in the debate that in India the movement is in a backward direction, and that our officers have not that familiarity with the language and literature of the land which they formerly possessed. I believe that to be true. I state with regret that I believe the number of British officers, whether civil or military, in India who do not speak the vernacular with any facility or fluency to be immensely greater than it was fifty years ago, and decidedly and regrettably greater than it was when I first visited India twenty-five years ago. I believe that the number of British officers in the country who devote themselves to anything like a serious study of the literature of the country is diminishing year by year. I can give your lordships proof of that. When I was in India I did my best to ascertain, when the annual distribution of honours came round, by an appeal to all the heads of Government in different parts of the country, the names of any English scholars who had devoted themselves, either in the discharge of their official duties or in their leisure time, to writing works connected with Eastern studies. The number whom I was able to recommend for honours in seven years could be counted on the fingers of the two hands. That was not so fifty years ago, and even less was it so a hundred years ago.

We know the reasons. They are written large on the face of Indian society. In the first place, life is much busier and more complex than it was. Officers are overwhelmed with work and have no time for study, and even this Parliament—I do not say this House—adds very considerably to the labours that are placed upon them. Secondly, our officers out there maintain much closer and more constant connections with home. Their thoughts lie in England much more than they do in India. In the third place, there is an increasing tendency, not merely on the part of Englishmen in India but even on the part of cultured and highly educated Indians in India, to lead the European rather than the Oriental life in that country. All these are barriers that stand in the way of intimate study of native languages and customs, and, above all, there is the crowning reason, which has not been alluded to—namely, the enormous and ever-increasing number of natives in that country who speak English just as well as we do ourselves. Around every official in India there now exists a *zariba* or rampart of natives doing his work for him, talking English as well as himself, polite, obliging, attentive to their work—a great advantage to him, but a terrible snare to our administration, because this rampart of competent natives stands between us and the hearts and minds of the people. It is useless to deprecate this ; it is inevitable. You cannot get away from it. But if that be so, is it not all the more important to take every step we can to improve the position?

Sympathy is a feeling which we all possess with the people of India ; but sympathy must rest upon some concrete foundation, and when you are brought in contact with them it is no use to say you feel for them in a foreign tongue ; you must show that you feel for them in their own language. It is important, therefore, that our officers in India should not only know the language of the people, but should pursue those ancillary studies into their history and customs to which reference has

been made. If I may give my own opinion, I would say that the best officers—I am referring more particularly to district officers—whom I met in India were those who had the best command of the vernacular, and I could quote instances of trouble which arose in cases where that knowledge did not exist.

I would even go farther, and say that the Viceroy would be all the better if he had some knowledge of the vernacular. When I went out to India I was told that it was useless for me to devote any time to the matter as I should be so overwhelmed with work, but that I should be surrounded by competent assistants, and that any knowledge of Hindustani would be unnecessary. I believe that to be wrong. If I had known that I was to stay in India five years, and, still more, seven years, I would have got the most competent man I could and devoted the first three months of my leisure to acquiring some knowledge of the vernacular. I should have found it most useful in going round the villages on famine tours. Further, it would have enabled me to speak to the natives by whom I was surrounded in my own house, and to converse with the native officers when I went to inspect a native regiment. As it was, I could only touch the hilts of their swords, and not say a word to them. It would also have enabled me to speak to native chiefs ignorant of the English language who came into my room, and with whom I had to converse through an interpreter.

What is true of the Viceroy, who is only a transient phantom in India, applies much more to the members of the Civil Service, who spend a third of a lifetime there, and also to the Army in India.

In the whole of this Report the passage which filled me with the greatest dismay appears in the evidence of Colonel Ranking, who conducted the examinations in Hindustani and other languages of British officers in India. He stated that within his time—during the last twenty or thirty years—the knowledge of native languages

possessed by British officers in native regiments had diminished by 30 or 40 per cent., and he made a bitter complaint about the constant lowering of the standard. This is largely due to the fact that the superior native officers now understand English as well as themselves, and it is a great temptation to an officer to communicate his orders and do his work through them instead of doing it with his own lips. But the outlook is serious. It is upon the contentment of the Army that, if an emergency ever arises, the stability of our position in India must in the main depend, and, therefore, any means that you can adopt by which the officer can know his men and win his way to their hearts is a matter which ought not to be lost sight of. If this proposal were put forward in the interests of the British Army alone, and if it were claimed that the money necessary should be voted from that point of view only, I would say that the case was proven without any reference to the Civil Service in India.

II

MANSION HOUSE, *May 6, 1914.*

YOU, my Lord Mayor, said truly just now that this is a movement to place Great Britain in the same position with regard to the countries in the East, which we either administer or with which we have relations of diplomacy or trade, that is occupied by foreign continental Powers. With interests greatly inferior to our own, with populations far less numerous, with a trade which, though great, cannot in total value be compared with ours, Germany at the present moment spends £10,000 a year upon its Oriental School at Berlin, France £8,000 a year upon a similar institution at Paris, Russia £8,000 a year upon one at Petersburg—to which has lately been added a sister institution with a similar endowment at Vladivostok—Italy, with interests far more circumscribed, as much as £4,000 a year. Would it be believed that we, who rule nearly 400,000,000 of Eastern peoples, who

have relations of diplomacy or trade with another 400,000,000, the two together amounting to about half the human race, whose trade with the countries whose languages we propose to teach amounts to £200,000,000 per annum, have no central metropolitan institution in the capital of our Empire?

We leave our officers and our Civil Servants, when they go out to play their part in these countries, to pick up the languages of the country from the teachers or *moonshis* or interpreters or native assistants whom they there employ. Similarly, in the field of commerce we expect our clerks in the Treaty Ports and great commercial cities of the East, and notably the Far East, to compete with the active and ever-increasing rivalry of other European Powers, and especially the Germans, with practically no equipment except that which they can acquire when they have reached the country.

So much for languages. And we have no machinery at all in this country for teaching what, from some points of view, is more important than language—namely, an acquaintance with the ideas, the traditions, the customs and the beliefs of Oriental peoples.

To know the languages of the East is a great thing, but to know the spirit of the East is a greater. I remember a notable phrase that once fell from the famous General Gordon, who, speaking of the duty of an Englishman placed in the East, said his first obligation was to get, if he could, inside the skin of the Oriental with whom he was dealing. A very sagacious and pregnant remark.

I am not going to raise the question to-day whether the Eastern man is a different being from the Western man, or whether the many obvious and superficial divergences between the two are merely the physiological result of climate, of environment, of centuries of history. For my part, I do think, from such knowledge of the East as I have, that there is an atmosphere of the East, that there is such a thing as an Eastern character of the

Eastern man ; but whether that be so or not, I am sure there is no one who has lived in those parts of the world who would dispute that the real key to success is the successful understanding of the national character and point of view of those races, of their religious beliefs, of their scruples, if you like to say so, of their prejudices ; and we hope—and I lay great stress upon this—that one of the objects of this Oriental School will be to teach a knowledge of those people themselves, just as much as to give a familiarity with the tongues which they employ.

During the last quarter of a century more than one effort has been made to remedy the state of affairs which I have described. None of these efforts was successful, and they finally dwindled down to the excellent but rather precarious teaching of a small number of Oriental languages in University and King's College, London.

This state of affairs went on until, in 1906, an influential deputation went to the then Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and made to him a powerful representation of the case. The Prime Minister gave a most sympathetic reply, and the result was the appointment of a Departmental Committee, presided over by Lord Reay. In 1908 that Committee reported, and its report is the basis of all that has happened since. It recommended the institution of a School of Oriental Studies in London, to be ultimately incorporated in the University of London, and to be endowed by the Government.

The next stage was a discussion in the House of Lords in 1909, inaugurated by Lord Redesdale. Lord Cromer and I incautiously took part in that debate. We both of us felt it to be a duty arising out of our service, his so immeasurably greater than mine, in Eastern countries. But little at the moment did we foresee the consequences. No sooner was the debate over than the Secretary of State for India, Lord Morley, who adopted a very favourable attitude on the part of the Government, and indicated a willingness to be even further

squeezed, pounced down upon Lord Cromer and me, and told us that we were to undertake this Committee, and the programme that he laid before us was this : to formulate an organized scheme for the school, to find a site and buildings, to sketch out a scheme of management, and to find the necessary income. We are here to report the result of our labours. . . .

I should like to add a word, from such experience as I have, to business men who are connected with the East. You will make a great mistake if you think that the man you send out as your agent, or your representative, to do your work, let us say in a tea-plantation or a rubber-plantation, will get along all right if he merely has a smattering of the native tongue with which to address the coolies under his control. He wants much more than that. He wants a spirit of sympathy and of understanding even with the humblest people with whom he has to deal ; the kind of understanding, believe me, that can only be acquired from a knowledge of the customs, the habits, and beliefs of the people. I assure you that such a knowledge, if your employes have it, in the East will save you many a row, and I know how easily rows occur in those conditions, and in the long run will also save you many thousands of rupees.

And as regards the higher grades of mercantile employment, in banks, offices, and such-like agencies, you need no words from me to bring home to you the fact that without such a training as I have described you will see the plums picked from the cake, and the spoils of commercial enterprise taken away from you, as they are largely being taken away, particularly in the Far East at this moment, by your active and indefatigable rivals, most of all by the German people.

Finally, I commend this project as a great Imperial obligation. In my view the creation of a school like this in London is part of the necessary furniture of Empire. Those of us who, in one way or another, have spent a number of years in the East, who regard that

as the happiest portion of our lives, and who think that the work we there did, be it great or small, was the highest responsibility that can be placed upon the shoulders of Englishmen, feel that there is a gap in our national equipment which ought emphatically to be filled, and that those in the City of London who, by financial support or by any other form of active and practical assistance, take their part in filling that gap, will be rendering a patriotic duty to the Empire and promoting the cause of peace and goodwill among mankind.

PERSIAN INDEPENDENCE.

LONDON, *November 15, 1911.*

[A dinner was held at the Savoy Hotel, with Lord Lamington in the chair, to celebrate the inauguration of the Persia Society, founded in London, with the object of watching over the liberties and promoting the interests of the Persian kingdom and peoples. Lord Curzon was the principal guest and delivered the following speech :]

IT is many years since I made those journeys in Persia which resulted in the book to which reference has been made. Twenty-two years ago in this very month I was in that country. For nearly a quarter of a century since I have been engaged in public life, both in India and here ; but I can assure you that even at this distance of time every incident of my Persian travels—the long rides across the desert, the sight of the villages, cities, and towns, the memory of famous ruins, the relics of past civilizations, the interviews with notables and grandees, the glimpses I caught of the life of the people—all these things are so fresh in my mind that I can scarcely believe that they did not occur yesterday. I believe that if I were told now to sit down and write afresh the record of my experiences, without notes or books of reference, I could do it with an accuracy to which travellers are popularly believed very seldom to attain. But that is not my only memory of Persia. After spending three years in close company with bygone writers, historians, poets, artists, statesmen, and kings, while I was engaged upon my book, I became saturated and permeated with the influence of Persia. Although

the occupations of my life have taken me far away since then, though I am now in the agreeable position of a politician out of office—a thing which I do not in the least deplore—yet there still lingers in me the residue of that former influence. I am far from suggesting that my experience has been at all unique in this respect. My knowledge of Persia is not to be compared with that of many gentlemen sitting at these tables. But I believe there is no man who has been any length of time in Persia, whether as a traveller or explorer, as a diplomat, or Consul, or missionary, or merchant, upon whom the country does not leave an impression that time does but accentuate rather than remove; none who can shake himself free of the fascination which it has laid upon him; none who is not ready to the best of his ability anywhere and in any capacity to render service to the country which has placed such a grip upon his imagination.

It is to the existence of a body of enthusiastic persons thus moved by Persia that this Society owes its origin. It is their object to emphasize the interest which acquaintance with Persia has created in them, and to create it in those in whom it does not already exist. One of the functions of the Society is to provoke sympathy with Persia. Sympathy offered by one nation to another is a gift which it is easy to deride. It is easily described as a cheap gift which involves no sacrifice to the donor and confers little benefit on the nation upon which it is bestowed. That is a wholly erroneous view. Sympathy is the greatest gift short of material assistance (which may, in the circumstances, be impossible) that one nation can give to another. Sympathy means the effort and desire to understand another nation from that nation's point of view, to sympathize with its aspirations and ideals even when the horizon is most covered with clouds. It is a good thing that a society should exist capable of reminding this country that Persia has had a great and glorious past, that it has charmed humanity by the grace

of its poets, by the beauty of its arts, by the teaching of its philosophers, that it has produced great statesmen and rulers, and that it is still capable, if favourable circumstances are guaranteed to it, of reproducing in the future some of those characteristics which have made it not merely romantic but famous in the past.

In one respect our interest in Persia is specially warm—that is, in its survival as a nation. If there is one lesson which the contemplation of the history of Persia leaves in our minds, it is the strong existence in olden, as in modern, times of a national spirit there. That spirit may have been crushed by long years of misgovernment ; it may have been enslaved by the domination of an alien rule ; it may even now be handicapped by the ignorance and inexperience of the people. It is, perhaps, somewhat incoherent in its expression and ineffective in its acts. The great thing is that it is there, and that the best minds and thoughts in Persia are slowly working their way through all this welter of chaos and trouble towards the realization of a national government, independent and autonomous. It may be said that the Parliament of Persia is inexperienced, that its statesmen are uninstructed, that the difficulties are overwhelming. All this to some extent is true, but I believe the people are loyal to the new régime, and I draw that inference from the resistance which they offered a short time ago to the effort to impose upon them the tyranny from which they have recently emancipated themselves, and the comparative ease with which that attempt was defeated. If this national spirit exists in Persia, it is for you and me as Englishmen to sympathize with and encourage it by every means in our power.

In his excellent speech Professor Browne told us that this Society is non-political, and he alluded to his own experiences in Persia in skirting the edge of the Great Kavir. I am well aware that I am skirting the edge of a political Kavir, but not being a member of the Society, I am not bound by the prescriptions which

control and curb the orations to which we have so far listened. Being a politician, and, moreover, a politician out of office, I am at liberty to look at matters through political spectacles. I take it that your refusal to allow politics to intervene in your Society merely signifies that you are not going to identify yourselves in anything you say or do with one party as against another. But I submit that it is perfectly childish to assemble 200 people here and ask them to consider the present position of Persia and then expect them to act and speak as if there was no political aspect to be dealt with, or problem to be solved. I desire to say nothing that may cause offence in the present situation, which I am quite aware is a troubled one. There is much insecurity in Persia, there is difficulty in collecting revenue, there is sporadic warfare between clans and tribes, and the rulers are unable in parts to make their authority felt. But, admitting all this, I want you to realize the extraordinary difficulties of the position in which the Persian Government has been placed. After centuries of misrule (in many portions of the time it amounted to little less) they decided without experience, almost without premeditation, to embark upon the great experiment of self-government by representative institutions. Parliamentary government, if I may use a medical metaphor, is a strong and heady physic in any country, even in Western countries, and it requires the sturdiest frame, the most robust constitution, in order to assimilate it. Moreover, it is apt in the process of assimilation to cause minor disorders which for the time produce a derangement of the system. Are you to believe that that which we with difficulty compassed, after centuries of struggle, an Oriental race, without experience, with traditions wholly different from our own, is successfully to achieve in five, ten, or twenty years? I feel most deeply for the position in which the Persian Government has been placed. In the first place, they had to get rid of a régime of which they disapproved; then they had to create a Govern-

ment themselves. It is not possible in a moment to train up statesmen for such a responsible task. No sooner are they launched on their way than they are plunged into civil war, and no sooner have they successfully escaped from civil war than they are confronted with an ultimatum.

I desire to say nothing about the circumstances which have brought this state of affairs about. If I did so, I should be trenching illegitimately upon the sphere of politics. It may well be that the Persian statesmen in their handling of these affairs have not always been judicious or wise. They may have been over-sensitive or over-suspicious. But neither am I certain that the diplomacy of those Powers with whom they have had to deal has been altogether wise. I am not clear that European diplomacy in connection with Persia in recent years has been a model of statesmanship. It may be that, not in one quarter alone but in more than one, mistakes have been made.

No one realizes more clearly than I do that it is for Persian statesmen and Persian Ministers to work out their own salvation. They know the circumstances of their own country, and they do not want gratuitous advice from us. Still, I may be permitted to put myself in their place and to say that if I were a Persian statesman—which in the present circumstances God forbid!—I would speak to myself in the following terms at the present juncture: "The first condition which my country wants is tranquillity and confidence." Now that form of security can only be obtained by the possession by the Government of an organized and disciplined force, acting under the control of the Government, and capable of carrying out its orders. I would further say: "Such a state of affairs can only be secured with the aid of those who are competent and trained to discipline the force, and, still more, by the security of regular pay." That brings us to the financial question, and for my part I witness with the warmest sympathy the efforts now being made

by the Persian Government to reorganize their finances. Further, if I were the Persian statesman whom I have imagined, I would not hesitate, if the present resources of my country were inadequate, to obtain financial assistance, upon suitable conditions, elsewhere. I would not mind going abroad for financial help, for guidance, for experience, for anything that might be useful to my country, short of control. All that I would demand in pursuing this policy would be that any assistance I might receive should be absolutely disinterested in character, and that neither now nor in the future should it be directed against the independence of my country. I believe that if Persian statesmen found it in their power, after pursuing such a policy, to present to the world what may be described, in another medical metaphor, as a clean bill of health, within two years from now, the sympathy, not of ourselves only, who are old and traditional friends of Persia, but of the civilized world would rally to their aid, and nothing but the most hearty support would be received from those great Powers whose possessions are contiguous to those of Persia.

I cannot speak for the Government of this country, because I have no connection with it, and have no idea of what may be its views. But I have some right to speak for the average citizen of this country, and although he may not be very well informed about Persia, or other Oriental countries, he still has at the bottom of his heart a sincere and cordial sympathy with that race. On his behalf I wish to say that if it is anywhere stated that there is any hostility in this country to the regeneration of Persia, that we have the faintest interest in promoting or fomenting disorder with a view to extracting advantage from it ourselves, or that it is with the smallest pleasure that any British Government can contemplate the exercise of force for the protection of its own interests in that country, such is indeed a most misguided and mistaken belief. The British people have only one interest in Persia at the present time, and that is the establishing

there of a firm and respected Government responding to the national spirit of the people. The first British interest in Persia is a strong Persian Government. Even if you look at the matter from the narrow and selfish point of view it is so. For the safeguarding of our trade, for the protection of our subjects, for the peace of our borders, it is essential that there should be a strong Government at headquarters. And if this is necessary for us, how much more so for the Persians themselves, in order to provide a core and centre round which the best spirits of the country can gather, attracting to itself the finest intellects and most patriotic characters among the Persian people, and exhibiting a firm front to the outsider. The constitution of a strong, united, national Government in Persia is the one thing above all others that Englishmen desire.

There is another respect in which Persia appeals to our sympathy. She is one of the few surviving Mohammedan countries which retain an independent and autonomous existence. I should be sorry to see those countries stamped under foot. Though their faith is not our faith, yet with them we worship a single Deity, and we recognize that they pursue, and pursue with devotion, a noble and inspiring creed. The Mohammedan countries of the world are as much entitled as the Christian countries to the full benefits of the law of nations. With them equally with European people treaties ought to be kept. And when they seek, even through years of agony and pain, to work out their own salvation, let us give them every help that lies in our power. We of all people ought to be most solicitous for the welfare of these countries, for is it not notorious that in India one of the main bases of the security of our rule lies in the loyalty and contentment of the Moslem population? Just as in India the Mohammedan inhabitants look with confidence for sympathy and support to the British Raj, so I would like Mussulman countries and Governments throughout the world to feel that in England they have

their truest and most disinterested friend—a friend who, while making no encroachment upon their liberty, is prepared to lend every effort and even to make sacrifices on their behalf. And among those Mussulman countries of which I am speaking there is none to whom we ought to be more glad, if the opportunity presents itself to us, to be sympathetic and helpful than to Persia.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES

MRS. CRAIGIE

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, *July 1, 1908.*

[The friends of Mrs. Craigie—the gifted writer who adopted the *nom de plume* of John Oliver Hobbes—combined after her sudden death, in August 1906, to erect a memorial to her in the College where she had studied. This tablet was unveiled by Lord Curzon two years later with the following remarks.]

WE are met to-day to hand over to this College the memorial of a gifted woman and a devoted friend. There are few of us who can look back upon the career of Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie—for here we will speak of her by her own name rather than by her literary pseudonym—without a pang of deep emotion. It was so brilliant, so crowded, so lit with iridescent gleams, so short. From the time when her first work of fiction—"Some Emotions and a Moral"—burst upon the world in 1891—when she was only twenty-four years of age—to her sudden death at the age of thirty-eight in August 1906, there were only fifteen years. But within that time she condensed enough of incident and experience, of intellectual and emotional development, to fill many ordinary lives.

But the chief feature in her was that she was never ordinary either in what she wrote, or spoke, or did. She had an intense and vivid personality, which pervaded her writings, irradiated her talk, and informed her life. Individuality was the keynote both of her character and accomplishment. It was in her plays, her novels, her essays, her outlook on men and things.

She possessed in a remarkable degree the literary faculty of epigram. It is a dangerous gift, for it suggests artificiality, and it is apt to degenerate into a mannerism.

Yet she was by nature essentially sincere; indeed, sincerity was almost the first of her virtues, and the talent for epigram, which in her case escaped the horrible pitfall of paradox, was, I think, the outcome of a genuine artistic sense seeking to express itself in the most perfect available literary form.

Our friend was a woman of many accomplishments. She had a wide knowledge of literature, and a keen insight into the minds of great writers, as her lectures, delivered in America and elsewhere, showed. She also possessed no mean acquaintance with music and the classics, and I remember once receiving from her a letter written in Greek iambics—surely a novel feat in twentieth-century correspondence. We recall, too, her brilliant conversation, sparkling as the sunlight on a stream, and the wit and humour which danced like bubbles on the glittering current of her novels and plays.

But there were also still deeps and silent pools in her character and life, and in the ordering of these religion played no small part. She had the religious sense in a highly developed degree. At a time of much trouble she sought refuge in the Communion of the Roman Catholic faith. It supplied her with a philosophy of conduct and a rationale of existence. She found an inspiration in its ideals and a solace in its authority. In reading her books we shall usually observe that moral and religious questions are in the forefront. She enjoyed the analysis of minds, but she preferred the dissection of soul.

Sorrow she knew, but she faced it with courage and without repining. "There is only one obligation in life, and that is courage," was one of her sayings. "Life is not what we find it, but what we make it," was another; and finding in it much sadness, she yet succeeded, by the strength of her will and the natural gaiety of her temperament, in converting it into a source of joy both to herself and to many others.

Above all, she had the genius of friendship, giving the best of herself to her friends, and always discovering

the best in them in return. It was for this reason, I think, that those who knew her most intimately prized her far more for herself than for her books or plays, and that they forgot the writer in the woman. In one of her books she wrote, "The great thing is to love, not to be loved." Happy she was that in pursuing the one goal she also attained the other.

When a gifted artist dies young it is commonly discussed, not merely what the world has lost by his disappearance but also what it would have gained from his survival. Would Mrs. Craigie have written other and still better books, and left an enduring mark on the literary history of our time? It is beyond our power to answer this question. There seemed to be a certain sense of incompleteness about even her best work, which might signify either undeveloped powers or unrealized aspirations. One sometimes thought, too, that though she had a radiant interest in the world, she was rather aloof from it. This was noticeable in her judgments both of men and things. In her writings there was a fanciful and elusive elegance like that of some rare orchid, a subtle perfume like some exotic bloom. This sense of detachment from the world seemed to pervade her even when she was most a part of it. Thus it was that there was something phantom-like both in her entrance and exit from the stage. Like an apparition, she burst upon the scene, in her young prime, flashed across it in a swift trail of light, and vanished into the unseen.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound ;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

In unveiling this memorial, which we owe to the talent of a clever artist who never saw her, Mr. Alfred Drury, I am presenting to this College the likeness of one of the most gifted of its daughters, who in her brief life brought it honour, and left a memory that her friends will not soon forget.

CAPTAIN SCOTT AND HIS COMRADES

LONDON, *February 24, 1913.*

[Lord Curzon was President of the Royal Geographical Society when the news reached England in February 1913 of the loss of Captain Scott and his party a year before, on their return march from the South Pole. At a meeting of the Society, held at Burlington House, Lord Curzon paid the following tribute to their memory :]

I CANNOT hope by anything that I may say to add either to the knowledge which the electric telegraph has already given to the world of the general circumstances of the Scott disaster, or to the tribute which has been paid to him and his comrades by the Press and people of England. At the same time, you would regard it as wrong if, at the first meeting of this Society after the fuller tidings have reached us, your President did not say something about a tragedy in which the Royal Geographical Society is most deeply concerned. Three of those who have lost their lives were our Fellows—the Commander, Captain Scott, had already received both our Gold Medal and a special Antarctic Medal ; his first expedition had been sent out under the joint auspices of the Royal Society and ourselves ; we had assisted him to the best of our abilities in the second and last. Only the other day we were discussing what fresh honour we could devise for him when in a few months' time he was expected home in triumph. If we cannot crown him and his companions with a fresh laurel-wreath, at least let us lay our chaplet of mourning upon their glorious graves.

And first as to the men themselves. Their portraits and their features are now familiar to the whole world,

but let me try to express here, in a few sentences, what manner of men they were. Captain Scott has shown, in the last hours and in the latest words of his life, what his whole life had conclusively proved to his friends. Simple-minded, high-souled, earnest, indomitable, a wonderful organizer, a natural leader of men—his main characteristic was his utter disregard of self. His last thoughts were for his comrades, his last praise for them, his dying wish to impute no human blame, but to accept without a murmur the inscrutable decrees of Providence. Can anything be more beautiful than the calm heroism with which he sat down, with death staring him in the eyes, and weighed in the scales the doings of himself and his comrades? The result is that this plain man, who claimed powers neither of speech nor writing, has left a message which will outlive the highest flights of trained eloquence. This explorer, who reached his goal only to find that he had been anticipated by another, and who died in the hour of his maimed achievement, will be remembered longer than many winners of an unchallenged prize.

I fully anticipate that when Scott's diaries and records come home and the book is published, it will be found that this expedition is unique in the records of Polar exploration for its scientific completeness and its results. I was permitted by his wife—now, alas! his widow—to see the private diaries which he continued to send home until he disappeared upon his last march; and I find it hard to say whether my impression is more vivid of the hardships and sufferings cheerfully endured, of the patient effort to add to human knowledge, or of the invincible spirit in which the writer faced his task.

So much has been written of Captain Scott that people have hardly grasped the fact that in Dr. Wilson the country has sustained a scarcely inferior loss. A skilful naturalist, an accomplished artist, an expert medical officer, he was Scott's right-hand man and trusted counsellor. A man who between spells of Antarctic exploration (for he had been with Scott on his previous expedition) and

professional duty could contribute to and illustrate a Parliamentary Report on Grouse Disease must have been no ordinary person. You have merely to read Scott's reports to realize Wilson's ubiquitous energy and unfailing tact.

Then we come to Captain Oates—the Eton boy, the cavalry officer, the South African hero, the English gentleman. Does history contain a finer picture than this young fellow, only thirty-two years old—exactly the same age as Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen—walking out of the tent into the shrieking snowstorm to give up his life for his friends? Have the greatest prose-writers in the world ever composed a nobler epitaph than the words which the search party cut upon a rude cross in the vicinity of his self-sacrifice?—

Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman.

Nor must we forget the commissariat officer, Lieutenant Bowers, who came from that splendid little service the Royal Indian Marine, and who must have possessed rare merits to be selected by Captain Scott out of all the eager candidates for the last march to the Pole. And, finally, Petty Officer Evans, the strong man with the open countenance, whom Scott had known on H.M.S. *Vernon*, on whom he relied implicitly, and whose unaccountable breakdown was the first symptom, and possibly the initial cause, of the ultimate disaster.

These are the five men whom we mourn, with whose widows and families we condole, but for whose shining example their country is grateful and the world the better. May I add the expression of a personal hope that, subject to any strongly avowed wish by those who have an incontestable right to utter it, their bodies may be left where they lie, with the snow as their winding-sheet, the eternal ice as their tomb, and the solemn Antarctic wastes as the graveyard in which it has pleased God that they should sleep? Scott, in particular, could not have a more fitting resting-place than on that great frozen Barrier, whose

secrets he was the first to reveal, and amid the scenes which his life and death have rendered immortal.

One question I will attempt to answer. It is the question everywhere being put in other than purely scientific circles—the eternal and possibly unanswerable query, *Cui bono?* Was the deed worth the price? What has the world gained by the sacrifice? Perhaps the best answer that I can give to this question is that which was furnished in anticipation by Captain Scott himself in a note written just before he left England in July 1910. He then said :—

“ I submit that the effort to reach a spot on the surface of the globe which has hitherto been untrodden by human foot, unseen by human eyes, is in itself laudable ; and when the spot has been associated for so long a time with the imaginative ambitions of the civilized world, and when it possesses such a unique geographical position as a Pole of the earth, there is something more than mere sentiment, something more than an appeal to our sporting instinct, in its attainment ; it appeals to our national pride and the maintenance of our great traditions, and its quest becomes an outward and visible sign that we are still a nation able and willing to undertake difficult enterprises, still capable of standing in the van of the army of progress.

“ But though this attainment of a Pole of the earth be itself a high enterprise worthy of national attention, it must be obvious that there are various ways in which such a project can be undertaken. It is possible to conceive the record of a journey to the Pole which would contain only the number of paces taken by the party, the food eaten, or the clothes worn. The interest of such a record would be entirely marred by our disappointment that so rare an opportunity to add to human knowledge should have been missed.

“ It becomes, therefore, a plain duty for the explorer

to bring back something more than a bare account of his movements ; he must bring us every possible observation of the conditions under which his journey has been made. He must take every advantage of his unique position and opportunities to study natural phenomena, and to add to the edifice of knowledge those stones which can be quarried only in the regions he visits. Such a result cannot be achieved by a single individual, or by a number of individuals trained on similar lines. The occasion calls for special knowledge and special training in many branches. I have entered into these preliminary explanations in order to show the objects I have had in view in organizing the expedition.

"I have arranged for a scientific staff larger than that which has been carried by any previous expedition, and for a very extensive outfit of scientific instruments and impedimenta. Doubtless there are those who will criticize this provision in view of its published object—that of reaching the South Pole. But I believe that the more intelligent section of the community will heartily approve of the endeavour to achieve the greatest possible scientific harvest which the circumstances permit."

I will not pause to consider what the scientific results of this expedition will be, or the contributions that may be expected to geology, meteorology, magnetism, hydrography, marine biology, and other branches of knowledge. Time will show their extent and value. Captain Scott, dragging his 35-pound weight of fossils with him to his death-tent, did not, at any rate, despise their scientific importance. But surely the question is not whether the world is the better or the wiser because we know something more about the conditions of the frozen world at the Southern Pole. It does not matter to us very much that it was originally united to the Australasian and South American continents, that it once enjoyed a more temperate climate, or that forests flourished there which have left traces of coal beneath the ice and the snow. But it does matter to us and to the entire world a great

deal that men have been found in this as in earlier and perhaps more virile ages to run great risks for a great idea, to count life itself as dust in the balance compared with supreme human endeavour, and to meet death without repining even on the threshold of victory and fame.

It is said that the death of such men is their best memorial. True ; but I think that it behoves their countrymen to commemorate them also, firstly by providing for their dear ones and carrying to final execution the objects for which they gave their lives ; but also by setting up some visible monument, which will show that they were worthy to take their place alongside of the national heroes who have died and been similarly honoured before them, and that even this breathless generation can pause to remember and would be ashamed to forget.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

LONDON, *March 17, 1913.*

[David Livingstone was born on March 19, 1813. A hundred years later the Royal Geographical Society held a special meeting to commemorate the centenary of the event, when Lord Curzon, as President of the Society, opened the meeting with the following remarks :]

THIS is the first of a series of meetings that are being held by various bodies of men in many parts of the United Kingdom, and of the British Overseas Dominions and America as well, in honour of the great missionary and explorer David Livingstone. Born one hundred years ago, it is forty years since he died, having accomplished in that short span of life a work that will make his name immortal. The Royal Geographical Society is specially concerned to honour his memory, because as far back as 1855 he received our Gold Medal, and on the last expedition, from which he never returned, he was acting as our representative. In an adjoining room you will see some portraits and likenesses of this remarkable man, which he gave to us ; and there is also on view the section of the tree under which his faithful African boys buried his heart on the shores of Lake Bangweulu, in Central Africa, and on which they cut his name on May 4, 1873. In the course of his wonderful career, Livingstone served three masters. As a missionary he was the sincere and zealous servant of God ; as an explorer he was the indefatigable servant of science ; as a denouncer of the slave-trade he was the fiery servant of humanity.

It is in the second capacity that we, as geographers,

are assembled here to honour him this evening ; and we have selected as our spokesman the man (Sir Harry Johnston) who of all others is best qualified for the task, because he has reaped where Livingstone has sowed, carrying to fruition many of the latter's noblest dreams, the talented and versatile administrator standing in the tracks of the toil-worn but unconquerable pioneer.

Moreover, a goodly band of those who were associated either by common labour or by kinship with Livingstone have paid us the compliment of coming here this evening. Unfortunately, owing to illness, his right-hand man and lieutenant, Sir John Kirk, who was chief officer of the famous and not too fortunate expedition of 1858-64, and who carried on his work after Livingstone's death, cannot be with us. There are, however, present the daughter-in-law and several of the grandchildren of Livingstone, and the sister of his wife ; also one of the daughters of William Webb, of Newstead Abbey, the constant friend of Livingstone, from whose lips I remember hearing my first tales of the great traveller when I was a boy ; also the widow of H. M. Stanley, who found Livingstone at Ujiji, and whose name is for ever linked with his in the fortunes of that dark continent ; and many others who were connected with his labours.

It would ill become me in such company to say much about the great man whom we commemorate. But it is open to me to remark that his was the type of character and career that will always remain an inspiration for our race. Born with no social advantages, possessing no prospects, backed by no powerful influence, this invincible Scotsman hewed his way through the world, and carved his name deep in the history of mankind, until in the end he was carried to his grave in Westminster Abbey, amid the sorrowing admiration of an entire people, and bequeathed a name which has been and will ever be a light to his countrymen. How did he do it? By boldness of conception, by fertility and courage in execution, by a noble endurance in suffering and disappointment, by

self-sacrifice unto death, he wrested triumph even from failure, and in the darkness never failed to see the dawn. His spirit hovers over Central Africa—just as that of Cecil Rhodes, of many of whose ideals he was the unconscious parent, broods over the South African regions that bear his name. And though Africa has changed since Livingstone's day beyond all human recognition ; though settled territories and demarcated frontiers have taken the place of lawlessness and intertribal warfare ; though geographical problems which he went down to the grave without having solved are now among the commonplaces of school primers ; though exploration has given way to peaceful evolution, and railways have replaced the tortuous crawl of the caravan ; though Africa is no longer merely a European interest, but has almost become a European possession—yet the work of Livingstone still stands forth in monumental grandeur among the achievements of human energy, and the spirit of Livingstone will continue to inspire a generation that knew him, not but will never cease to revere his name.

GEORGE WYNDHAM

(From the *Times*, June 10, 1913.)

[The Right Hon. G. Wyndham, M.P., who was one of Lord Curzon's most intimate friends, died suddenly in Paris on June 8, 1913. The *Times* of June 10 contained the following appreciation over the initial "C." :]

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

IT was with a sense of almost stunning bewilderment that the friends who had lately seen George Wyndham brimming over with the radiant effervescence that was peculiarly his own, read on the posters in the streets the startling announcement that he had suddenly been taken from us, taken in the prime of his life, in the plenitude of his vigour, while it was still doubtful what further favours Fortune might have to bestow upon one who for many years seemed to be her chosen son. A lifelong friend finds it difficult at such a moment to condense into a few paragraphs the sentiments of the moment or the recollections of a lifetime. And yet no effort is required to place on the canvas the main features of a character at all times vivid and frequently intense in its personality, compelling in its attractions and even in its foibles, and endearing in its intimate charm.

For just think of what this brilliant figure had accomplished in less than fifty years of life. A Guardsman, a fine soldier, and an intrepid sportsman, he had written

literary works, revealing a fastidious literary sense, acute analytical power, and profound knowledge. A man who had never received a university education, he became the Lord Rector successively of Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, and on both occasions delivered addresses rich with an academic felicity of thought and style. A man of the world, a *bon camarade*, a social figure, of no ordinary distinction, he was a Cabinet Minister before he attained the age of forty, a parliamentary speaker with unusual gifts both of eloquence and grace, and a statesman who gave to Ireland a measure of beneficent agrarian reform which will cause his name to be gratefully remembered in that country long after other and even more prominent historical personages are forgotten. Add to this that, sprung from a noble and picturesque ancestry, Nature had endowed him with singular beauty of face and form; and truly it is not surprising that he should often have been described as an Admirable Crichton of politics.

The writer of these lines has often read his polished periods, has listened to his flowing and yet scholarly speeches, has sat with him in council, has been admitted to the privileges of his happy home. What is the main impression that such a one carries away of the central figure in this moving and kaleidoscopic drama of life? It is that of a character buoyant, enthusiastic, self-absorbed; an intellect alert, ingenious, subtle—almost hypersubtle—in its movements; an imagination fertile, audacious, and yet under logical control; a nature swift in its ebullitions, but tender in its affections and steadfast in its loyalty.

On many occasions George Wyndham discussed with his intimate friends whether he had done well to embark upon the stormy sea of politics, or whether, in the society of the literary associates who surrounded and admired him, and in the library which was his real spiritual home, he would have found a purer solace and achieved a more enduring work. There were at least two periods

in his life when he must have trembled on the verge of such a decision. Into the disappointments and anxieties which clouded that portion of his political career when he resigned the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland it is not necessary to enter here. But in all those perturbations he had no hard word even for those by whom he thought he had been ill-treated or misunderstood, and he met the blows of Fortune with the same erect front with which he had welcomed her smiles. No word of complaint, no accent of reproach, escaped his lips. But he would discuss whether the world of politics was not a world of sorrow and vexation from which retirement would provide a happy escape. It says much for his fine sense of public duty that he re-entered the stricken field and looked forward once again to the opportunity of rendering conspicuous service to his party and his country. It was probably in the War Office that he would have liked to find his next chance. As Under-Secretary at a very troubled time, 1890-1900, he had made a reputation astonishing for its swift growth and universal recognition ; and there he might, as a War Minister, have won for himself a lasting fame.

In the later years of his busy life he identified himself strongly with many movements, both inside and outside the conventional lines of party demarcation. He was one of the most convinced and uncompromising of the so-called Die-hard Unionists in 1911, but without any qualification of the affection or trust with which he and his friends who differed from him regarded each other ; he was an ardent Tariff Reformer and a strong believer in the extreme programme of that party ; he was a warm advocate of national military training. But he never flirted with strange dogmas, and was by temperament and training a convinced Conservative of the progressive school. The private secretary for years of Arthur Balfour, the friend and fellow-traveller of Cecil Rhodes, the pupil and panegyrist of W. H. Henley, the admirer and patron of Rodin, the vivifying centre of dining clubs

and domestic gatherings, he was perpetually giving out even more than he absorbed. Sparks flew from him almost before he was touched ; and he seemed charged with an intellectual and emotional electricity almost startling in its illuminating exuberance.

And now this radiant light is suddenly extinguished, as though the black curtain of eternal night had been drawn across the face of some scintillating star. The moment is tragic in its incidence. He had recently succeeded to the beautiful home built and rebuilt by the taste of his remarkable parents. There he had just fashioned for himself a library to contain his treasured books. A few weeks ago he witnessed the happy marriage of his only son. Though, after the fashion of his family, grey hairs had prematurely silvered his head, he still retained the spring and the strength of an unexhausted youth. Bright prospects seemed to await his political ambitions, and the opening of yet another phase in a brilliant career. Literary triumphs lay before him like nuggets in a gold-mine in which he could excavate when he pleased. A sense of woeful and bitter disappointment is produced by the shattering of all these hopes. George Wyndham would seem to have been given to us all in vain.

And yet, as the years go by and his comrades recall the past, there will always emerge from it this young and debonair figure, like a Greek hero in the range of his attainments and perfections, possessing the physical beauty of a statue, and endowed with the chivalry of the knight-errant, the fancy of the poet, and the deep tenderness of a woman. If his spirit wanders to-night in Elysian fields, it can only be with spirits akin to and comparable with his own.

ALFRED LYTTTELTON

(From the *Times*, July, 7, 1913).

[On July 4, 1913, the world was startled to hear of the sudden death of the Right Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P., late Secretary of State for the Colonies, and one of the best known Etonian athletes and public men of the time. On Monday, July 7, the *Times* contained the following appreciation, signed "C.":]

Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

LITTLE more than three weeks ago Alfred Lyttelton appended his initials to an appreciation in these columns of his friend and political colleague, George Wyndham, suddenly cut off by a cruel and inscrutable destiny in his prime. Who could have foreseen that before the grass had had time to spring again on the grave of his dead friend in the Wiltshire churchyard the hand that penned the tribute would itself be cold in death? The mind reels before a tragedy so blind in its happening, so inexplicable in its significance, so paralysing in its effect.

This time the victim has passed the fiftieth milestone of life, which the other had barely reached. He is in his fifty-seventh year. But he is a man in the zenith of his mature strength, superbly endowed with physical excellences, healthy, most temperate in all things, abounding in every variety of manly grace and vigour. He comes of a famous and masculine stock, of which he was not the least noble representative. He was playing the game of which he was in youth and early manhood one of the foremost living exponents only ten days ago,

and playing it with all the ease and power of a master, when he received the blow that was the approximate, though not, it is believed, the ulterior, cause of his sudden prostration. Such is the physical aspect of the tragedy.

Picture in the second place a statesman high in the councils of his party, a Cabinet Minister of the past and of the future, a man immersed in the business of Parliament, equally respected by both parties, fresh from debates in which he had gained great distinction as the sincere and impassioned champion of the Church of which he was a devoted member.

Lastly, conceive a man absorbed in every kind of social and philanthropic activity, beloved and indispensable in every class and sphere in which he moved—and his house was one of many mansions—exhaling an atmosphere of sunshine and irresistible affection about him, a happy husband, an adored father, an attached brother, a prince of friends. Imagine such a one stricken down in a moment as though by a thunderbolt from on high. What can the tongue find to say, what can the heart feel, in face of such a catastrophe? The column broken, the thread snapped, the bright light extinguished—no image or metaphor is adequate to describe the awful abruptness of the shock; no words can do justice to the pathos of the situation.

The writer of these lines has known Alfred Lyttelton from boyhood, and has been intimate with him in every phase of a many-sided and romantic career. At Eton the famous and popular athlete is the hero of his contemporaries. But no athlete was ever quite such an athlete, and no boyish hero was ever quite such a hero, as Alfred Lyttelton. The sight of him smiting the cricket-ball to the boundary with lightning-like play of wrist, or snapping it in his gloved hands behind the stumps, or again dribbling the small Eton football at headlong speed down the field, and shouting as he ran, or again scoring stroke after stroke in the racquet-court or the fives court, lingers for ever in the memory of those who

recall it. It was a magnificent exhibition of youth in its strength and beauty.

Later on, when he captained his 'Varsity Eleven, or played in Gentlemen v. Players, or for England v. Australia, or when he became the finest amateur tennis-player that our generation has seen, his achievements gained a world-wide reputation, and he was a darling of the crowd. Abandoning these games as he grew older, he became a first-class game shot and a passionate lover of golf, though he started the latter game too late in life to attain the highest rank. It would probably be true of him to say that no Englishman in the past half-century has had so unique a faculty of excelling in every form of sport, or practised it with so gay a mien, or turned it so entirely to the enjoyment of his friends as well as of himself. He was as much adored by the so-called professional as by his brother amateur, by his dependents as by his equals, by the gamekeeper as by his shooting host.

But let it not be thought that it is as an athlete alone, or even primarily that Alfred Lyttelton deserves to be remembered. At Eton and the University he was one of those whose intellectual powers and moral authority endeared him to his elders and teachers as well as to his contemporaries, and gave him an influence that was neither squandered nor ever used save for good. No man was anything but the better for knowing Alfred Lyttelton. If his summary is even now being written up in the Book of Life, the recording angel will find it hard to know where to drop the obliterating tear.

When Alfred Lyttelton passed from the University to the Bar he worked as the colleague of some who were then or have since become renowned, and of all of them he won the lifelong attachment. Particularly was this true of the late Lord James of Hereford, for whom he "devilled" and acted as private secretary while he was Attorney-General, whose feelings of regard and admiration for the younger man knew no bounds, and whose

biography the latter, with a piety half-filial and half-fraternal, was engaged in writing. His legal judgment was sound, his manner persuasive, his address courteous ; and although he did not capture, and perhaps would not have won, the highest prizes of the law, his forensic career was prosperous and distinguished.

At the age of thirty-eight he entered Parliament. He made no great mark by his early speeches, though these were cultured and well expressed. But, acquiring and winning confidence as he progressed (for he was a singularly modest man), he grew steadily in parliamentary stature until it was amid expectant assent that, upon Mr. Chamberlain resigning the Colonial Secretaryship and Lord Milner declining to accept it in 1903, he was promoted by Mr. Arthur Balfour, one of his oldest and most intimate friends, to the vacant office. Of his conduct as Secretary of State, and more recently as a leading occupant of the Front Opposition Bench, your political biographer has already written, and that aspect of his work need not be noticed here. He was the hero, or at least the central figure, of one famous parliamentary episode when, in the expiring year of Mr. Balfour's Ministry, he endeavoured for the space of an hour, with perfect composure and admirable good temper, to address a House of Commons one party of which was resolved, for interested reasons that had no reference to himself, to listen to no one but the Prime Minister. The writer of these lines happened to hear his last speech in the House but a few weeks ago, when he stated the view of the Front Opposition Bench on the Marconi episode with equal fair-mindedness and ability. The illustrated papers of last week depict him—a charming figure—addressing the great demonstration in Hyde Park on June 21st against the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. He was on particularly friendly terms with the Labour Members, who recognized his genuine interest in the welfare of the working classes.

But those who shared his intimacy will turn to other

and more sacred things. They will recall his successive marriages with two remarkable women—the first, one of those ethereal emanations that sometimes flash for a moment from the unseen and disappear again into it, leaving a sense of wonder and enchantment that till the end of life creates a thrill in the heart of every one who beheld the spectacle ; the other, who survives him, gifted in no ordinary degree, the devoted and inspiring comrade of his joys and cares. They will remember his brilliant conversation, aglow with intellectual ardour, stimulating and easy, masterly in its delineation of character, its pursuit of an argument (for he had the lawyer's love of a friendly disputation), and, when he was telling a story, in its imitation of gesture and tone. From the treasure-houses of the past will rise up in the memory of some of them happy walks arm-in-arm, or talks late into the night, when a man felt that he was in the company of a brother even more than of a friend. Such will know how deep was his faithfulness and how sure and tenacious his affections.

All will remember his endearing manner, that seemed almost to partake of the nature of a caress, and was equally captivating to age and youth, to high and low, to women and to men. They will see again the sparkle of his merry eye and hear the shout of his joyous laughter. They will picture once more the virile grace of his figure, loosely knit, but eloquent of sinews and muscles well attuned, his expressive gestures, and swinging gait. They will measure the quality of his mind, moderate and well-balanced in its inclinations, emphatic but not censorious in his judgments. They will think of his high and unselfish character and of his honourable and stainless life ; and, as he passes into the land of silence and becomes a shadow among shadows, they will reflect with a life-long pride that they knew and loved this glorious living thing while he shed a light as of sunbeams and uttered a note as of the skylark in a world of mystery, half gladness and half tears.

SIR WILLIAM ANSON

(From the *Times*, June 6, 1914.)

[The papers of June 5, 1914, contained the news of the sudden and unexpected death of the Right Hon. Sir William Anson, Bart., M.P., Warden of All Souls College, Oxford, and Senior Burgess of Oxford University. In the *Times* of June 6 appeared the following appreciation, above the initial "C." :]

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.

WITH a shock of genuine sorrow many of your readers will have read this morning of the sudden death of Sir William Anson, almost before his serious illness had become known. But with scarcely less surprise even his friends will have realized that this active figure, the mainspring of so many useful energies, the spokesman of so many causes, the willing bearer of so many burdens, had already entered his seventy-first year. His spare and alert frame, his undiminished powers of mind, his ready response to any new call of duty, seemed to promise the long continuance of a career that had in it little suggestion of age, even when grey hairs and deepening lines showed that middle life had spent the greater part of its course.

It will be as a University man, as a true son of Oxford, typical of its qualities, devoted to its interests, and representing it in almost every function of academic and non-academic responsibility, that Anson will be remembered. Though sprung from an old county family, the heir to a baronetcy, and possessed of good independent means, from the date of his election to the Vinerian Law Reader-

ship in 1874, he seemed predestined to the service of his college and of the University. The present writer can speak from an intimate knowledge of him in both capacities. As the Warden of All Souls College, he was the ideal occupant of an office, not merely of local dignity but of exceptional public scope. Elected to the Headship at a time when the labours of the second University Commission were just bearing fruit, he guided the fortunes of the College through a transition epoch that transformed its character and greatly expanded its purpose. Throughout this period Anson never lost sight of the service which he conceived that All Souls owed to the University. At its end we see a Foundation that once provoked a good-natured quip, possibly sometimes an ill-natured sneer, converted *omnium consensu* into an academic body, the recognized citadel of the studies of history and law, where the learned professor and the research student have imperceptibly replaced the cultured scion of an aristocratic order, but which continues to contribute an unarrested flow of eminent public servants to the State. At a College meeting the Warden was perhaps seen at his best, at one moment arguing a case with businesslike precision, at another turning some doubtful corner by dexterity of speech, or by playful banter. Every Fellow regarded him with that mixture of respect which caused him invariably to be addressed even by his senior colleagues as "Mr. Warden," and of affection which made him the confidant and friend of the latest recruit. Naturally generous and hospitable, he could with equal grace preside over a great banquet in the Codrington Library, or lead a symposium of private talk from the hearthrug of his own study.

In his wider academic capacity Anson became, particularly after his election as the parliamentary representative of the University, the most influential force in Oxford since the days of Jowett. Everywhere recognized as the best type of University representative, if a single voice was required from Oxford, it was to his

that men naturally listened. In Congregation and Convocation his speeches would determine an issue and affect votes, the singular moderation of his judgment and his open-mindedness carrying conviction where a more forceful or passionate advocacy would have failed. As long as such a man stood and spoke for Oxford in the House of Commons, or before the world, it seemed impossible to question the value of University representation as a desirable and worthy factor in our public life.

Anson owed this almost equally to courtesy of manner, adroitness in reasoning, and moderation of mind. Though a Conservative by temperament, he was generally to be found on the side of cautious reform; and in the controversies which have recently occupied the attention of the University, in connection with what has been styled "reform from within," his influence was almost invariably cast on the side of the reformers. This instinctive equipoise of judgment was far from connoting any lack of courage or far-sightedness. On the contrary, he showed no timidity in defending strong action where he had satisfied himself of its justice or necessity; and his diffidence of bearing reflected no indecision of character or opinion.

His Oxford position was immensely strengthened by the feeling that he was less the don than the man of the world, who had moved, and was moving, on a wider stage, and was able to correlate University interests with the public need. His experience as a lecturer and writer had given him great facility of condensed and apposite expression; and the writer can recall many cases in which, if a persuasive statement of one side in a controversy or of the grounds of a public appeal was required, his was the indispensable pen to which resort was made.

If Anson's parliamentary position fell at all short of his academic reputation, this arose, not from any doubt of his authority or character, but from lack of those physical adjuncts of presence and voice which in the modern parliamentary system seem to be the indispensable

conditions of conspicuous success. Moreover, it fell to his lot, whether as Minister for Education or as a high constitutional authority, to deal with subjects which were seldom calculated to provoke cheers. His House of Commons speeches were, however, excellent both in matter and form ; they carried weight from the intrinsic weight of the speaker. He had been a Minister, and could scarcely have failed, had his life and strength been spared, to be a Minister again ; and when a Privy Councillorship was conferred upon him at the Coronation of King George in 1911 the only surprise felt was that it had not been bestowed many years before.

Anson was an illustration of the familiar capacity of the busy man to undertake fresh duties. The list of offices (mentioned in your obituary notice of to-day) which he filled in the spheres of county administration, literature, education, and art, and of the range of which many who knew him were quite unaware (for his own modesty would never have revealed them), indicates both an unusual gift for affairs and a high conception of duty. Punctual and even punctilious in his attendance, correspondence, and mastery of detail, he always contributed to the positive issue of a conference or committee, and was one of the men who helped things to move. His precise and scholarly handwriting reflected an intelligence equally practical and concise.

He was not a man who seemed naturally to encourage extreme intimacy, being constitutionally shy and almost shrinking in approach. But he very easily and quickly inspired confidence, and there was something singularly attractive in his unassuming manner and friendly reserve. He was a good talker, with wide knowledge and a refined taste, and in private conversation was the master of a delicate humour. In every capacity he suggested the perfect type of the English gentleman of an earlier age.

Concerning his work as a jurist and publicist, scholars will be better able to pronounce. His great work on the Law of the Constitution possessed the rare qualities

of receiving without challenge the applause of students and at the same time of presenting those high subjects in a form that was easily intelligible to the non-expert mind. Moreover, it testified to his elasticity of mental temperament, for he continued to write and rewrite it until the end of his life, fitting without difficulty into the original framework the results of constitutional evolution or of fresh experience. In present and recent controversies it has been the recognized textbook both of writers and statesmen.

Such a life, if prolonged to the normal span and if filled with activities so multifarious and useful, is a contribution of the utmost value to the community and the State. Other and more dramatic figures may move with greater splendour across the stage and leave a more coruscating trail behind them. But to say of a public man that he filled many parts and was adequate to them all, that he never served any but a good cause and never served it otherwise than well, and that he yoked an attractive personality to a distinguished intelligence and unsullied honour, is to render no mean praise ; and when his University and his College set about filling the place that has been so abruptly left vacant, the measure of the loss to both will be even more fully ascertained.

BALLIOL PORTRAITS

(MR. ASQUITH AND LORD LOREBURN)

OXFORD, *June 7, 1913.*

[Portraits of the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) and the Visitor (Lord Loreburn) having been presented to Balliol College by a number of old members, the presentation was made by Lord Curzon, as Chairman of the Committee, in the College Hall. He spoke as follows :]

I OBEY with great pleasure the invitation of the Master to present these portraits. To-day is the final scene of an enterprise that has been proceeding for the past four years. It was in February 1909 that, a movement having been started to procure for the College portraits of two of the most distinguished of its members, Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister and still Prime Minister, and Lord Loreburn, then Lord Chancellor and now Visitor of the College, I was invited to become Chairman of the Fund. I gladly accepted this post in a triple capacity, as an old and loyal son of Balliol, as a personal friend of these two statesmen, and as Chancellor of the University, though it was much more in the two former capacities than in the last that I liked to regard myself as acting. We constituted a Committee, we met, we obtained the cheerful assent of our victims, and we issued an appeal for funds. There remained the choice of an artist. A little while before I had been introduced in Edinburgh to a young Scottish artist, Mr. Fiddes Watt, who seemed to me to combine something of the genius of Raeburn with an individuality all his own, and who had already produced

a portrait of the present Lord Chancellor, Lord Haldane, which, in addition to being an admirable likeness, contained indications or suggestions of a Napoleonic character which were reported to be not distasteful to the subject of the painting. I do not know whether it was with similarly pleasurable anticipations that Mr. Asquith and Lord Loreburn ratified our choice of the artist. The portraits were completed, and, as you will all remember, were regarded as among the best exhibits of the Royal Academy of 1913. Since then they have been mezzotinted, and we hope to make arrangements by which it will be in the power of all the subscribers to become possessors of copies of the engravings.

And now I am called upon to present these pictures to the College. There is only one melancholy feature in this performance, and that is that Mr. Asquith has, at the last moment, been obliged to absent himself in obedience to a Royal command to attend a luncheon at Buckingham Palace which the King is giving to the Peace Delegates.

Personally, if I may say so without disloyalty, I think that this is a much more important gathering than a lunch of the Peace Delegates, and that the Balliol confederacy is a more august and more beneficent, and is likely in the long run to be a more enduring, form of union than the Balkan Confederation.

The first thing that strikes me about this function is its purely domestic character. We are all of us past or present Balliol men. No one not a Balliol man has been allowed to put so much as the tip of his nose into this Hall. We are all united, not only in love for the College but in admiration of its eminent sons. I dare say it would strike a foreigner as a strange thing that among the most ardent supporters of this movement should have been gentlemen strongly opposed to Mr. Asquith and Lord Loreburn in politics, and that the individual who has been chosen to make this presentation should, to put it mildly, not be consumed with undeviating admiration for their proceedings. But it is our way in this country ;

it does not strike us as strange at all. We do not carry our political differences to the point of obliterating personal friendship or public esteem. God forbid that such a day should ever come ! And secondly, if I may paraphrase a popular saying, Balliol blood is thicker than St. Stephen's water. We remember only on such occasions that we are Balliol men, proud of our College and of the men whom it has produced, and who have added honour to the College and lustre to the name of England.

The two recipients of our compliment are men who have deserved well of the College and well of the nation. Both were Undergraduates and Scholars of this College, both were University Prizemen ; one was a Fellow, and both are Honorary Fellows ; one is now Visitor ; one shone in his day in the Union, the other, I believe, excelled behind the sticks.

I remember that it was in his academic capacity that I first came across Mr. Asquith, over thirty-five years ago. He was a Fellow of Balliol and an examiner ; I was a Public School boy and an examinee. We met at that most vivid and dramatic of human experiences, a viva voce examination. The interview was brief, it was pungent, it was unforgettable, and it remains unforgotten.

I am not here to-day to draw a public picture of these two distinguished men or to trace their careers. It is enough to say of Mr. Asquith that from early years he was marked out to be Prime Minister by the voice of his contemporaries—an anticipation that has been confirmed by fact, and will be ratified by the judgment of history. Already he has held that office for six years, and although it is not for me to speak as to the nature or quality of the team which he has had to drive, I may remark that he has exhibited all the skill of the professional charioteer. In his public capacity he has worthily represented the traditions of Oxford scholarship, the achievements of British oratory, and the standards of British statesmanship. On occasions when he has been called upon to speak as the voice of the nation he has done so with

dignity and with universal acceptance. And, finally, to those who are privileged to enjoy his friendship he is known as the most warm-hearted and loyal and affectionate of men.

And now I pass to the second recipient of the honour, who is with us this afternoon. I am sure that it must be an advantage to a man in public life, even to a future Lord Chancellor, to bear the name of Robert, because, converted into an abbreviated form with which we are all familiar, it at once stamps its wearer as a good fellow. It was as Bob Reid that the future Lord Chancellor was known and loved at the University, in his early days in Parliament, and at the Bar. It is as Bob Reid that some irreverent persons speak of him still. It was under that name that I first remember him in the House of Commons. There I heard his voice raised, more frequently in tones of sorrow and anger than of approbation or applause, at the inadequate appreciation which the Department that I represented was alleged to show of the virtues and charms of Cretans and Armenians and Soudanese, and other unhappy and unruly people, who then disturbed the peace of nations, but have since more or less come into their own. I was sometimes almost carried off my legs in the lava-stream of his denunciation.

A few years later, when I returned to Parliament, I found the fiery orator of the House of Commons converted into the stately occupant of the Woolsack. There, if you wanted to hear the errors of your party pointed out in tones of sorrow rather than of anger, in tones that almost made the sinner weep, if you wished to hear the most contentious propositions advanced with the most entrancing plausibility, if you desired to see courtesy personified, persuasiveness incarnate, and dignity enthroned, you had only to look to the Woolsack while it was occupied by Lord Loreburn. I see Lord Lansdowne among the audience. I am sure he will agree with me when I say that no spokesman of a minority in the House of Lords was ever more acceptable to the majority. No Chancellor

in our time has won in a greater degree the esteem, the confidence, and the warm personal regard of those who sat under him.

I cannot speak for his conduct upon the Bench, where, I am glad to say, I never appeared before him ; but it is a matter of common knowledge that the same qualities have secured him the unfailing admiration of the Bar.

These are the two statesmen whose portraits I now have the honour to present to this Hall. The artist appears to me to have given a fine presentment of each. In Mr. Asquith's likeness we see the resolution and power and ability, but also the amiability, of which I have spoken. In Lord Loreburn the majesty at which we trembled has perhaps been slightly impaired by the disappearance of the wig. But all the other qualities are there which have marked and explained a brilliant career.

On behalf of the subscribers I now offer both pictures to the College, and I hope that, as long as paint and canvas endure, they will hang here as faithful representations of two of the most illustrious of her sons.

LORD ROBERTS

HOUSE OF LORDS, *November 17, 1914.*

[Field-Marshal Earl Roberts having died at St. Omer while on a visit to the Indian troops engaged in the Great War, tributes were paid to his memory in both Houses of Parliament. In the House of Lords, Lord Curzon, who was leading the Opposition in the absence of Lord Lansdowne, spoke as follows :]

THE noble Marquess who leads the Opposition [Lord Lansdowne] greatly regrets his continued absence from this House, and never more so than this afternoon. He would have liked to be present to bear his part in the tribute that is being paid from all quarters of this House to the illustrious Field-Marshal who has passed away in the golden sunset of a glorious life. They were colleagues as Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief for four momentous years in India. Again at a later date they were associated as Secretary of State for War in this country and as Commander-in-Chief in the field in the dire perils and the ultimate triumphs of the South African campaign ; and still more were they linked to each other by the strongest ties of personal attachment and affection. If I stand for the moment in the place of the noble Marquess, I am only encouraged in the performance of this duty by the consciousness of the privilege that I also enjoyed the close friendship of Lord Roberts in the concluding years of his life, and that I had the honour of being associated with him in some of his undertakings.

Nothing could be more appropriate than that the tribute to which your lordships have just listened should have come from the lips of the noble Earl the Secretary of State for War [Lord Kitchener], who was the colleague of Lord Roberts in some of his greatest achievements,

and who can speak with a higher authority than any man living in this country upon his attributes as a military commander. The House has listened with deep respect and emotion to the clear and moving words which we have just heard from him. He has portrayed to us some, at any rate, of those qualities which ensured the remarkable success of Lord Roberts both as a commander of troops and as a leader of men. It would be impertinent on my part to dilate at any length upon this aspect of Lord Roberts's character and career ; but this, perhaps, I may say—that a general who never knew defeat, who more than once retrieved the trembling fortunes of armies, and who conducted great operations on large fields of warfare with an amazing rapidity and with astonishing success, must have possessed rare gifts of foresight, insight, patience, resolution, and courage. Those who remember the historic march from Kabul to Kandahar, which was mentioned by the noble Earl, and the victorious sweep of our armies, which for obvious reasons he did not mention, from Capetown to Pretoria, in the South African War, will be best able to appreciate the qualities of quick initiative and boldness in execution that were responsible for those results.

But, my lords, there is another respect in which Lord Roberts excelled as a leader of men. I speak of his extraordinary understanding of the soldier. He seemed by instinct to know what were his wants and desires. He was not merely the commander of the troops but their comrade, and hence I believe it to be true to say that Lord Roberts was more loved by the troops whom he led, both in this country and in India, than any commander in modern, and I dare say also in ancient, times. Especially was this true with regard to Indian soldiers. Born in India eighty-two years ago, spending, as the title of his book tells us, one-half of that period in service in India, his greatest military achievements were performed either inside India or just beyond its frontiers. He was the embodiment of the finest traditions of Indian service,

and might almost be called the incarnate spirit of the Indian Army. How fitting it is that after going out to visit and to encourage those Indian troops whom he had so often led to victory, and who are now fighting under such novel and terrible conditions, but with a bravery equal to anything which we might have expected from their history, he should have laid down his life almost in contact with them and almost within sight of the battlefield. *Felix opportunitate mortis* is the hackneyed but inevitable quotation that leaps to the lips of every man, and we feel sure that Lord Roberts himself would not have wished it to be otherwise.

Perhaps I may be allowed to add one or two words upon another aspect of Lord Roberts's life and character, which may come more fittingly from the lips of a civilian. Lord Roberts was, first and foremost, a great patriot. Like the Duke of Wellington, he invariably thought of the welfare of his country. To the Duke of Wellington the first thing was always how the government of the King could be carried on. To Lord Roberts it was how the safety of this kingdom and the integrity of the Empire could be maintained secure. Throughout his life he gave to the country all of character, of purpose, of energy, and of strength and devotion that a man had to give. He gave to the country his only and dearly loved son. Finally, he gave to it his own life. It was truly a patriotic enterprise that took him last week to France, and which brought about his end. Those who saw him or conversed with him in the last few weeks of his life will appreciate what I mean when I say that for any other or more onerous call that might have been made upon him he was ready. At the age of eighty-two he was prepared to take up any burden in connection with the war that the voice of his country might lay upon his shoulders.

Secondly, Lord Roberts was emphatically a statesman, if by a statesman we mean a man of wide outlook on affairs, who foresees and attempts to provide for the future, and who is never diverted from his main object

by minor considerations or by petty abuse. Is not the present position of affairs in this country, and in Europe, the best testimony to the statesmanlike prevision of Lord Roberts? During the last ten years of his life he held the view, with intense and passionate conviction, that a war with the adversary with whom we are now contending was only a question of time, that the call of faith to our Allies and of duty to ourselves would impel us to place a large force upon the Continent, and that the military preparations of this country were not adequate either to that task or to the defence of our own shores. I am speaking within the recollection of every one of you when I say that he preached the remedy for that state of affairs with all the fervour and intense conviction of a prophet, only to meet, I fear, with the proverbial prophet's fate. But, my lords, who now will say him nay? Who will call him a false prophet now that he is dead? I venture to express the opinion that this last campaign which Lord Roberts waged in this House and outside of it in defence of the principles which he held most dear was not the least—perhaps it was the most—noble episode in his long and crowded career. It will be remembered when other and more martial exploits are forgotten, and not the least characteristic and admirable of its features was the dignified self-effacement, the honourable silence, with which he declined to take the credit to himself for his foresight and refused to reproach those who had turned a deaf ear to his warnings.

Lastly, we shall remember Lord Roberts as a man. We recall his genial presence in our midst in this House. We see his alert figure seated at the corner of that Bench, kindly in manner, exquisite in courtesy, modest in bearing. In the later years of his life he seemed to combine the ripe wisdom of years with the eternal fresh-heartedness of youth, and that was perhaps the reason why he found himself so easily in touch with men of every age and period of life, and became the friend, and even the confidant, of those who very likely had only entered the world

when Lord Roberts's name had already been made. No Englishman—at any rate, of our time—has set so rich an example of simplicity and purity of life, and none has been more religious-minded or devout in the beliefs as well as in the external observances of religion.

Only a fortnight ago I received a letter from Lord Roberts, the last that he ever wrote to me, in which, amidst the trials of this war, while he was busily occupied in providing for the comfort of our troops in the field, and whilst all his larger thoughts were turned with anxiety to the issues of the campaign, he nevertheless found time to write to me a strong plea in defence of family prayers. These were his words :—

“ We have had family prayers for fifty-five years. Our chief reason is that they bring the household together in a way that nothing else can. Then it ensures the servants and others who may be in the house joining in prayers which for one reason or another they may have omitted saying by themselves. Since the war began we usually read a prayer, and when anything important has occurred I tell those present about it. In this way I have found that the servants are taking a great interest in what is going on in France. We have never given any order about prayers ; attendance is quite optional, but as a rule all the servants, men and women, come regularly on hearing the bell ring.”

My lords, the man who penned those words was not only a great soldier, a patriot, and a statesman, but he was also a humble-minded and devout Christian man, whose name deserves to live, and will live, for ever in the memory of the nation whom he served with such surpassing fidelity to the last hour of a long and glorious life. May I add, on behalf of those who sit with me on these benches, that we desire to associate with our tribute of deep and sorrowing respect the gracious lady who has for more than half a century been the partner of his joys and sorrows, has shared the ordeals and the triumphs of his life, and whose tender devotion was the main cause of the great happiness that he enjoyed.

LORD TENNYSON

LONDON, *October 27, 1909.*

[At a meeting of the British Academy, Professor S. H. Butcher, M.P., in the chair, Professor Henry Jones read a paper on the poetry of Tennyson. Lord Curzon, who is a Fellow of the Academy, moved a vote of thanks to the reader, in the course of which he referred to his personal recollections of Lord Tennyson :]

I HAVE been entrusted by the President with the agreeable task of proposing a vote of thanks to the reader of the paper. You will all concur that he has given us an address upon Lord Tennyson's poetry which was learned, ingenious, and profound. There were, it is true, passages in it with which I am not in personal agreement. For instance, he depicted in certain portions of his paper an indifference to those conceptions of law and order which played so large a part in the treatment of political questions by Lord Tennyson; and traces of sympathy with the type of character, described by the Professor as that of the demagogue, which, were I not moving a vote of thanks, would greatly have tempted me to have entered the lists with him this afternoon. Perhaps this is due to my Saxon temperament as contrasted with the wild Celtic licence to which I understood the Professor to plead guilty. But his is not the only remarkable appreciation of the poet to which we have listened. Equally, if not more, ought we to pass a vote of thanks to our President—Professor Butcher—for the masterly review of Tennyson's work and teaching with which he opened our proceedings, a review conceived in a vein of true literary insight, charged with an intimate knowledge

of his subject-matter, and expressed in language of singular eloquence and felicity. I hope that this beautiful tribute may be reproduced in its entirety.

There are two points only in Tennyson's writings upon which I would like to lay stress in the few observations which it is open to me to make. I wholly agree with our President in what he said about the range and catholicity of Tennyson's genius. Tennyson knew Nature as almost no poet, except Wordsworth, has known it. Indeed, he knew the outer manifestations—what may be called the garb—of Nature, perhaps better than Wordsworth. He knew man and the heart of man. He knew books and was deeply versed in classical literature. There is an insufficiently known poem by James Russell Lowell, in which he delineates the poet in language that may be compared with Tennyson's own treatment of the same subject, and one verse of which has always struck me as a faithful description of Tennyson himself. The verse is this :—

To know the heart of all things was his duty,
All things did sing to him to make him wise,
And with a sorrowful and conquering beauty
The soul of all looked grandly from his eyes.

Thus it was that Tennyson became the poet of all classes—of the cultured and the ignorant, of the fastidious and the simple, of the Queen on her throne—to whom several of his best poems were addressed—and the peasant in his cottage. Above all, he was the poet of Englishmen, now taking and embellishing stories like "Godiva" or the "Morte D'Arthur" which are enshrined in the annals of our race, now selecting some famous episode like the "Charge of the Light Brigade," or "The Defence of Lucknow," or "The Last Fight of the 'Revenge,'" and investing it with a new glory of thought and diction.

The second point to which I would like to refer is the lyrical genius of Tennyson. The question which part of a great poet's work is likely to survive is one to which

every reader will have his own reply, and upon which, as it appertains to the region of conjecture, individual opinion is not an impertinence. Perhaps the majority would say the rich thought and the deep philosophy of Tennyson. I recall that the President alluded to "In Memoriam" as representing the finest flower of his literary production. May I put in a word for another branch of his work, which has not even been mentioned this afternoon? I allude to his lyrics, which will surely last as long as the English language is spoken and as beauty in diction appeals to the souls of men. Let us take more particularly the lyrics in "The Princess," which, even if the whole of the rest of the poem were to perish, would be worthy to live for ever. Consider the exquisite simplicity of "Sweet and low," the pathos of "Tears, idle tears," with that immortal picture of

The first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld—

the infinite tenderness of "Ask me no more"—only to be compared with "Oh that 'twere possible" in "Maud"—the pealing grandeur of "Blow, bugle, blow," and the flawless beauty of "Come down, O maid! from yonder mountain height." This poem recalls to me an occasion when I had the good fortune to be the guest of Lord Tennyson at his house in the country, and when he recited this song among many others. When he came to the last three lines—

Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees—

I remember that he said they were the three most beautiful lines that he had written, and he hoped that they would be regarded as amongst the most beautiful in the English language.

It was indeed a wonderful experience to hear Tennyson

read his own verses. He has himself described his own manner of reading in one of his poems in the words "Mouthing out his hollow oes and aes—deep-chested music." The greater part of the recitation was made in a low rolling monotone, which occasionally rose in the middle of a line and fell with almost uniform regularity at the end of the stanza or phrase. It was like some Norse king's funeral dirge. I remember, when he recited "Blow, bugle, blow," that the effect on the hearer was almost exactly that described in the opening lines of his own lyric:—

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story.

He was particularly proud of his metrical experiments, of which his reproductions of classical metre are by far the best ever written in the English language, and he recited the wild chant of "Boadicea," with its astonishing tumult of metre and sound, with flashing eye and gesticulating hand and ever-increasing excitement. But when I asked him to read "Ulysses," which I thought the finest of his classical poems—although it seems to me singularly unclassical in spirit—he declined to do so, on the ground that he did not share the popular appreciation of that piece.

I wish I had time further to develop this subject, but in a vote of thanks more would not be permissible. But I may perhaps sum up by saying that I do not in the least agree that any obscurity has overtaken, or deserves to overtake, the fame of Lord Tennyson. On the contrary, I think that he stands out now just as he did in life and at death, as a great artist, a great seer—for he seemed actually to foresee some of the most amazing triumphs of modern invention—a great patriot, and a great Englishman. He made an imperishable name in our literature, and will always remain one of the glories of our race.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

NATIONAL SERVICE

QUEEN'S HALL, LONDON, *June 29, 1910.*

[Lord Curzon has been for years one of the Vice-Presidents of the National Service League, and one of the warmest supporters of the movement initiated by the late Lord Roberts for Universal Compulsory Military Training. He accompanied Lord Roberts on more than one provincial platform, and has addressed many public meetings on the subject in all parts of the country. He has also spoken frequently in the same cause in the House of Lords. Four of these speeches, or extracts from them, have been selected for reproduction here. The first of these was delivered at the Annual Meeting of the National Service League in 1910, Lord Roberts being in the chair:],

QUITE apart from the necessity of military service in the interests of self-preservation and national defence, military training has a moral, spiritual, and an educative value of the highest order. Only yesterday I was reading in a newspaper which represents the views of the party to which I do not belong the argument that the advocates of compulsory military training in this country ought not to fight under an alias—in other words, that they ought to defend a military measure on purely military grounds. For my part I am quite prepared to defend it on those grounds, and to argue that compulsory training is essential to us as the sole means of defending our national existence. But supposing I believe, as I do, that it also will have a great effect in improving the stamina and strengthening the *morale* of our nation, supposing I think that it will inculcate the spirit of self-sacrifice sorely needed in our modern community, supposing I think that it will teach the conception of common citizenship, in-

volving a common duty upon all—am I to be told that I am sailing under false colours, that I am guilty of deception or subterfuge if I argue my case upon these grounds as well? Surely I should be shirking an obvious duty incumbent upon me as a citizen if I failed to draw attention to, and to the best of my ability to advertise, what seems to be a panacea of admitted social evils. I do say that in my view universal military training is required to arrest the physical deterioration of our people, to take hold of the narrow-chested, anæmic, listless denizen of our great towns and turn him into a citizen and a man. But pray do not think that I advocate it in the interests of what are called the poorer or lower classes alone. That would be quite mistaken. There are loafers in every class of society. There is the loafer of the club and the racecourse quite as much as there is the loafer of the streets and the slums. The great merit of this measure would be that it would take the loafers of every class, irrespective of conditions and needs, and give them the discipline they require. I say that this measure is needed as a great measure of self-discipline in an age the prevailing characteristic of which is the pursuit of material comfort and the shirking of inconvenient obligations.

There is another feature of our age, too. There are, as I think at any rate, too many classes of persons occupied in fomenting war between the different classes in this country. There are some even who are willing by violent or arbitrary means to create an artificial level between all sections of society, against which both nature and law rebel. These are tendencies of our times, and I submit that there cannot be a healthier antidote to these, as I think, malicious aims than a scheme, a system, such as this, which takes all classes equally, the duke on the one hand and the costermonger on the other, and places them side by side in the healthy comradeship of the parade-ground and the camp, teaching them to carry out together an equal and common duty to the country

to which both belong. If these arguments are sound, and I think that you will agree that they are, then surely universal military training does possess a moral, a social, an economic and civic value so great that, even if war should be wiped off the surface of the globe, and no nation were ever to sharpen its sword against another in the future, it would still be worth our while to preach our faith in the interests of the social and national regeneration of our own people.

But I am also one of those who agree with our noble Chairman in the scores of admirable speeches in which he has enforced the argument that this system which we advocate is equally necessary, equally indispensable, for the country in connection with the scheme of national defence. Yesterday I was reading the debate that had taken place in the House of Commons the night before. It was one of the usual debates about the Army Estimates. We had the customary plausible and invincible optimism of His Majesty's Secretary of State for War. We had the usual parade of the numbers of the Territorial Army—80 or 90 per cent. of the established strength of 315,000 men. We had the usual glorious forecasts of the future, and the rather pathetic entreaties to us not to pull up the tender plant and look at its root and see what it is doing; but, on the contrary, to water it and nurse it carefully in order to give it a chance of continued existence. If copious streams of parliamentary oratory can water, and if unbroken official optimism can nurse, the Territorial Army is assured of a successful and brilliant future. Pray do not imagine that I wish to say anything against the constituent elements of that force. The country owes a great debt of gratitude to the 280,000 men who have joined that section of our national forces, because under circumstances of great discouragement, at a sacrifice of personal leisure and convenience, they have taken up on their own account the burden which ought unquestionably to fall equally upon all. They are doing the work of the nation—the work which perhaps some

of us, if we were not so old and decrepit, ought to be doing ourselves. But while we pay our tribute to the Territorial Army as individuals, we are here rather concerned to look upon them as a military unit in the defence of the country. I wonder how many of that force have during the past year had the fifteen days of training which is the maximum which we were led to expect. I wonder how many of them have had even eight days' continuous service with the other constituent elements of the unit to which they belong. We know that the answer to these questions is thoroughly unsatisfactory. And do we really believe that that force, in spite of the admirable spirit by which it is inspired, is adequate in numbers or equipment, sufficiently provided with officers and guns, sufficiently trained, to be able to hold its own against the trained armies of foreign countries, if at any time they should be landed upon our shores? There can be but one answer to that question, and I doubt if even the most ardent member of the Territorial Army himself would claim the capacity of the force in its present condition to satisfy the test which I have named.

And yet, whether we like it or not, that is the test which we have to look to. There is no good blinking our eyes to the facts. Armies are not made for ordinary everyday occasions of peace alone. They are made to meet emergencies, and more particularly to meet the most dangerous emergencies that can befall a nation. We have to look to the day—God forbid that it should come, it may conceivably never come, but history shows that it has come, and come more frequently to those who are not ready for it than to those who are—when our Navy, which I gladly admit is our first line of defence, upon which we must always rely, may unfortunately be scattered, or eluded, or absent—it is conceivable even, though we hope not, that it may be defeated—when our Expeditionary Force may be away from the country, engaged in India, Egypt, South Africa, or other parts of the world, and when an enemy in these circumstances

may secure command of the sea long enough to be able to place upon our shores a force that we were told a few years ago could not be more than 10,000, but that has now risen to 70,000, and, I believe, in the opinion of the illustrious Field-Marshal in the chair, ought to be put at a much higher figure. We have to look to the circumstances in which this peculiar concatenation of events might occur, and when we should have nothing but the trained manhood of the nation, whatever it might be, to save us from utter annihilation. Would the Territorial Army save us from that? It is notorious that it would be inadequate for the task.

Do not let anybody misunderstand what we desire to do. We are not advocates of conscription. We do not want to drag the reluctant soldier from his cottage, as I have seen him dragged in foreign countries, tears streaming down his face and his relatives crying around him. We do not want to drag out the reluctant recruit and condemn him to fight battles in distant parts of the world. We do not want a great Standing Army. We do not want to put the ordinary citizen in the Regular Army at all, or to force him to fight battles which he is unwilling to fight. We have our military machinery, our paid Army, resting upon a basis which, for the purposes of Empire and external obligations, is undoubtedly the best. But we want to add to it, to enable it to perform its work abroad by relieving it of some of the duties at home. And for that purpose we advocate a system under which at some period in the life of every man, and, of course, as soon as possible after he attains manhood, he should be taken and given that amount of serious training in the use of arms which will enable him, should the contingency come which I described just now, to step out from his castle or his cottage, from the coal-pit or the fields, and take his place as a valuable unit instead of a useless unit in the National Guard, which would then be the only thing to which we would look for the protection of our hearths and homes.

I hope I have succeeded in correctly defining the objects which those of us who belong to this League have in view. We are told that it is an unpopular creed, and that its advocates dare not go down and preach it before great meetings of our countrymen. I do not share that view. It is not borne out by my own experience of public meetings, and, most of all, at the last General Election. I do not myself entertain so poor a view of the democracy of this country. It is quite true that we are a liberty-loving people, but the liberty that we love and for which we have fought and bled in hundreds of wars, not only on our account but on other people's, is liberty from the oppression of the tyrant, not liberty to shirk our own obligations. I would not hesitate at any public meeting to put this aspect of the question before any public audience, Democratic, Radical, or Socialist, in any part of the country. I am in favour of a forward policy for our League. My view is that on every occasion, and especially on occasions of political elections, General Elections or otherwise, we should lose no opportunity of stating our case to the people, inviting questions, answering the arguments that may be brought against us, and appealing to the people to communicate that impulse to the political parties of this country and to their leaders without which action is impossible. The leaders are always ready enough to follow when once the lead is given; and that lead the people themselves, I believe, as soon as they have grasped the real significance of this question, will give; without it—for you can do nothing without the democracy of this country—we shall not carry this great measure into law.

NATIONAL SERVICE

HANLEY, *October 21, 1910.*

[At a great meeting held in the Victoria Hall at Hanley, presided over by the Mayor, Lord Curzon expounded the principles of the National Service League:]

A SHORT time ago, at a conference in London of sympathizers with the cause of universal compulsory military training, I said that I would willingly attend a public meeting in any part of the United Kingdom, whatever its politics, to explain the principles of the National Service League. I said that I did not want a packed audience of sympathizers with the movement. I wanted an ordinary, typical audience of English working-men—and I will include their wives, too, as I see so many ladies here to-night. I believe that I have such an audience before me. I do not know what your politics are. I shall not pause to inquire. I believe, as a matter of fact, that every section of every party—Conservatives, Unionists, Liberals, Radicals, Socialists, and Labour men—is represented here to-night. So much the better. I don't suppose that you will all agree with what I have to say, but that, at any rate, gives me scope for argument and the chance of conviction. But I am sure that you will give me the fair hearing you always accord to strangers in this place.

I hardly think I need say much to emphasize the importance of the question which we are here to discuss. It is the life of the nation, neither more nor less. Our industry, our trade, our prosperity, our boasted civilization, our Empire itself, may all crumble and perish if

we are not safe, and if advantage of our insecurity be taken by a hostile power. Free Trade as against Fair Trade, a single chamber as against a double chamber, all the political cries of the hour—believe me, these dwindle into insignificance compared with the question of national safety. We in this country are so inured to peace, many of us are so lapped in selfish complacency, that we hardly pause to inquire what would happen if an enemy succeeded in making a successful incursion on our shores. Let me tell you what it would mean. It would not merely involve the complete dislocation of our life and industry, the ruin of our trade, the shortage—and very likely the stoppage—of our food supplies, chaos and ruin where we now have peace and plenty. ("Oh, oh!") Gentlemen, I did not say that you had peace and plenty here. But whether you have or have not, chaos and ruin would come upon you too, and would perhaps hit you all the harder because of the condition in which they found you. That would be the result. And then think of the ulterior consequences of defeat. Do not suppose that if an enemy successfully invaded our country and conquered us he would take us up, shake us, and merely drop us down. He would bleed us dry, he would hamstring us, he would cripple our resources for generations to come. (A voice: "Who would?") A successful enemy—the very man against whom we are trying to safeguard the country. Nay, more: if he possessed a navy—as, ex-hypothesi, having invaded this country, he would do—he would take our Colonies and break up the Empire. I am one of those who think that the destruction of the British Empire would be a great loss both to Europe and mankind. I am sufficiently an Englishman to hold that we have played, and are still capable of playing, a great and beneficent part in the world.

I have not time this evening to cover the entire field of Imperial defence. If I were to attempt to do so I should have to deal with the Navy as well as the Army, and to travel over the whole surface of the habitable

globe. Of course, the Navy is as important a feature of Imperial defence as the Army ; in some respects it is more so. They are two indissoluble factors of the same problem, and one cannot really be effective without the other. I know there are a number of people who say that our true policy ought to be to depend upon the Navy alone, and that we need hardly trouble about the Army. I hope you will not listen to that contention. It is very dangerous nonsense. It is not by the Navy, not by naval battles alone or primarily, that the British Empire has been built up. It was not by the fleet that we won or hold India ; it was not at sea that Wellington beat the great Napoleon. Although we required a fleet to carry out our troops to South Africa a few years ago, it was by our land forces that we succeeded in defeating the Boers. It is quite true that owing to the position and peculiar configuration of the British Empire we are more dependent than any other Power upon a strong Navy. We require such a Navy in order to defeat any combination of nations against us and to hold and maintain our connection with the outlying dominions and possessions of the Crown.

But we also require an Army, for the following reasons. In the first place, to garrison our outlying dominions, such as India and the other Colonies and possessions of the Crown ; to defend them from attack or invasion to which they would otherwise be exposed ; and, lastly—and this is the main point of my argument—to prevent an army from effecting an effective landing upon our shores. Now, the question I have to put to you is this : Have we got such an Army under the present system, or are we likely to get it? And if you ask why I put that question, I reply that the international situation that we are dealing with is not the same as it was a short time ago. It is changed, and enormously changed. When I was a boy I suppose that not one in fifty would have regarded the invasion of this country as even remotely possible. None had known invasion in their time, nor in the time of their

fathers before them. The waves of the Channel had successfully foiled the great Napoleon, and if he failed, who else was likely to succeed? The sea in those days was a real frontier, a genuine protection to this country. Our Navy was so overwhelmingly superior to that of any other Power, or any other combination of Powers that might have been brought against us, that the most formidable of nations was not likely to attempt the task. And further, in those days we had an Army which, in relation to the armies of European Powers, was distinctly a factor in continental calculations.

But now I ask you to observe the change that has come over affairs. In the first place, you find the great nations of the Continent possessing huge armies—armies which in their magnitude recall the hosts of ancient conquerors, but with this difference, that these modern hosts are magnificently trained and splendidly armed. You find, further, several of these foreign nations creating powerful navies for themselves. You find instruments of warfare above ground and below the seas, developed to an almost magical degree of proficiency. And to these must now be added the military inventions which are going to rain destruction upon us from the air above. All these are great changes in the situation. The British Channel has almost ceased to be a frontier to the British Empire. Heaven alone knows—I'm afraid I don't—where the frontier is to be in the sky. Meanwhile our naval supremacy is not what it was. The two-Power standard upon which we have been taught to rely seems in danger of becoming a one-Power standard, and the greatest authorities tell us that in a few years' time even this advantage may have passed away. Then as regards our Army. Our Army is, for its size and numbers, a very good one. But we can hardly believe that it will play any considerable part as compared with the great armies of the Continent. I was reading only a day or two ago the opinion of a competent German military critic, Colonel Gadke, who comes over every year to our manoeuvres

here, and who expressed the conviction that if the British Army was compared with the French, German, Austrian, or Japanese Armies, the verdict could only be that as at present constituted, and with its present training, it is not fit to stand by itself against a continental army, and is in general, quite apart from the smallness of its numbers, not qualified to play any considerable rôle in war. That, at any rate, appears to be the German view.

On the other hand, if you look across the seas you see a country which, not content with being the greatest military Power on the Continent, aspires to be the greatest naval Power also. I have no desire to say one word about the objects or the ambitions of Germany. They are entitled to their own armaments and their own policy. We equally are entitled to look after ourselves. But I say this, that we shall be blind indeed if we shut our eyes to the lessons of history—of quite recent history—and if we ignore the pressure of forces which scarcely admit of control. Heaven knows that we have no desire to quarrel with Germany, still less to come to blows with her. I believe there is a sincere regard among the people of this country for that wonderful people and general admiration for their brilliant Sovereign. But, at the same time, nations on the march to greatness are apt to find war an almost inevitable stepping-stone to higher things. And history teaches us that it is very often the small and unpremeditated spark that has lit the most devastating flame. Therefore I say no more than this, that it is our duty to be on the watch. I say that, in face of the changed conditions I have described to you—conditions wholly changed in respect both of our own position, which has receded, and the position of continental Powers, which has advanced—it is useless for us, it would be criminal folly for us, to fold our hands and sit still and do nothing. We have to reconstruct our ideas and to fashion our policy and our armaments in order to meet, not the requirements of the middle of the nineteenth

Force, ready to be launched from this country at any point where danger may threaten. That is what the Regular Army has to do. I should be the last person to say one word against the Army. I believe that in relation to its numbers and strength, which I have already told you are not great, it is a good and efficient Army, although I am sometimes told by competent authorities that the technical capacities of our officers are not quite equal to those of continental armies. My only regret about the Regular Army is that Mr. Haldane, in his desire to have a little money in hand for his new experiment, commenced operations by taking off 20,000 men. That, I think, was a very great mistake. It is very easy to disband a military force, but it is very difficult indeed to replace it.

Passing on, we find that the old Militia has disappeared. It has been absorbed in what is now called the Special Reserve. Then the Yeomanry and Volunteers have been reorganized into a second line, known as the Territorial Army, which also has a twofold duty imposed upon it. It is its duty to give freedom of action to the Regular Army and the Expeditionary Force in order that they may be able to perform the duties which I have described, and, secondly, it has to repel any raid that might be attempted by a successful opponent upon our shores. Now, it is upon this question of the Territorial Army, and its efficacy for the purposes which I have named, that we, in the main, rest our case for compulsory service. Of course, if we could obtain from a purely voluntary system the requisite number of men to do the work I have described, and if these men were sufficiently trained and equipped to be able to stand up against a foreign enemy, should he invade us, no one would be in favour of a change. The Englishman, we are told, has always hugged his liberty, although he seems to me to be parting with a good deal of it in modern times, and I am not sure that the day may not soon arrive when we will be as much a slave of Governments and departments and

bureaux and organizations as ever was the black-skinned slave of the white-skinned planter.

I am sure, however, you will agree in this, that if the voluntary system could make us safe we should be anxious to stick to it. But the question is, can it and does it? I think it would be a very shabby and churlish thing if any of us were to say one word of disparagement of the individual soldiers of our Territorial Army. They have shown a splendid spirit, which has not blenched at the hardest work or the most severe exposure. They are already better than they were when they were instituted two or three years ago, and I am told by those who know that they are better than the old Volunteers. I think it is a shame to attack them, because as young fellows they sometimes break down under the severe physical strain, or blame them because they cannot compete straight away with the soldiers of the Regular Army. Remember, after all, that these Territorial soldiers are the real patriots. They are doing the hard work of the nation. They are spending their holidays in attempting to learn how to defend, not merely their own hearths and homes but also the hearths and homes of all the idlers and skulkers. So I say, all honour to them for their unselfishness and patriotism. No, it is not the spirit that is wanting, but the conditions that are impossible. Even the keenest Territorial will admit it; and the warmest advocates of compulsory training are to be found in the ranks of the Territorial Army itself. I am told that at least 80 or 90 per cent. are in favour of the principles of this League.

Now, what are the conditions that render the Territorial Army unserviceable for the purposes for which we require them? They are these: These young men go out for a fortnight in the year; a large number can only get away for very much less. Most of them are boys between seventeen and twenty years. They are deficient in officers, in training, and in equipment. They have served out to them antiquated rifles and obsolete guns.

They have next to no transport supplies, or stores, or reserve of ammunition. I heard, a short time ago, of a North of England division whose average number of drills for the year only amounted to eighteen hours, with eleven consecutive days in camp. I ask you, how can you possibly expect to turn young men into trained soldiers in that way? You don't make a man into a soldier by putting a gun into his hand, a cap on his head, a uniform on his back, and a knapsack on his shoulders, and telling him to march about and drill for a fortnight. You may make him a better fellow than he was before, but not a trained soldier. Let me quote to you the saying of the famous George Washington: "No militia will ever acquire the habit to resist Regular forces. The foremost requisite for fighting can only be attained by a standing corps with discipline and service." Take your own professions. Would any one contend that a man who went into one of your potteries or factories for a fortnight would be turned into an efficient artisan? How, then, can it be so in the case of the soldier? Further, the number required are not at present forthcoming for this force, while the recruits come in slowly. Though 60,000 were expected this year, nothing like so many have come in. Finally, a cloud of financial difficulty overhangs most of the County Associations, which are in great financial distress, and some of them on the verge of bankruptcy. These are the conditions which are militating against the success of the Territorial Army. But even supposing that that were not the case; even supposing there was a great increase in number and popularity; I suggest to you that the whole case against them was conceded when it was stated that in the event of an outbreak of hostilities six months must elapse before this force could be mobilized and put into the field. Are we to believe that for six months the enemy is to hold his hand while these raw recruits of ours are being trained? Is our fleet to cruise up and down outside our shores because it dare not go away? Is our Expeditionary Force—which might

be wanted in India, Egypt, or any other part of the world—to be tied to this country because the force that is adequate to take its place has not yet been created? But supposing we don't get six months? Supposing the War Minister of a foreign Power is not so accommodating as we should desire? Supposing he takes us by surprise and cuts the time short by half? What then? I shudder to contemplate what might be the result. These are the main reasons why we advocate compulsory military training for home defence. We believe that in spite of the patriotism of employers and the spirit and courage of the men, the Territorial Army cannot fulfil the duties for which it was formed.

What is our policy? In the first place, we propose that the nation should accept the old principle—for it is part of the common law of this country—that the duty of every Englishman is to join in the defence of his native land, and secondly, that he should be properly trained in order to enable him to discharge that duty with effect. We propose that universal military training should be made the law of the land. Every young man, physically sound, without distinction of origin, or class, or occupation, should be liable, during a limited portion of his early life, to be called upon for service with the Territorial Army for the purposes of home defence. The essential thing is that each young, sound, and healthy man in this country should receive a bona fide training for a number of years in his youth, and that in times of emergency he should be there to be called out for the purposes of home defence. This is no strange thing we are asking you to accept. It is the most familiar and democratic expedient in the world. I said that it is the old militia law of our country, but I might take the example of other countries as well. Of course, I do not refer to those great European countries where there are conscript armies, because that is an entirely different thing. There the conscript is taken away from his home, not for a few months in a few years, but for an entire space of three years, or whatever

the period may be. He is put into barracks, and becomes a soldier in the strictest sense of the term. Therefore that illustration is not applicable. But take the case of Switzerland, the ancient cradle of liberty, or Norway— unquestionably the most democratic kingdom in Europe. In both those countries you have the same system of compulsory service that we desire to introduce here.

But I would like you to go with me a little farther afield. Take a ticket with me to the Colonies. Let me ask you to accompany me to Australia and New Zealand. (A voice : "Delighted !" and loud laughter.) I cannot undertake to pay your fare. (Renewed laughter.)- But I should be delighted with your company. Well, I say come out with me there, and you will find a good many of those blessings in existence which many of you desire in this country. You will find Labour Ministries and Socialist programmes and universal suffrage ; in fact, you will find democracy with the gloves off. Now, if we go there, what do we find? A few years ago the Australian Colonies depended upon Volunteer service. Then Federation came. With Federation came the conception of the State as a whole and the duty of providing for the State as a whole, and almost the first act of that remarkable statesman Mr. Deakin was to introduce a Bill for compulsory service in the Australian Commonwealth. And now that you have a Labour Ministry for the first time in power, what is its first act? It is to strengthen the Bill of Mr. Deakin, to make it even more stringent than it was before, and that Bill is to become the law of the land from January 1st of next year. Then, if my friend is still willing to go on with me, and if his cash has not given out—(laughter)— we will proceed to South Africa, and there you will find the Government of the new Union of those States engaged in introducing the same system of compulsory military training into that country.

Are we then to be told that what the democracies of these young States, sprung from our own loins, of the same race, religion, and character as ourselves, who have

carried democracy to a pitch much farther than anything we know of here—are we to be told that what they are willing to do for their little corner of the Empire we are too indolent, too selfish, or too indifferent to do for that which is the hearthstone and centre of the whole Empire and race? But you may say that it will encourage a spirit of military aggressiveness in our midst. If this only meant that there were to be sometimes a little more of the dare-all and do-all by which we built up our Empire, a little less cant, and a little less, perhaps, of the squeamish sentimentalism of which we see so much, perhaps it would not be an altogether bad thing for our country. I sometimes think we are becoming a little needlessly humble-minded in our old age. But if the reference is to a spirit of rash adventure and of Jingoism, then of course the answer is clear. When every man may have to fight it is not with a light heart that the country will go into war. Universal service will be the most effective check against the spirit of Jingoism you can have, for war in those circumstances will no longer be the work of paid agents, acting under the orders of the executive Government, while the rest of the country looks on. It will be the immediate and personal interest of every male member of the population of the land.

•Again, we shall be told that if service is made universal and compulsory it will drive away recruits from the Regular Army and Navy, and in this way we shall lose more than we gain. That is contrary to all experience. When we had the old Militia in this country it was a vast feeding-ground for the Army. You may have read of the corps that was started and run by the *Spectator* newspaper. At the end of its six months' training a large number of the men were so bitten with the soldier's life that they enlisted in the Regular Army. The same has been the experience of schools and institutions which give a quasi-military training to boys. The fact is that the military instinct is somewhere at the bottom of manhood

in most men. (A voice : " Shame ! ") I am sorry to hear anybody cry " Shame," because that is not the attitude by which a man can play his part in the world, or by which we could have attained to the unique position we now occupy. I believe that by compulsory training the military instinct—or, if you like to call it, the spirited instinct—in young men will be encouraged and developed rather than chilled. I feel sure that a large number of the members of the Territorial Army would join the Regular Army, and that compulsory training would be the best recruiting sergeant for the Army and Navy we could possibly obtain.

But you are told that this will involve great trouble and dislocation in trade and industry. I must confess that I am not much impressed with that argument. There might be some inconvenience both to masters and men, but they would have to adapt themselves to the new circumstances, and in our country, which prides itself on its genius for accommodation, I fail to see why we should not be able to do what the German has to do under conditions infinitely more arduous.

Ask the German employer of labour what he thinks of the system under which his workman is taken away, not for a few months in a few years as we have been suggesting for this country, but for a period of three years at a time. He will tell you that the man comes back a better workman and a better man, and that in his opinion German industrial prosperity is the result, to a great extent, of the military system. I expect the same will be the consequence here, and that what the employer of labour might lose in temporary inconvenience he would get back in the improved stamina, the strengthened character and superior *morale* of the workman when he returned to his work.

Finally, I ask you, would not compulsory service benefit all classes in this country? Would it not eradicate some of the worst evils of which we are always complaining in our public and domestic life? Would it not have some

effect in checking idleness, in purging the hopeless misery and squalor of our city slums, and in blowing fresh currents of air into the lungs of the nation? I am as capable as any one else of reading with sympathy the lamentations of Mr. Keir Hardie or Mr. Lloyd George about the misery and destitution that, unhappily, exist in our midst, about the dark depths of poverty which no ray illumines, and of the thousands of disconsolates and degenerates who go under in the struggle. We all of us have hearts, under whatever exterior they beat. We are all conscious of these distressing sores and ulcers in the body politic of the nation. I, at any rate, think that compulsory training would throw a genuine shaft of light upon the darkness of the submerged classes, that it would be in many cases a strong hand of help, lifting the down-trodden from the mire. I put to you this question: Is there one of you who would be the worse if in youth he had rendered some definite service to the country to which he belongs? Is there one of you who would not be better for the lessons of self-sacrifice, of discipline, of manly exercise which he would have learned on the drill-ground, on the rifle-range, and in the camp? I submit respectfully to you that there is no one, either in that balcony, in this great hall, or upon this platform who, had he gone through that discipline, would not have emerged a better citizen and a finer man.

NATIONAL SERVICE

HOUSE OF LORDS, *April 21, 1913.*

[In the debate on the Second Reading of the Army Annual Bill of 1913, when the question of the military policy of the Government was raised from the Opposition benches, Lord Curzon spoke as follows :]

MY LORDS, do you imagine that in both Houses of Parliament we have these constant debates upon military matters simply to please ourselves or to embarrass the Government, or to extract any party advantage? No such idea has been in the minds of any one of us. Our speeches, our questions, our challenge have been characterized by extreme sobriety and moderation. But they reflect an anxiety which rests in the main upon two considerations—firstly, upon the knowledge, open to every elector in this country who reads his newspapers, that a steady and an immense increase of naval and military forces is going on upon the Continent in the case of nations who may very likely be rivals to ourselves ; and, secondly, that alongside of that great increase there is a corresponding diminution and dwindling in the margin of safety on which we can rely.

The major premiss of our argument is this. The noble and learned Viscount [Lord Haldane] talked to us about the origin of the Expeditionary Force of 160,000 men. I will not enter into that, or into the question of numbers. The point of interest to us arises in the case in which that Expeditionary Force might have to leave the country. It seems beside the point to argue that the Expeditionary Force ought to be regarded as a part of the Regular Army which can only be sent

abroad in exceptional circumstances. It is beside the point, too, to say that the number is an arbitrary number. It is your own number. You cannot get away from it. It seems to me equally irrelevant to argue that each case of the dispatch of the Expeditionary Force must be decided as the circumstances necessitate. Of course, that is true ; it is a platitude. All these considerations seem to me to be an attempt to elude and obscure and evade the main point. The main point is that the Expeditionary Force may have to go.

Again, I am not going to be tempted to discuss the question on what grounds or for what object the Expeditionary Force might have to go. The summons might come in response to a call from our Continental Allies, or it might be for the defence of the Empire. One need not be an advocate of a policy of continental adventure to realize that a situation may well occur in which our obligations of good faith to our continental friends might call upon us to place this force on the Continent of Europe. Again, it might very well be that our own treaty obligations would require us to land that force in Europe for the protection of the Belgian frontier. Then there is the Imperial call. When the noble and learned Viscount talks about our insular position and the necessity of naval defence and so on, it seems to me that he and those who work with him forget the fact that, although the core of the Empire is an island, the Empire itself is very far from having an insular position. I believe that the land frontiers of the Empire amount to something like 20,000 miles, by far the longest land frontiers in the world. How obvious it is, then, that at any moment the Expeditionary Force might be called to India, Egypt, South Africa, or elsewhere, to defend the land frontiers under our charge.

The first limb of our argument, therefore, is that the Expeditionary Force may have to go at the commencement of hostilities. Suppose that it has gone. We have then to consider the possibility of an attack by an enemy.

I will not weary the House by discussing whether that attack should be called an invasion or a raid. I will not follow the Secretary of State for War [Colonel Seely] in the latest gloss he put a few days ago on this hypothesis, the suggestion, namely, that the raid is to take the form of a force coming without cavalry and artillery at wide intervals of space and time and divided up into dribblets scattered over the country which we should encounter and devour piecemeal. I do not think that any enemy will be so accommodating as to oblige us in that manner. I prefer to regard the possibility of invasion from the old and familiar standpoint placed before us by the Prime Minister when he said :—

“ The business of the War Office is to see that we have under all circumstances a properly organized and properly equipped force capable of dealing effectively with a possible invasion of 70,000.”

There is no talk whatever in that phrase of sporadic raids the totals of which added together might amount to 70,000. The Prime Minister is a master of lucid phraseology, and no man who heard him could doubt that what he was speaking of was a concentrated invading force of 70,000 men. You may say that the Fleet would render this unlikely, but at any rate it is possible, and apparently Lord Roberts thinks that the numbers who might come would not be 70,000, but twice, or even three times, that number.

Now we come to the third limb of the argument. Given the absence of the Expeditionary Force and the appearance of 70,000 men on our shores, what have we to meet them with? That is the whole gist of the case. If I am wrong, I hope any soldier will put me right. My impression is that we should then find in this country a few thousand Regulars, portions of the Army Reserve and the Special Reserve, and the Territorial Force. But remember that you would have to deduct the men who are absent, the boys under nineteen years of age, the

recruits just joined, the non-combatants, and those—and we know their numbers—who have not passed the musketry test. On the highest calculation the number that would then be left is 175,000 and on the lowest 140,000. With this force you would have to make good the wastage of the Expeditionary Force, which will begin on the very day that it lands in a foreign country, to man your garrisons at home, to defend the country, and to repel the invading army. This means that in the last resort the defence of the country would devolve on the relatively efficient portion of the Territorial Army. The question we put is, Can they do it with their present position, numbers, and training? I am not a soldier, but according to the calculation of many responsible military men we shall require for the purpose I have described in this country not less than 500,000 men to garrison the forts, hold Ireland, act as a mobile force moving to different parts of the country, and, lastly, to meet an invader. Can the 150,000 to which our force is reduced do the work of 500,000? We often hear of the difficulty of putting a quart measure into a pint pot, but here you are expecting a pint measure to fill the place and do the work of a gallon.

What is the reply of the Government to this question? On a previous occasion Lord Haldane told us that it really did not very much matter if the Territorial Army had fallen to 250,000 men, because if there was a great exodus this year there would be fewer to go next year—a calculation no doubt true but not profoundly consoling. He even contemplated that the force might fall to 230,000, and said that if it did he would not be alarmed so long as the general public continues its interest in the force and so long as the old exertions are maintained.

This evening again he spoke with that air of invincible optimism which always characterizes his allusions to his unhappy offspring, when he said that although the shortage was there it did not cause him much alarm.

Then he said he would answer the question, "Are you, the Government, satisfied with your plans, and with the present position?" When he said he would answer that question I braced myself for the ordeal of at last learning what is in the mind of His Majesty's Government. What did his answer amount to? He went on to say: "I must not prejudge the case; nor am I in a position to throw any light upon it. The matter at issue is under the investigation of the Sub-Committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence"; and then he proceeded to point out how eminent these gentlemen are and how monstrous a thing it is that their names or identity or opinions should be dragged into discussion in 'your lordships' House. From that he sheered off into his familiar statement of the case about our insular and naval position, and so on. After listening for three-quarters of an hour to a brilliant flow from the greatest master of copious irrelevance who has ever spoken in this House, there is not one of your lordships who is any wiser as to what are the real plans and intentions of the Government for meeting the present situation.

In the whole of this long discussion there has been but one concrete suggestion from the Government side—namely, that something might be done by instituting compulsory physical training in our primary or continuation schools. When Lord Herschell made that suggestion we on this side of the House thought that at last we had got something tangible, and that in all probability this meant an idea which at any rate was assuming shape, even if it had not matured, in the minds of the Government. Lord Lansdowne at once took it up, and asked Lord Herschell what he meant, and we got the disquieting reply that no plan was under consideration. My noble friend again raised the matter last Thursday and again promised his personal support and the support of those with whom he acts, and said, "What are the Government going to do?" The Lord Chancellor has once more expressed platonic sympathy with this excellent

form of training, but he attaches the extraordinary proviso that it should be conducted by educational officers, apparently appointed by the Education Department of the Government. Is not that a sham distinction? If you are going to put your boys in schools and give them compulsory physical training, surely you ought to get the most efficient instructors. I am sure the parents and the boys would prefer to have the training by military instructors rather than by their ordinary schoolmasters. If the Government are going to introduce compulsory training in schools, I ask them not to be alarmed by the outcry they evidently expect from their Radical followers that they are introducing a tinge of militarism or Jingoism in schools.

What do the facts about the Territorial Army show? There is this shortage in numbers which nobody can explain away. In spite of all the advantages it has enjoyed, the scheme is collapsing because it cannot give us the men, and it cannot give them the training. It cannot give the men, not from any reluctance on their part but because the employers of labour cannot spare them; and it cannot give the training because the conditions of the Territorial service do not admit of it. That is the position to which we have come. The noble and learned Viscount on the Woolsack says, "What would you do?" That is the challenge he addressed to us in his speech. My answer, I think, is quite clear. No one wants to disturb the framework of the organization set up by him. On the contrary, we want to save it, to fill it in, and turn it to good advantage. The men are in this country. The question is, how are we to get them? Your methods of getting the men hitherto have failed. Have we got methods to recommend in their place? I have no doubt that you will have to resort in the long run to some form of compulsion. I am not wedded to the plan of the National Service League. I dare say it may be open to improvement in many ways, and that it is open to some of the criticisms which have

been directed against it. But, at any rate, the National Service League has a plan. If you think the plan a bad one, why not be willing to discuss the matter with us? Why regard the matter as taboo to the Liberal party—as an unclean thing which in no circumstances you will touch?

I want to make an appeal to the noble Viscount. In the close of his speech he used these words, "Let us take counsel together." That is what I am desirous we should do. If ever there was a question which deserved to be lifted out of the mire of party politics, it is the question of the existence and the safety of the nation. I should like to see a conference on this matter to which the findings of the Committee of Imperial Defence might be referred and in which the responsible leaders of both parties should take part. I do not say that the omens are very good in favour of round-table conferences, but a failure in one case need not necessarily mean a failure in another. I believe the time will shortly come when optimistic speeches will not satisfy the country. When those who are frightened of compulsory service begin to think that there is nothing else in the field they will have to turn to it, and at such a time you will have to meet your opponents and discuss the matter without favour and without prejudice.

Do you think that such a discussion would be unpopular? I believe that it would be received with enthusiasm in all quarters. The country is waking up to the realities of the position. The country is a devourer of newspapers. The people see that the Continent of Europe is becoming a great armed camp. They go to church on Sunday and hear war denounced from the pulpit. On Monday they take up their papers, and they see it being waged in Europe with a greater fury than it used to be in old days. They see the nation with which it is considered in some quarters we are most likely to be confronted, in possession of a military superiority which is unshakable, contesting with us the

command of the sea, and anticipating us in the command of the air. The people look to the two parties at home, and what do they see? They see the party opposite destitute of any plan, hoping that things will go well, trying to meet the shortage in the Territorial Army by promising ranges and drill-halls and a few petty things of that description, and seeking to force on our party the unpopular label of conscription. On the other hand, they see our party, not having made up its mind on the matter, holding different views but steadily moving in the direction of a belief that some form of compulsion is required. That is the situation, and it is very well worthy of examination.

Is some form of compulsion necessary? If so, what? And where ought it to begin and how far ought it to go? The noble and learned Viscount apparently is contemplating it in the schools. How far ought it to go beyond the schools? What strain will it place on the labour and the industry of this country? Will it, as it is sometimes alleged, take away recruits from the Regular Army? That would be a serious thing. Will it, as we are also sometimes told, keep away men from the Navy? That would be an even more serious thing. Or, on the other hand—and I am one of those who hold this view myself—would it free the Regular Army for the work it has to accomplish? Would it release the Navy from the police duty that detains it in the home waters around our shores? These are questions that ought to be thrashed out on the responsibility of the Government in council with those who hold opposite views to themselves. The country is bewildered. It looks to the two parties and it finds them torn in one direction and another. Here, my lords, is a question of national existence. It is impossible to imagine a question which ought less to be solved by transient expedients. Why should we not recognize that this is a matter upon which our very lives depend, and why should we not join hands in a serious attempt to solve it?

NATIONAL SERVICE

BIRMINGHAM, *November 26, 1913.*

[On the above date Lord Curzon addressed a great meeting in favour of universal military training at the Town Hall, and after expounding the principles of the National Service League, and replying to a recent speech of Lord Haldane, spoke as follows about the possibility of a European war, a contingency at that time scouted as ridiculous by many English politicians, and about the risk of invasion :]

I WANT you to face the facts. Let us suppose that we found ourselves at war to-morrow. I do not say that it is likely or even probable. But it is possible. War nowadays comes like a thief in the night ; it gives no warning. It is no answer to me to say that war is a horrible and insensate thing, condemned by the conscience of mankind. Yes, it is so condemned, when mankind is at peace and when people have time to sit down and reflect. But it is not in an atmosphere of reflection, but of excitement and provocation, that war breaks out ; and as long as man is man (and I cannot see that he shows much inclination to become anything else), when national passions are aroused, when the honour or existence of a people is at stake, war has been for thousands of years and will continue for many a long day to be the sole *ultima ratio*. No preachings from the pulpit, no platitudes from the platform will alter this elementary fact by one iota or degree. What the Sermon on the Mount could not accomplish the Labour Parties of Europe will not effect ; and it is as silly to say that war will not take place, and that an army is

therefore not required, as it would be to say that no crime will be committed in Birmingham in the month of December, and that you can therefore afford to dispense with the protection of the police. Just as police are required to keep peace between individuals, so soldiers are needed to maintain the peace between nations or to punish its violation.

Neither is it any good to say that if war threatened we should settle the matter by arbitration. For arbitration the consent of two parties is required. We might be willing enough to accept it. Would our adversary? When we have offered arbitration in any specific case, of even reduction of armaments, to other nations, how often have we met with a favourable response? President Taft, of the United States, issued a famous Message in 1911 about universal arbitration, and it was hailed with hallelujahs by the civilized world. We have concluded a treaty of arbitration of a sort with the United States. But when we had a dispute with them about the tolls of the Panama Canal and suggested referring it to arbitration, did they accept? No, they rejected the idea with scorn. When Turkey fell out with the Balkan States, did they proceed to arbitration? No, they pushed their troops across the frontier. When Bulgaria quarrelled with her former allies, did they go to the International Court at The Hague? No, they went at each other's throats. You may conclude arbitration treaties with every nation under the sun, set up international courts in every continent, and build palaces of peace in every capital. But depend upon it in cases affecting national interests, national honour, or national existence arbitration will not and cannot be adopted. Nations will still fight for their lives as men fight for theirs ; and if we cherish the idea that there will be no more war we are hugging to our bosoms a dangerous and criminal illusion.

There is another popular plea. We are told that the Englishman is such a splendid fighting man that when

once he is aroused his natural valour, his inherited courage, and his ardent patriotism will carry him through, and that nothing more is required. These are admirable qualities. But they do not make up for deficiency of numbers and still less for deficiency in training. Lord Haldane said last night, "We are a most wonderful nation; when we are brought to the pinch we do extraordinary things." I wonder if we deserve all this praise. I remember that in the Boer War we required an army of 220,000 men to defeat 60,000 armed farmers. The war lasted for three years and added £100,000,000 to our debt, and we suffered disaster after disaster before we ever began to do, if we ever did, extraordinary things. Whatever we are, for Heaven's sake let us not console ourselves with our superiority. National vanity is a poor substitute for arms, or training, or men.

No, we cannot rely upon any of these false arguments to protect us. If war broke out, and our Expeditionary Force were sent abroad—and you may be sure, whatever you hear said, that it would have to go at once—what should we have left to protect our own shores? There would only be a handful of Regulars in the depots, so many of the Special Reserve (which is already 30,000 below strength) as were not required for the Expeditionary Force, and the Territorial Army—nearly 2,000 officers and 50,000 men below its strength. There would actually be only 160,000 men to supply our garrisons, to man the local defences, to provide a mobile force, to garrison Ireland, and to repel an invader—tasks for which it has been calculated that at least 500,000 men would be wanted. What does this mean? Could we with such a force prevent an enemy from landing if he came in sufficient strength? and would it avail to stop him before he reached London?

What is the conclusion to be drawn from this state of affairs? I put it before you in a series of propositions to which I ask your assent. They are these: (1) That every able-bodied citizen owes a number of duties to

his country ; (2) that the first, and may be also the last, of these duties is to give his personal service when called upon to defend his country's existence ; (3) that he cannot render that service unless he receives adequate discipline and training ; (4) that a sufficient number of men cannot obtain that discipline and training under the voluntary system, because it has been tried and found wanting ; (5) that the only method by which it can be done is the compulsory system, under which all men, except those who are wanted for the Regular Army, or Navy, or other necessary works, or who cannot be spared from their homes, shall be taken for a short period in each year and trained and drilled. We are told that this can be done after the war has begun, that all depends upon whether we have or have not allies to compel the enemy to postpone his invasion in order to suit our convenience. If we have none or if they fail, where shall we be?

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

LONDON, *May* 18, 1909.

[Ever since he entered the House of Commons in 1886, Lord Curzon has been one of the most resolute opponents of the grant of the parliamentary vote to women, and has argued the question in many public and parliamentary speeches. Four of these are given here. In 1910 he joined Lord Cromer in reconstituting the National League for Opposing Woman Suffrage, and in 1912, upon the retirement of Lord Cromer, became its President. The first of these speeches was made at a dinner given by the Council of the League to Lord James of Hereford and Lord Curzon at the Hotel Cecil, in *May* 1909, when the toast of the evening was proposed by Lord Cromer, and Lord Curzon replied as follows :]

I AM grateful for the opportunity afforded to me by your hospitality of stating the strong convictions that I hold upon the matter which has brought us together. To my mind it is almost, if not quite, the most important subject in contemporary politics. We are sometimes told that there is no particular virtue in political consistency, although I observe that this plea comes, as a rule, from those who have not a very clean bill of health themselves. Upon that point Lord Cromer was, I think, justified in his remarks. He said that if Lord James and I were in the House of Commons at the present moment we should fearlessly state the views we are expressing to-night. Lord James has told you that he did so years before many of us entered public life at all. As regards myself, I may also say that mine, too, is an unblemished record. When I was in the House of Commons I sat for a constituency in which the female influence was very strong, and in which I received invaluable support from the feminine element. But I never found that the

enthusiastic support of the women was in the least degree jeopardized by my frank and outspoken opposition to the cause of woman's suffrage. On the contrary, my experience was that the bulk of the women, even those who took the most active part in elections, did not desire the vote for themselves. They were interested in politics because of their interest in their husbands, their brothers, the male members of their families, and also because of their personal interest in public affairs. But they also realized that political influence can be exercised without a political vote, and they knew that this measure, if conceded, must carry in its train consequences that would be of doubtful advantage to women and of positive injury to men.

I believe that this is the general attitude of women at the present time. At the head of the female suffragists' movement are a number of talented and intellectual women, of whom I should be the last to speak in terms of disrespect. At the other end of the scale are a number of howling dervishes, whom I would prefer not to characterize by any other term. And midway between these two are a large number of young and impulsive women who appear to have been attracted to this cause from the mistaken idea that it is part of the movement, with which we all sympathize, for the intellectual emancipation of women, or who have been captivated by political catchwords about taxation and representation, and the like. But I do not believe that the bulk of thoughtful and intelligent women, the women who have a sense of citizenship and all that it means, are in favour of this proposal. I believe that the majority of married women are strongly against it, and if we had the means of going far enough and analysing and ascertaining what are the sentiments of the wives of the working classes and of the poor, I believe equally that their attitude would be one of complete indifference, if not of positive hostility.

In spite of this, we ought not in any way to under-rate, and it is difficult to exaggerate, the seriousness of

this question. Is it not, in fact, the greatest, the most prodigious revolution that has even been suggested in the government of any civilized country? The most ardent revolutionary who has ever been engaged in upsetting States, the most daring advocate of the exploded doctrine of natural rights, the most doctrinaire fabricator of Constitutions, has never proposed, or if he has, has never carried into effect, a scheme by which women should be given an equal share in the political sovereignty of any country in the world. Even America, the most advanced pioneer of extreme democratic doctrine, the shrine of modern liberty, has never taken this plunge, and, as far as I can see, is not at all 'likely to do so. To give women a share in political sovereignty is not, as some believe, to carry out a commonplace or ordinary political reform. It is not to take one step forward in the progressive march of human and individual liberty ; it is not even an experiment, because, once made, it can never be cancelled or withdrawn. It is the most far-reaching, the most tremendous revolution that can be imagined in the history of any State or any people.

Therefore I contend that this is a question upon which not only every one of us here, who are already convinced, but every citizen of this country, male or female, is bound to make up his or her mind. It is not a question in which we can behave like candidates on political hustings, who, when a question is asked and an answer required, yes or no, return, amid universal laughter, an ambiguous reply. It is not a question that we can solve by some amiable compromise, or dismiss by a feeble joke. It is not a question whether we can give the vote by some restricted franchise to one class and refuse it to others. Still less is it a question which we ought to regard from the point of view in which it may affect the particular political party to which we belong. I believe myself that the bulk of women have naturally conservative tastes and inclinations, and I am disposed to think that if they were granted the vote they would give it

in the interests of the party with which I am connected. But I recognize that the same view is entertained by members of the opposite political party. In either case, I most earnestly hope that this question of the suffrage for women may not be made a part of that rather ignoble competition for votes which is one of the least attractive features of our modern public life. If I were a party leader, and if nine-tenths of the women who were going to be enfranchised were to come to me and to promise me their votes at the next election, I would perhaps have some suspicion as to the redemption of the pledge. But, however that might be, I would say, "Get thee behind me"—I perhaps had better not finish the sentence—and I would say this, not in any spirit of Pharisaic virtue, or of haughty stoicism, but because I firmly believe that if that vote were given it must be attended by damage to the sex to which they belong, by injury to the sex to which we belong, and by detriment to the State at large.

And this brings me to ask the question, "In what interest in the last resort ought this question to be decided?" Let us suppose for a moment that the grant of the vote to women would give them the advantages which some of them anticipate, that it would produce a rise in the status of women or an increase in their earnings. Let us suppose that it would mean a permanent advantage to one party or another—to whichever we belong. Surely these are not the issues. That is not the class of reasoning to which we ought to yield. There is only one criterion that we ought to apply, and that is the criterion of what is best for the stability, the welfare, and the credit of the country and of the Empire as a whole.

There are many points of view from which this aspect of the case may be regarded, but I will take only one. Let us imagine that the present Government should decide next year to include the franchise for women in its programme. Let us suppose that, by some strange freak,

that measure passed, not only the House of Commons but the House of Lords, and that a large number of women—a million or a million and a half—were added to the register. I ask you this question: Would this country stand higher or would it stand lower in the estimation of foreign Powers? Would that particular foreign Power which is supposed to send mysterious vessels at night to the mouth of the Humber, and which is said to menace our roof-trees by strange nocturnal volitations of aerial fleets, feel it was any nearer to or any farther from the attainment of its alleged designs? Would the hands of our Foreign Minister be strengthened or weakened in the arduous duties which daily lie before him in his contact with representatives of foreign Powers? In a word, would the Empire be more safe? I might go farther and ask, Would the Empire be safe at all? Our critics will say these are *a priori* arguments, and that they rest upon hypothesis alone. But the House of Commons is not a hypothesis. It is a solid although a transitory fact. Only two months ago a measure was introduced in that House by the son of one of the most distinguished leaders of the Suffragist cause—Mr. Howard. It proposed by a stroke of the pen to add fifteen million persons to the voting register of this country. It did not stop at manhood suffrage; it went on to adult suffrage, and it proposed that all the ladies'-maids, and the shopkeepers' girls, and the charwomen, should be among the future rulers of the British Empire. And this Bill, which was brought forward in the House of Commons, although it did not receive the support of the Government, was actually carried on its Second Reading by a majority of thirty-five. Are we to attribute that to an almost incredible levity, or to a portentous and colossal joke? I asked a Member of the House of Commons to explain it to me, and he said: "Perhaps you do not remember that this Bill was discussed and carried upon a Friday afternoon, and that Friday is a weekly 1st of April to the House of Commons, in which

they disport themselves, with much lightness of heart, before they adjourn for the week-end holiday upon Saturday." That may be very true ; but it is not a consideration that will induce us to sleep in our beds with any greater confidence in the future. Who knows but that a year from now, when we are to have a great Reform Bill, female suffrage may form a part of it, or be added to it? In these circumstances there is not one of us who can regard the future with complacency or without alarm, and it is the duty of every one of us to bestir himself in the question which we have at heart.

There are, I believe, fifteen strong, valid, and incontrovertible arguments which can be advanced against female suffrage.¹ But, if I were to devote only two minutes to the discussion of each, at the end of half an hour I should but have approached the fringe of the subject, while I should have exhausted your patience. I am glad to think that some of them—notably that which rests upon physical force—have already been handled most powerfully in the speech of Lord James of Hereford, and in my inability to deal adequately with the remainder, there are only two, or at the most three, to which I will ask your attention this evening. The first of these is the old and time-honoured, but irrefutable, argument of the home. Surely we shall all agree that the nation which is the best, the most virtuous, and the most stable, is the nation that derives its inspiration and recruits its energies from the home. I doubt if there has been any nation that has accomplished great deeds, from ancient Sparta down to modern Japan, that has not found a solid and enduring basis in the home, of which woman was the pivot and the centre. I am equally certain that if the ideal of the home be impaired or destroyed ; if woman be taken away from the home by other distractions or occupations ; if she be led thereby to neglect the duties of maternity ; if she makes the

These reasons, drawn up by Lord Curzon, were subsequently published by the Anti Woman Suffrage League.

sacrifice of the family in the mistaken idea that she is serving the State, that nation is at the commencement of a downward course which will not be arrested until worse things have happened. I do not take up this evening the point as to the element of strife and discord which might be introduced by this question to the domestic hearth, because, to my mind, the answer will depend upon the ability of the husband much more than upon the instincts of the wife. But I take the larger and wider ground that, in the division of functions between the sexes, a task has been imposed upon woman which it is impossible that man should share with her or relieve her of, and which it is her highest duty to the State and to her family to discharge. A Frenchman rather wittily and characteristically put the case when he said, "One female politician the more, one mother the less." The woman who truly realizes the conception of womanhood in connection with the home, and who is prepared to play that part, is a greater benefactor to the race than the maker of many speeches or the author of many statutes. It is better to be the mother of the Gracchi than to have a share in the creation of a twentieth-century Member of Parliament.

The second point I take is this : Do not let us delude ourselves for a moment by the mistaken belief that we can stop at any limited enfranchisement of women. We are all acquainted with the views of the worthy people who point to the fact that you may have on the one hand a woman owning property in houses or land—a sensible and perhaps a wealthy woman—and on the other hand the not always sensible, and often impecunious, agricultural labourer, and they call attention to the anomaly by which the latter has the vote while the other has not. But does anybody imagine that, if you have the franchise for women, you can expect to create a property franchise for them? The idea is out of the question. I say it would be impossible even to stop at the point of creating the same terms of qualification

for women as now exist for men. Think what would be the result. Who would be the people you would enfranchise? In the first place the property-owning women—a small minority of the country. Then there would be the widows, fortunately a small minority also. Then there would be the large class of spinsters, of whom I will say nothing worse than that they represent an imperfect or chrysalis stage of womanhood. But what about the married women? The married women would be left out. Now I venture to assert that the most intelligent, thoughtful, and responsible members of the female community are those who have assumed the dignity and satisfied the aspirations of matrimony, and I say that any proposal to give the franchise to women which started by excluding the great majority of married women would be a *reductio ad absurdum*, and would condemn the proposal to ridicule from the start. It is certain that you could not stop even at the qualifications for the franchise that already exist in the case of men; you would find yourselves at the top of a slippery incline down which you would descend with constantly accelerated speed until you were committed to adult suffrage at the bottom. I hope I shall not shock any Radical gentleman at this table if I say that manhood suffrage is bad enough. I have never been to a country or a Colony, and I have been to a good many, where manhood suffrage prevails, in which I did not find that the most thoughtful and representative opinion deplored the loss of tone and *morale* that had thereby been introduced into the public life of the nation. But if that be true of manhood suffrage, how much more true would it be of adult suffrage! On the day on which twenty millions of voters—because that is the calculation—male and female, were placed upon the register in this country by a system of adult suffrage—a vote in which there would be a preponderance of women, not, as has been said, of 800,000 but of approximately a million, and I believe of more—on that day you might put up the shutters of the British Empire, and it would be for

some future historian to write the word "Ichabod" over the gates of Whitehall.

The third point to which I ask attention is this : How is this measure, even if it be adopted, to be carried into effect? The Prime Minister has said that the movement, if it is to be successful, must have behind it the overwhelming support of the women of this country no less than of the men. But how is this condition to be fulfilled? How are we to ascertain what is the overwhelming sense of the women of this country? Are we to have a plebiscite of women, and, if so, who is to draw up the register? Are we to have a list of female voters, including all the ladies I mentioned just now, to say whether women, and if so, which of their number, shall have the vote? The Constitution of this country does not at present admit of a referendum, although I am one of those who think that it is a device which will be heard of before very long. But in its absence, how are we to ascertain what is the view of the men on this matter? We have no machinery except a General Election. Now we know what a General Election is. It is a pandemonium of confused issues and discordant cries. A General Election is not a platform of a single plank ; it is a platform composed of a hundred planks, and only when the Election is over do the people who have taken their stand on a particular plank contend that the platform consisted of that plank alone, and that the whole of the country in its thousands took its stand by their side upon it. We know what will happen next time. We shall have put to the country the question of Free Trade or Tariff Reform, of the House of Lords, of Temperance, of Education, of the virtues or iniquities, as the case may be, of the present Government, of the merits or demerits of the Opposition. Upon all those questions the country will vote. Who can contend for a moment that, whatever has happened in the House of Commons in the interval, they will be voting upon the question of female suffrage? When we contemplate the difficulty that is thus created,

I am not surprised that at a recent gathering of the Women's Liberal League in London, at which this question was discussed, at what the Liberal papers described as a breezy meeting, one of the ladies, alluding to the assurances of the Prime Minister, said that they were between the devil and the deep sea. It is not, of course, for us to intervene in these domestic differences, but I am sorry to have to say from a study of the context that the Prime Minister appears to have been described by the first and not by the second of these alternatives.

Our position, at any rate, as members of this Society is clear. We believe that the franchise for women, even a limited franchise, and still more an unlimited franchise, is not desired by the majority of women in this country. We believe that it is not desired, and that it would, in fact, be repudiated, by the majority of men. We know of no existing machinery by which the opinions of either women or men on the subject can be ascertained, and until such machinery is created we protest against this measure being forced into law. We decline to accept the view that there can be or ought to be thrust upon any section of the community, which does not desire it, the right, privilege, duty—whichever you like to call it—to participate in the government of this Empire. And, most of all, we hold that this great innovation would be disadvantageous to women, a positive injury to men, and a danger, by loss of strength, stability, and credit, to the State.

I will conclude with a personal reminiscence. Sir William Harcourt, talking with me in the House of Commons years ago, said: "On the day on which women first give a vote for a Member of this House I go out of it." I am sorry that Sir William Harcourt is not alive, I will not say to see the fulfilment of his forebodings, but to take the active and dominant part he would have assumed in the discussion of this case. Let us hope—there may perhaps be some reason to believe—that his mantle has descended upon the shoulders of his

distinguished son. I remember another occasion on which the late Lord Goschen, then a Member of the House of Commons and accustomed, as his colleagues well remember, to entertain those who sat with him on the Front Bench by caustic remarks and sallies upon almost every topic of political life, told me that he had succeeded in condensing his sentiments upon the question of female suffrage into a single pentameter line. He combined an interest in everyday affairs with a devotion to the classics that was worthy of the Chancellor of Oxford University ; and the line in which he summed up his sentiments is one which I commend to you as a good motto for the cause that we are about to fight. It runs thus :—

Still let the burden of rule rest on the shoulders of men.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

ALBERT HALL, LONDON, *February 28, 1912.*

[A great demonstration was held in the Albert Hall, in which the leaders of both political parties joined. Lord Cromer occupied the chair, and the speakers included the Lord Chancellor (Lord Loreburn), Lord Curzon, Mr. Lewis Harcourt (Colonial Secretary), Miss Violet Markham, and Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P. Lord Curzon, in seconding the Resolution, said:]

I FOLLOW the Lord Chancellor with pleasure, and I second the Resolution which he has moved. I have often had the honour of following the noble and learned lord in more Houses of Parliament than one—always with admiration, seldom, I am afraid, with agreement; and yet to-night we are absolutely one, and there is not one word which I would not endorse in his powerful and closely reasoned speech.

What is it that has brought us together—not merely this great audience in this hall, but all those gentlemen and ladies seated on this platform, many of whom have never met on a single platform before? It is because we feel that we are face to face with a great national issue, an issue compared with which our party differences melt into insignificance, an issue which must profoundly affect the whole structure of our society in the future, which might dangerously affect our existence as a great and sovereign State. Personally, I am not the least concerned as to the way in which women, if they were enfranchised, would vote. I am told that most ladies, being of Conservative inclinations, would be likely to vote for the party to which I happen to belong. If

they did so, that might be a meagre and tardy consolation after the mistake had been committed. But that would not alter my view. I say truthfully that even if I were assured that the great majority of women enfranchised were going to vote for my party at the next election—to which many of us attach great importance—I would not purchase that party advantage at the cost of what I should regard as danger to the nation.

Why do we say that the nation would be injured by the grant of votes to women? Our answer is clear. It is because there is no class in the nation that would not suffer. Women would suffer in the first place, because they would be taken away from that which is their proper sphere. They would have thrust upon them operations and activities for which they have neither the aptitude, the training, nor the inclination, activities which must exercise—I think they have already exercised—a deteriorating influence on their character, and which would draw them away from the highest and most responsible functions of womanhood. Men would suffer because, equally with women, they value the integrity and harmony of the home, and because they would be forced into political association with those who would have the vote but would have none of the responsibility that ought to and must ensue upon the vote. And the State would suffer, not merely because it is the aggregate of the men and women who compose it, but because there would be introduced an element of instability and uncertainty into our politics which would have a demoralizing effect—I even think a corrupting effect—upon politics in this country, and might seriously weaken our work as an Empire abroad. Therefore our claim is to both sexes and to all classes of the community.

I protest against the charge that this is a man's movement. You have only to look at the spectacle of this great hall, you have only to regard the composition of our Executive Committee, to see that without the women we should be nowhere. We could not conduct this move-

ment with any enthusiasm, we should not conduct it with the slightest chance of success, unless we felt that the majority of women were upon our side. I protest against the charge that it is an anti-woman movement. We desire to place upon woman no badge of servitude which she does not willingly bear, and has not hitherto regarded rather as her glory than her shame. We oppose no bar to the industrial advancement or to the intellectual emancipation of woman ; but we are unable to believe that by means of the vote, if it were given to-morrow, she would acquire anything that she does not already possess or cannot easily attain. And most of all I resent the charge that this is an upper-class or a titled movement. I dare say in reality the upper classes would be those who would be least affected by the vote if it were given, and probably they would exercise it with the best effect in consequence of the education they have received. But we are not fighting the battle of the educated women alone ; we are fighting the battle of the working women of this country. My belief is that they have just as lofty an ideal of womanhood, just as keen a conception of the home, as any of those who belong to the classes above them. Indeed, I believe it is in the poorer classes that you will find the opposition to this movement most strong. Therefore do not let us complicate the issue, do not let us muddy the stream, by any of these false distinctions of rank or station. We are fighting, not for one class but for all classes, and we make our appeal to the nation as a whole on behalf of the nation as a whole.

The second point that I would like to make is this : We are resolutely opposed to any grant of the vote to women, great or small. Let there be no doubt about that. We are as much opposed to the Conciliation Bill, so-called—miscalled—as we are to any larger measure that may be grafted on to the Adult Suffrage Bill of the Government. We resist just as much an addition of one million voters to the register as we should five millions or ten millions. I hope that no one here will be beguiled

by the idea of petty or insidious instalments. Once a beginning is made there is but one logic and there can only be one result. If the unmarried female householder is given the vote, the married female householder must have it too. You cannot break down the bar of sex and set up a new bar of marriage. You cannot disqualify women at the very moment when they assume the highest and most honourable responsibilities of their sex. If you give the vote to the married woman who owns property in a separate county from her husband, you must give it to the married woman who owns property in the same. And I agree with the Lord Chancellor that if you give women the right to vote you must give them the right to stand and to sit. And if you give them the right to sit, you cannot confine it to the back benches of the House of Commons. You cannot put a rope round the Treasury Bench and say: "Only elderly gentlemen are admitted here."

Let me give you an illustration of the argument which I am now developing. It is always good to turn to other countries, even small countries, and see what they are doing. In Norway—a very democratic country—the women obtained the vote in 1909, and, more rapidly and more successfully than their sisters here, they also obtained the right to sit in Parliament on the same occasion. One of them already sits there, and is, I believe, likely to be joined by others at the next election. Were they content with this? Not a bit. They at once commenced an agitation, and so successful has it been that already, in less than three years, every office in Norway is open to them, with certain notable exceptions to which I will refer. They are not yet allowed to be Cabinet Ministers, but it is generally recognized that this is the first barrier that will go, because you can hardly have a Parliament open to women and the Cabinet reserved to men. Secondly, female clergymen are not yet allowed in Norway. But already an agitation is springing up, and three Cabinet Ministers have severed themselves from

their colleagues—a phenomenon not absolutely unknown in this country—and are leading an agitation in Norway, in favour of ladies in the pulpit, on the ground that those who practise morals are thoroughly qualified to preach them. The third bar in the category is that of consuls and diplomats, and it is for a reason which we can understand very well—the Norwegian Government is afraid that female consuls and female Ministers might somewhat diminish the respect in which their Government is held in foreign lands. And the last category from which women are at present excluded is that of military commanders. Yet, strange as it may seem, there is a party in Norway at this moment which is arguing, upon the analogy of Joan of Arc, that women have great latent military capacities and genius, and might be capable of exciting extraordinary enthusiasm in the field. You may think this is a joke ; I assure you it is a solemn fact. What has happened—and is happening—in Norway would ultimately happen here. The pace would be slower, I grant, the ultimate end might be longer postponed, but from the first step of the first parliamentary vote given to women in this country, to their ultimate presence upon the judicial bench, the Treasury Bench, the pulpit—wherever you please—would be merely a matter of time. And if this generation were to make itself responsible by passing any of these measures for initiating such a process, they would be responsible for starting this country upon a steep and perilous incline.

The second part of the Resolution which I am asked to second says that a change so momentous and so incalculable in its effects ought not to be entertained except upon a clear and deliberately expressed demand by the electorate. It is incredible that anybody should require to argue this proposition. Can any one in this Parliament contend that the matter was even considered at the last General Election? In how many election addresses was female suffrage mentioned? I believe in only 100 out of 1,200. In how many speeches did it figure? How

many votes were given for it? I believe the total was 57. Was there one man in 10,000, one man in 100,000, who, after the election, could have said that he had assisted to return a Parliament which had any mandate to deal with this question? I agree with what the Lord Chancellor said. He used the words "constitutional outrage." Coming from the Lord Chancellor, the main repository of the legal traditions of our country, such language is indeed strong and impressive. I agree with him. It would indeed be an abuse of all constitutional forms, and I would go farther and say a fraud upon the electorate, if any such measure should, under these conditions, be allowed to pass into law. That outrage would not be the more pardonable and that fraud would not be the less grave because they were committed by the House of Commons. Let us be clear about that. This House of Commons has no right whatever to deal with the woman suffrage question. No House of Commons has any right to add one million women to the register, or even one woman to the register, except with the express consent of the electors of this country. And if such a precedent be admitted, then representative government and constitutional liberty will have become a sham. How can you talk about representative institutions when the people are not even allowed to state their views to those whom they have returned to represent them? And how can you talk of liberty if the House of Commons is to be allowed the right to settle this matter by itself? Therefore I submit to you this thought—that it is not merely the battle of the suffrage that we are fighting; it is also, that of the Constitution.

Do not let any of us be moved by the hateful and cowardly plea "The vote must come." In the domain of politics nothing must come. And when things do come, they are then more apt to come because of the apathy and irresolution of their opponents than they are from any inherent force or momentum of their own. Let

our motto be, not "This must come," but "This shall not come." It is in our power to prevent its coming, and if the great mass of the people of this country are, as I believe them to be, opposed to its coming, and if we can by our action secure to them the opportunity of expressing their views, for which they have an indefeasible right, then I believe it will not come at all.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

GLASGOW, *November 1, 1912.*

[Lord Curzon, as President of the National League for Opposing Woman Suffrage, was the chief speaker at a meeting held in St. Andrew's Hall by the Scottish branch of the League. Representatives from all parts of Scotland attended, and the chairman was Lord Glenconner.]

I HAVE been asked to move the following Resolution :—

“ That the extension of the parliamentary franchise to women would be hostile to their own welfare and the welfare of the State, and that a change so momentous and so incalculable in its effects, both socially and politically, ought not to be entertained except upon a clear and deliberately expressed demand by the electorate.”

You may ask the question why I, an Englishman, should come to Glasgow to speak to the men and women of Scotland upon the question of the franchise for women. I think I might answer the question by saying that we are still a United Kingdom, until our friend Mr. Winston Churchill splits us up into a heptarchy or something worse. The question which I have come to discuss is a truly national question, which concerns all parts of the United Kingdom alike, and if you contribute, as you do in this country, a Lord Chancellor to us in England, and a Member for a Scottish constituency as head of His Majesty's Government, you cannot resent an Englishman coming and addressing you from a Glasgow platform. But I have another answer to make. I happen to be one of the joint-presidents of the English Anti-

Suffrage League, and I have come from them to deliver a message of sympathy and support to the Scottish Branch of the League. I gather from what I have been told that in Scotland as in England there has been a tendency to think that no effort, or speeches, or organization are required for the propagation of our views, that the anti-suffrage cause may be left to look after itself, and that the pro-suffrage cause is a chimera, a bogie, an illusion so absurd that it is unnecessary to take it seriously. That would be a great mistake. Whatever may be your view about the suffrage, whether you think that those who want the vote for women are a large or a small section of the community, whether you regard their case as a bubble that can easily be pricked by argument or not, you, Lord Glenconner, said what was nothing short of the truth when you remarked that this is a great political question, upon which every citizen, man or woman, is bound to form an opinion. The change which is advocated is one which, if carried, must affect the entire structure of society and the relations between the sexes. It must have consequences—and they may be very serious consequences—upon the State and upon the Empire. Upon a question of that sort I submit to you that no man or woman has a right to be indifferent. It is not a case where you can sit upon the hedge, even if it were a comfortable place to sit upon. You are bound to come down on one side or the other, and when you have come down, as I take it the majority of you have, then, believe me, it is no case for apathy or indifference, for your idleness will be taken advantage of by your opponents, and they will steal a march upon you, and you will give away an advantage from which they will not be slow to take profit, and which may retard your ultimate triumph. A year ago we in England were afflicted by a similar apathy. There was a tendency to let matters look after themselves. But we realized that we must be up and doing, and in the earlier part of this year we held a great meeting in the Albert Hall

in London, at which there appeared on the platform together representatives of all shades of both political parties, including Cabinet Ministers and ex-Cabinet Ministers. Messages were read from the Prime Minister, Lord Lansdowne, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain ; and from that meeting there went forth a clear pronouncement of the great body of the best men and women of the country, who were resolutely opposed to this change. Now we have come up from the South to this great Scottish meeting, which we hope will be a Scottish analogy to the meeting in the Albert Hall, and I trust that there will go forth from this meeting a similar pronouncement—clear, emphatic, and strong—that you, men and women of Scotland, will not parley with this folly—for folly I call it—that you will not do anything that will so fatally injure the sex and weaken the fabric of State.

In the Resolution which I have read the first proposition is that the parliamentary franchise to women will be hostile to the welfare of women. I truly believe this to be the case. Many claims are made, and I have no doubt seriously and honestly made, as to the advantages which may accrue to women from the possession of the vote. I do not think that they stand examination. I doubt myself if one penny per week addition to wages would accrue to any branch of working women by the grant of the franchise, and if the grant of the franchise to women were to be made by them an instrument for extorting by pressure or by other means an increase of wages from Parliament, then I should say it was the strongest reason against granting it. We are told sometimes that the vote is necessary for women in order to remove some of the anomalies and injustices from which they are still alleged to suffer. I respect the argument, but I know not what those anomalies and injustices are—at any rate, I know of none which men are not willing to remedy, and I take a case which I think will shortly arise. You have a Commission sitting upon the question of the divorce laws, and they are likely to

propose great changes. I believe that when they report you will get from this Parliament of men everything which women could desire, perhaps more than a Parliament of women would give. Then there is the question, difficult indeed for men to touch upon, but which influences many people—the idea that the granting of the vote to women would have some effect in solving the insoluble sex problem and in bringing about the suppression of various forms of vice. I wish that I could think it would. If it were so I would almost become an advocate of votes for women. But in my view the moral, physical, or spiritual regeneration of women does not depend upon the vote. It is to other agencies and resources that we must look for the mitigation of the evils to which I refer.

But, after all, may we not also say that woman has her own sphere, her own political sphere? Sir, in your opening remarks you said something about local government, and you indicated that in employment on Town Councils, County Councils, and Boards of Guardians women might find scope for those virtues in which they excel—tender regard for the sick, the fallen, the destitute, and the young. True, but, my lord, do they take advantage of them? Is this a moment at which you should give a wide extension of political responsibilities to women, when they are so indifferent to the privileges they at present enjoy? This morning I read in the papers that in the municipal elections which are being held all over the kingdom, out of 5,000 candidates in the field only 53 are women—just over 1 per cent. That does not seem to indicate a very passionate desire on the part of women to take part in political activities. It certainly does not provide us with a very strong argument for extending the sphere of their labours.

The second point in this Resolution is the interest of the State. You are invited to say that the extension of the vote to women would be hostile to the welfare of the State, and that is a subject about which a man is

perhaps particularly qualified to speak. Sir, you said with truth that the welfare of the State is the supreme and final test in the matter. The interests of the State must necessarily override the interests of any class, section, sex, or community inside it. If the interests of women are opposed to the interests of the State, then I say fearlessly that the interests of the State must prevail, and if by the political enfranchisement of women you were going to do good to women, but that good were accompanied by injury or loss to the State, again I would say that the gain to women must be relinquished, because of the greater injury to the State. These are general and academic propositions with which I am sure you will agree. But in the present case there is no need to draw any such distinction. In our view the interests of women and the State are identical in this matter, and I believe I shall carry every woman as well as every man here with me in the argument I am about to develop—namely, that, in the interests of the State, this measure is not desirable. Let us examine rather closely this question of the interests of the State. Is it not the chief complaint against our modern democratic system, that the wide extension of the franchise has brought into political life an element—a large element—which is necessarily, from the conditions of its life and labour, imperfectly acquainted with some aspects of politics, and which is apt to regard and vote upon certain political issues from a narrow and interested point of view? That is a truth which, whether you be Liberal, Radical, or Conservative, you will admit. It is the price we pay for democratic institutions. It is a price which I do not grudge, but am willing to pay. The extension of the franchise has been the work of both parties. We accept the good and the evil of it, because the good greatly overbalances the evil, but still we do not deny that one of its features is the presence of a large and, in part, untrained electorate.

What is the redeeming feature in the situation? It

is this, that although the bulk of working-men have not the political tradition and training of which I speak, they have the machinery by which they are constantly obtaining it. The whole life of the working-man is political school. The papers which he reads every day, the public meetings which he attends, the debating societies to which many belong, the enormous influence of the Press—all of these are a mechanism for familiarizing the working-man with his duties. In no democracy in the world is there a higher desire to learn or wish to be competent for its responsibilities than in the democracy of England and Scotland. But it is a different question when you come to women. Shall we be wise if to this uncertain element in the existing electorate we add the enormous and incalculable factor of a preponderant vote of women? They, too, are necessarily devoid of the requisite experience and training, but the difference is greater than that. The conditions of their education, the physiological functions they have to perform, the duties of their lives render it impossible, with due regard to the interests of their sex, to acquire the training and experience of which I am speaking. And such an addition cannot be the casual addition of a few hundreds, or thousands, or a few millions. It must mean in the long run—and probably in the short run—the addition of a number of women to the register which would place them in numerical command. Such an increase in an already unstable electorate cannot be a source of strength, must be a source of weakness, and, in given circumstances, might be a source of peril to the State. It would be very much as though in one of your great workshops in Glasgow you were to hand over the machinery to a body of untrained apprentices, who had never even had the advantage of previously entering the building.

Now you may ask, what would be the effect on the government of the State and the Empire if a majority of women had the vote. Let me try to answer. I grant you there might very easily be issues in our life

upon which the votes of women would have immaterial consequences, some upon which the consequences might even be beneficial. But those cases do not cover the whole of the political field. Issues sometimes arise in public affairs—you can see them on the horizon now—great issues of peace and war, of treaties and alliances, of the treatment to be adopted towards our Colonies and dependencies. An unwise, and still more an emotional, decision of those issues might in circumstances which it is easy to imagine lead to the disruption and even to the ruin of the Empire. Do you women want such issues decided by an electorate in which the female vote would be in the ascendancy? Let me take one or two concrete cases. Suppose a General Election had to be fought on the question of whether the Turk should remain in Europe or be abolished to Asia. Suppose that a Government came into power and introduced Protection as part of its programme, and that the introduction of such a measure were threatened by reprisals or hostility from Germany. Suppose that it was a question of instituting national compulsory military training in this country. I ask you, are those the sort of questions that in a reflective mood you would wish to be decided by a majority of women? And take the final and crucial test of all; take the test of war. Supposing this country were threatened with war and an election were being fought upon the steps that ought to be taken in the supreme crisis of our national fortune, would you like your destinies at such a moment to be decided by women?

I will take one more case, which from the circumstances of my public life is very familiar to me—namely, that of India. We will suppose that the amendment which is to be moved by the Suffrage party in the House of Commons to the Franchise Bill of the present Government is carried, and that in addition to the two and a half millions of men who are to be added to the register, eight or ten millions of women are added also—that is their desire. How do you think that news

would be received in India? I tell you the princes and peoples of India would receive it, not merely with astonishment but with dismay. For the discharge of great responsibilities in the dependencies of the Empire in distant parts you require the qualities, not of the feminine but of the masculine mind. Do not think for a moment that I am using here the argument of brute force. No man has ever heard me employ that argument in connection with India. In no part of our dominions is sympathy more required than in India, and never did our present King say a wiser thing than when he made his memorable appeal. But if we want sympathy we do not want emotion. If we want sentiment, we do not want sentimentality. We want above all things knowledge. Lack of knowledge, inexperience, may lead us to absolute disaster. Therefore I deliberately say to you, from such knowledge as I possess, that if the vote were extended to the women of this country I believe that our hold upon India would not be strengthened, but would be sensibly weakened; and if the crisis came, as it came fifty years ago, and might come again, when we had to fight once more for that which we have won and hold for the glory of our people and the blessing of the human race, what part do you think women would play in the struggle? Would women hold India? No. By men was India won, by men alone can it be retained.

I put to you a further question. Is the present a time in public affairs for making this great change? We live in an age when we are constantly being told that life is better and purer and animated by loftier ideals than it was in the past. I hope it is so. I wonder sometimes if it is true. It may be true as regards the relations of individuals; I am not at all clear that it is true of the relations of peoples. It seems to me that nations still march along the path of interested ambition with as callous a disregard of the Ten Commandments as they did in the days of Darius and Xerxes. For two thousand years we have listened from the pulpit in

the church to the preachings of the Prince of Peace. But is war any farther from us, or any less frequent, than it was two thousand years ago, and is the millennium any nearer to our times? Take as an illustration the present position in Eastern Europe, where you have war raging throughout the Balkan peninsula. That war is being waged and can only be won by men. It is man alone who can save woman and the dearest interests for which woman stands in those regions. Woman can take no part in that sanguinary conflict except to send her husband, or brother, or lover to the fight, to tend the wounded, and to mourn the slain. By man the battle has been fought, by man it will be won. It is a man's business, not a woman's. Do not these hard, crude facts of practical life sweep aside and tear to pieces the fine-drawn sophistries of the platform? What is the good of talking about the equality of the sexes? The first whiz of the bullet, the first boom of the cannon, and where is the equality of the sexes? When it comes to fighting, war has to be decided, always has been decided, and always will be decided, by one sex alone.

But while I use this argument about the government of the Empire, I hope that nobody here will do me the injustice of thinking that because I am unwilling to associate women in government I therefore deny that they have a share in the Empire. That would not be true. The Empire is the heritage of women as well as men. It is their joint acquisition and their joint glory. Men have built it up by the sweat of their brows, the toil of their hands, and the blood of their veins. But women have contributed also—as mothers, as wives, as nurses, as teachers in a hundred benign and beautiful capacities for which God Almighty has fitted them. And perhaps they have done more still. They have contributed to Empire by fostering the ideals upon which Empire alone can exist with advantage. In this way women wield a power, all the stronger because it is not written in the Statute Book, but is acknowledged by the universal con-

science of mankind. You do not require the vote to defend the share in Empire which women already own. Instead they have something more important to guard even than Empire itself. They have to guard the womanhood of woman, with all its responsibilities, its ideals, its spiritual endowment. If they can keep that image spotless, they can well afford to let the men fight the battles and crowd the polling-booths, because they in their place, and to the full extent of their opportunity, will have made an equally valuable contribution to the welfare of the State.

• The third proposition to which I ask your assent is that this great change cannot be permitted except upon a clear and deliberately expressed demand by the electorate. Is it necessary to offer any explanation or demonstration of that point? You may dispute, if you like, whether the vote for women will be good or bad for the State, whether they are or are not well fitted to exercise it, and so on. Differences of opinion about that are legitimate, but does any one pretend that the question of votes for women has ever been before this country at a General Election or even at any individual election as the decisive test? At the last General Election, out of more than 1,200 election addresses issued by the candidates, women's suffrage was only mentioned in 100, and as for the votes recorded for women's suffrage candidates at the last General Election, they were considerably less than 100. It is indisputable, therefore, that the present House of Commons has not the moral right to enfranchise a single woman, much less millions of women. What is the theory of our Constitution? Is it not this, that two bodies of men go to the country with their wares, each advocating its particular commodities, with a considerable amount of exaggeration and no small amount of untruth, while the country—in spite of some difficulty in ascertaining who is talking the truth, and how much he is talking the truth—broadly speaking, has to decide between the two, and, having returned one party to power,

expects the leading men of that party to be true to their word and to carry out the particular promises made? That may be a good or a bad system of government. It seems to be suited to the development of our race. But it is entirely inconsistent with the view that when a body of men are returned to power they are given a blank cheque to do as they please. That is not the principle we have proceeded upon in the past, and I hope we shall not in the future. It is clear, therefore, that, unless a mandate is given from the constituencies to carry a particular measure, no Ministry has a right to introduce or carry an important change without reference to the constituencies. That is a part of our case, that there is no mandate to pass women's suffrage until you have gone to the people. Of course you may dispute as to how you should go to the people, whether by General Election or by referendum. I will not argue that to-night, because the word " referendum " makes a great many people lose their heads. In the last resort, if you wish to have a clear decision on this question, whether you like it or not, it seems almost inevitable that there should be a special poll of the people on this issue alone. But here I come to a peculiar feature of the case. A reference to the people seems to be the last thing that the advocates of female suffrage are willing to accept. They shiver at the very idea of a referendum. They are trying at the present moment, by bargaining and negotiating with the different parties in the House of Commons, to wrest from a harassed and distracted Parliament a decision favourable to their views. They are willing to take a verdict in the present House of Commons because they think there is a chance of that verdict being in their favour, but they are not willing to take a verdict from the men in the country, by whom the men in the House of Commons are returned, because they think it will be against them.

And this leads me to say a word, which I hope will not cause offence, about a subject concerning which we

cannot be altogether silent—namely, the tactics which are being pursued by the leading spirits in the Suffragist Party. They may say that they are the best judges of the methods by which to play their own game. That is so, but they are not the sole judges. They are appealing to the public, and the public are entitled to form an opinion upon the matter. My own opinion is that these tactics reflect very little credit upon the sense of those who practise them; in some cases they are an insult to the sex to which their perpetrators belong, and I am confident that they disgust and alienate a large proportion of the electorate. When you have women, however excellent their intentions, hiding in organ-pipes, slapping Ministers in the face, breaking windows, and setting fire to post-boxes and theatres—one might comment *ad nauseam* upon the stupidity and vulgarity of the performance. I prefer rather to look upon these demonstrations in the light they shed upon the political capacity of those who undertake them. Because force has sometimes been successfully employed, even though illegitimately employed, by determined and exasperated men, these women seem to think that by these displays of puerile violence they can bring the nation to its knees. They do not see that it is one thing for fighting men to threaten force, which they are in a position to exert, if they choose, and another thing for hysterical women to behave like hooligans in the street. Again, because a few women think that they are personally fit to exercise the vote and ought to be given it, they conceive that they are at liberty to attack the property, to outrage the feelings, and assault the persons of those who do not happen to agree with them. They go even farther. They do not merely smash the windows of their recognized opponents. They smash the windows of innocent people who have nothing whatever to do with their movement, and by this vicarious revenge, which it would be impossible to designate even by the word “childish,” they think they are going to impress the people of England.

And then a stage farther. When they are caught and punished they suddenly remember that they are women, and they claim an exemption which would not be conceded to men. They do the deed, but they are not prepared to suffer the consequences of the deed. They break the law, and when the law is applied to them they ask that it should be overridden in their behalf. It is all the equality of the sexes—up to a certain point. But when the equality of the sexes is made a source of inconvenience or even of pain to themselves, then it is forgotten, and they ask that preferential treatment should be meted out to them alone. I have spoken about these tactics in no uncertain tones, not merely, because I feel they ought to be severely condemned, but because they throw a flood of lurid light upon the capacity of the persons to whom I am referring. That a minority of women, noisy in excess of their numerical strength, illogical in a manner that proves their unfitness for the vote, and unruly to a degree which testifies to their unfitness to join in the rule of others, should claim to decide the fortunes of their own sex is bad enough, but that they should claim to shift the balance of political power is an outrage which I am convinced the common sense of the community will never allow.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

HOUSE OF LORDS, *May 5, 1914.*

[Lord Selborne having introduced a Women's Enfranchisement Bill in the House of Lords, Lord Curzon moved its rejection on the Second Reading in the following speech. The Bill was thrown out by a majority of 104 to 60.]

MY LORDS, I rise to move the rejection of the Bill. I present a somewhat unusual spectacle in immediately following my noble friend [Lord Selborne] to express emphatic repudiation of a proposal emanating from him. Since our University days there is scarcely a question of public policy on which we have not been agreed, and although in his remarks he treated this question of woman suffrage as one of opinion—a point upon which I differ from him, because it seems to me to touch a fundamental issue of principle—it is the only question of principle, so far as I know, upon which we are separated. But, my lords, I have no hesitation in asking your lordships to reject the proposal which he has placed before you, not merely because it must introduce a great social revolution, but because I think that it would be injurious to the interests of women, that it would have an unfortunate and mischievous effect upon the social relations between the two sexes, and that so far from adding to the stability of the State, to use his phrase, it would sensibly and visibly weaken our prestige and influence throughout the world. Therefore I am bound to oppose this measure, and I do it both as one of the presidents of the organization to which he referred and still more because ever since I entered public life this is one of the questions on

which I have personally entertained the strongest convictions. I sat in the House of Commons for thirteen years. I represented there a Lancashire constituency, in which the female influence was active and strong. I profited by that activity and enthusiasm, but I never found that that support in the least degree waned because of my emphatic convictions on this point, and, with the full knowledge and approval of my constituents, I never gave any vote except against this proposal or any form of it.

This is the first time in Parliamentary history that a Suffrage Bill has been introduced to begin with in the House of Lords. I have sought to ascertain whether there is any precedent for such a step as this, and I find that there is none. It has hitherto been an accepted principle of our political system that the House of Commons is the Chamber which is responsible for the initiation of all measures connected with its own composition, and that the function of the House of Lords in matters affecting the franchise is to see that any change to which the House of Commons has given its assent shall not be passed into law until it has behind it the clearly ascertained support of the majority of the electorate. That has been the action in the House of Lords in our previously existing Constitution. It is less so, of course, under the Parliament Act which now subsists. That view of the function of the two Houses in relation to the franchise was expounded with great ability in a speech in the House of Commons last year by a noble lord. His name is Viscount Wolmer, and I would recommend my noble friend to study the utterances of his own son. On this occasion we find that the father is a more daring innovator than the younger generation, and it has been reserved for my noble friend, whom we know as 'a pillar of constitutional propriety, as a stickler for all that is orthodox in procedure, to do something which has never been attempted in the House of Lords before.

What has prompted my noble friend to take this step? Is it that he is anxious to show that the House of Lords

is still a factor in the State? Often have I heard him lament in eloquent language the enfeebled and demoralized condition of this House under the Parliament Act, and I have echoed that lamentation. But if the House of Lords is ever to recover its old authority in the State, it will not be by tampering with the franchise or by initiating legislation with regard to the franchise. I suspect that my noble friend merely desires an academic discussion of a matter in which he is interested, and that he has brought in this Bill in order to secure a field-day for his views in the House of Lords. Because if he really meant more than that ; if he seriously had in view that this Bill should obtain a Second Reading in this House, that it should then pass through Committee, if he were fortunate enough to get the support of noble lords ; that it should then be introduced in the House of Commons, and, if again he was fortunate there and it passed through that House, that it should become the law of the land, he would be advocating a theory against which I have often heard him protest—namely, that the House of Commons, and *a fortiori* the House of Lords, is not at liberty to deal with any great question of a constitutional character without an express mandate from the constituencies. If my noble friend were really serious and thought there was a chance of this Bill passing into law, he would be violating every precept on which with regard to the Home Rule Bill he has been insisting during the past six months, because he would be asking Parliament to pass legislation for which there is no authority from the country, behind which there is not the remotest sanction, which has never been before the country at a General Election, and which has not even passed the House of Commons.

The next point I take is this : I call attention to the extraordinary divergence of tactics and opinion that prevails among the suffragists themselves. This is a Bill which proposes to give the vote to women who are upon the municipal register. The noble Earl told us just now that it was a very limited measure, and that it would

enfranchise a million persons. I believe that the great majority of that million would be unmarried women. I am astonished at the willingness so often shown by the advocates of suffrage for women to exclude married women from the provisions of their Bill. If there is a class of the community who, by virtue of the experience they have acquired from marriage and maternity, are qualified, if women are qualified at all, to give a vote in political matters, it is the married women of this country. But while I would not support a Bill giving married women the vote, the one measure which I would most unhesitatingly contest would be one which gave it to unmarried women and excluded married women. But this is not the only Bill put forward by the advocates of the female vote. There have been something like six Bills in the last six years dealing with this matter. Sometimes married women are included and sometimes they are excluded. Sometimes the female lodger is included and sometimes she is excluded. The noble Earl proposes to enfranchise a million women. A year ago we had in the House of Commons a Bill to enfranchise six million women. Three Bills have been introduced in the House of Commons in the last four years, all of them different from each other. The fact is that the advocates of female enfranchisement in both Houses of Parliament are not agreed about the matter. They have not settled on what ground they are going to stand. Some of them advocate a measure of this sort because it will enfranchise so few ; others, again, openly support these smaller proposals because they will lead to the enfranchisement of the many ; and you even see the case of Members voting in the House of Commons for Franchise Bills, not because they agree with the particular Bill but because they desire to express their adhesion to the principle. I would suggest, therefore, to my noble friend that if he and his friends could unite upon some common measure which they all accepted they would present a much more edifying spectacle to Parliament and to the country.

Now I come to his arguments. I could quite understand the case for a limited enfranchisement of women if it were argued that there are a number of persons in this country, happening to be women, who are intellectually or educationally qualified to take part in political life, though I doubt very much if they amount to the million my noble friend has in view. But that is not the basis of the argument which he and his friends employ. Broadly speaking, their argument is this: first, that sex ought not to be a political disqualification; and secondly, that woman's vote is wanted in order to secure the adequate representation of women's interests in our public life. If sex is not to be a disqualification, if woman is, as a political being, the equal of man, looking at things from the same point of view, then it seems to me there cannot be any reason for limiting the grant of the privilege in the way that he now proposes. You cannot logically pick out a limited number of women—a million in this case—and give them the franchise to the exclusion of the other women, whether it be six millions, or eight millions, or ten millions, in this country. There is not a single argument which has been used in favour of the enfranchisement of this million of women which is not equally applicable to the enfranchisement of six millions, or even a larger number.

•Then as regards the second point, if the object is to secure an adequate representation of the feminine point of view and of the feminine interest generally in the conduct of the State, again I submit that there is no justification for picking out this million. What reason is there to suppose that the million women who happen to be on the municipal register are the best qualified to represent the whole mass of women in this country? If this proposal were adopted, so far from giving satisfaction, it would create a new cause of dissatisfaction, because this million of women would be acting alone on behalf of the whole of their sex. You would at once have a feeling of irritation growing up, not merely at the

interests of women as a whole being represented by this comparatively small minority, but also at the spectacle of this minority being outvoted, as it would be said that they were, by the eight millions of male voters in this country. So, my lords, if you give votes to women at all, it appears to me that there is no justification for the narrow limitation which my noble friend proposes, and that if he were to carry this measure by way of reducing what he regards as an injustice he would really only be removing one anomaly by creating another.

I pass to the actual nature of the Bill. The noble Earl has explained to us that he has selected the municipal franchise as the basis of his measure. From his point of view this is a most unfortunate selection. I could understand it being argued that in the female population of this country the class which pre-eminently needs representation is that of working women—factory hands, women who work in the great hives of industry, the thousands of women who are earning wages in different capacities. But that is not what he proposes. He selects this one class, and it happens to be the class which has shown the most extraordinary indifference to the privileges which they already enjoy. He advocates the vote on the ground that it would be useful for purposes of social reform, and no doubt he was alluding to all those schemes for the advancement of the social welfare of the community, sanitary reform, educational reform, labour reform, temperance reform, and so on, which go so closely to the heart of the life of our labouring population. But those are precisely the spheres of public life with which under existing circumstances local government has to deal. Weeks and months pass in the House of Commons without measures coming before that House which directly affect the social condition of the people, but never a day passes in the country in which all these great problems are not raised in the local administration of districts and of municipalities. My noble friend spoke about these women as being "trained in the exercise of the municipal fran-

chise." Let me give you an idea of the manner in which that training is demonstrated. At the last London County Council Election, out of 120,000 female voters on the register it is said that only 30 per cent. voted, and throughout the whole of the country, in municipal local elections at the same time, not much more than 25 per cent. voted.

Further, remember that in these municipal elections women have the right, not only to vote but also to stand, but their indifference to the discharge of their duties is only equalled by the indifference of the electors to their claims; for the fact remains that at the London County Council Election only one woman was returned, and in the whole of the municipal elections throughout the country the number was also insignificant. Therefore I submit that the municipal franchise is the very last basis upon which my noble friend is wise in placing this change, and that, before he asks Parliament to give this new vote to women possessing the municipal franchise, it would be better for him to impress upon them a more active use of the privileges which they already enjoy.

The noble Earl defended the right of women to vote at Parliamentary elections, but said nothing about the inevitable and logical corollary of that right if conferred—namely, the right to sit in Parliament. Surely it cannot be contended that if a woman, be she on the municipal register or not, is qualified to assist in choosing a candidate she is disqualified from being a candidate herself. If she has the intelligence to take a part in constituting the Parliament which is to legislate, surely she has the intelligence which would qualify her to mould the legislation in that Parliament when constituted. I do not see that there is any good argument which can be used against the admission of women to Parliament, supposing they have once got the vote, which would not have been invalidated by their admission to the franchise. If justice or expediency demands the concession of the right to vote, surely it equally demands the concession of the right to

sit. And, my lords, I would ask the supporters of this measure to say whether they imagine for a moment that if the right to vote is given the right to sit must not inevitably follow. Is it not certain that a new agitation would at once be raised by those who had succeeded in obtaining the first step, with a view to securing the larger consequence? Would they be ready to accept so small a proportion of what they desire and to be denied the remainder? And is it not quite likely even that the tactics which the noble Earl so strongly repudiated might be revived to secure the very extension which, as I submit, could not long be refused? Would it not follow, too, that if women were admitted to sit in Parliament you could not deny them the right to fill executive office in the House of Commons or to sit in the Cabinet? Once women get into the House of Commons you could not put a rope round the Treasury Bench and say that only men might creep inside it and that the ladies must stay outside. Therefore the House, before it votes upon this issue, ought to bear in mind the logical consequences which it must entail.

My noble friend referred to the experience of the Colonies and of America, and he was good enough to anticipate the character of the reply that I should give. He knew well that I should say that no close or direct analogy can be drawn between the circumstances of the Colonies and the position in this country. But I make that answer on the ground, not merely of the general difference between the Colonial system and our own, but because it is notorious that in the Colonies the women who vote do not vote on great issues of Imperial policy; that is outside the scope of the political activity of those countries. The class of subject with which they have to deal is inevitably and narrowly circumscribed, and at no stage in their life is the chance presented to them of voting on the great issues which in this country come before Parliament and affect the future of a world-wide Empire. My noble friend went on to speak about

America. Let me inform the House that in the last few years no advance, or at any rate a very imperceptible advance, has been made in that country in the direction which he favours, and that though in 1912 three States did adopt female suffrage, in the two following years as many as sixteen States rejected it.

As to the effect of the vote in the States of America which have adopted female franchise, I am not much impressed by the argument that an advance in legislation has been made by the votes and efforts of women, because on looking into the matter I find that exactly the same laws exist in non-suffrage States as have been passed under the influence of the female votes in the States which have adopted female franchise ; and I believe there is not a single law in any State of America for the protection of women and children, or for dealing with the class of subjects which my noble friend has in view, the parallel of which cannot be found in the States in which no woman's vote is given. And as regards the influence of the female vote in elevating and humanizing public life in America, the evidence is very conflicting. If I had the time I could quote many responsible opinions of persons of the female sex in America who have stated deliberately that the effect of the vote has not been to diminish corruption, has not been to elevate the tone of public life, and has not been to introduce that greater purity and gentleness into public affairs that was anticipated at the time it was granted.

I should like to add a word or two about militancy. The noble Earl spoke of the tactics of the militant party in the tone and with the accents that I should have expected. He expressed his absolute detestation of these senseless and atrocious acts. But those expressions of condemnation do not really dispose of the matter. We are frequently told that these outrages are the acts of a small and contemptible minority of ill-balanced and demented women. I do not think that that is the case, or, at any rate, it is not altogether the case. These acts are pro-

moted by a great organization, the Women's Social and Political Union, which boasts of having raised £170,000 up to the beginning of the present year ; it defends the actions of these women in newspapers ; it applauds their deeds almost in proportion to their violence. We know also that in many cases these outrages are connived at, are secretly sympathized with, are glozed over, by those who cannot afford to be directly associated with them. I have here a paper relating to a society called the Church League for Women Suffrage. That society has as its president one of the right reverend prelates who sits upon the Episcopal Benches—the Bishop of Lincoln. It has issued a manifesto under the name of its secretary, in which it says that it “resolutely refuses to denounce the methods which individuals or societies may employ in order to secure the enfranchisement of women, for, when all is said and done, the cause is greater than the methods.” My lords, that seems to me to be language, not so much of the thinnest casuistry as of the grossest immorality. I may use the description of Lord Selborne himself, for he spoke about it as “the old immoral formula.” But although I cordially accept his sincere repudiation, I think that he and his friends ought to go a little farther in this matter. A grave responsibility rests even upon them. They have it in their power to stop this militancy. If those who detest these methods were to say that so long as they continued they would desist altogether from their activity on behalf of female suffrage, that they would neither act, speak, nor vote for it, I believe these outrages would cease within six months. But when they say that, whatever be their views about militancy, it does not alter their general attitude with regard to women suffrage, and still more when some of them go on to clasp hands with those who are perpetrating these outrages, I think it becomes a matter of grave reproach.

There is one other point about militancy on which I should like to say a word. I am not so unfair as

to say that because a number of women, be they large or be they small, are guilty of these abominable acts, that shows the incapacity of women as a sex or as a class for the vote. That argument would seem to me just as absurd as the one we frequently hear that the vote ought to be given to women because there have been many cases of capable and successful female rulers. But I do say that it raises a doubt as to the fitness of the female temperament and character for the discharge of political functions. It gives evidence of a mental and a moral instability on the part of a large number of women which should make your lordships think twice, and more than twice, before you dream of placing in the hands of the female sex the government of the Empire. If women can start this war against society because Parliament has not seen fit in its wisdom to give them the vote, is there any reason to believe that militancy will cease if my noble friend carries his Bill and the one million voters are added to the register? Would not an occasion arise, when some measure intensely interesting to women was rejected by a Parliament of men, in which the same tactics would once again be used? I cannot myself dismiss militancy, as I should like to do, as a merely temporary, and regrettable aberration of the feminine intellect. It has a wider application. It does show that there are qualities in the female temperament and impulses in female action which should confirm our doubts as to the grant of the vote to women. The whole argument of my noble friend was that the female vote is needed to introduce an elevating and refining influence into public life, but surely it is a lamentable thing that the first exhibition of the activities of those who feel most strongly on this matter should be to perpetrate these disgraceful and idiotic acts.

I will now state why I and those with whom I act decline to consider the granting of votes to women in any form. It is not because we hold any old-fashioned or arbitrary ideas about the position or inferiority of women. I certainly have never taken that line. I am willing to

admit the intellectual superiority of women to men in some cases. There are some respects in which most of us agree that women have the advantage of men. Neither have I done anything to grudge any reward in the way of social, industrial, or economic service for women. On the contrary, I have done something in the other direction. In one society in which I am interested I have introduced women to the ranks of Fellows. At Oxford I have been a strong advocate of the granting of degrees to women as a privilege and reward of the education to which they have done so much justice. Therefore I start with no innate prejudice about the position of women, and certainly with no idea about their inferiority, or subjection to men. My reasons for refusing the vote to women are quite different. They are : first, because I do not think that the majority of women want it ; secondly, because I am utterly unconvinced by anything that has been said that if it were granted any advantageous results would ensue to them—on the contrary, I think it would be injurious to the sex ; lastly, because I cannot believe that they possess the qualities or temperament which would render them useful agents in the exercise of political power.

One word about the evidence of the desire for this vote in the country. My noble friend said that we should never agree upon that point, that it was a matter of conjecture, that neither of us knows exactly what the country thinks about it. I am not sure that that is true. We have, at any rate, the evidence of such elections as have taken place on the issue of women's franchise alone. Since 1910 three candidates have stood as suffrage candidates exclusively. One, in London, polled 22 votes out of 6,951 votes recorded ; another, in Glasgow, polled 35 votes out of 8,506 ; and a third, Mr. Lansbury, who resigned and stood again on that issue mainly, if not exclusively, polled 3,291 out of 7,333 ; while at the last General Election, in 1910, so indifferent was the country to the matter that out of 1,188 candidates who stood for

constituencies in all parts of the United Kingdom women's suffrage was only mentioned by 103. Surely this is utterly foreign from the experience of any previous grant of the franchise. Neither in this nor in any country has a proposal ever been made to enfranchise a large body of citizens except in response to an urgent, articulate, and insistent demand from the class whom it was proposed to enfranchise. That was the experience in 1832, in 1867, and in 1885. The noble Earl says: "Oh, but a limited number of women"—the women for whom he speaks—"most urgently demand it." I say in reply to him that you have no right to confer a vote on a large number of women, be it six millions, three millions, or one million, because a limited number of women desire to possess it. You cannot so trifle with the vote. The grant of the vote is not like an ordinary piece of legislation, one of the Bills we deal with in Parliament and pass in order to confer a benefit or to redress an anomaly. The grant of the vote is a gift of a political right which, once given, can never be withdrawn, and which ought only to be given to those who are not merely capable of exercising it but who show a desire to exercise it. And to propose this because a small number of women entertain the views for which my noble friend speaks, while the vast number of women are obviously and notoriously indifferent, seems to me to be proposing an innovation and an experiment which is without justification either in reason or in experience.

My noble friend taunted those who take the view that I do with the dilemma in which he conceives us to be placed in accepting the political aid of women at elections and at the same time denying them the vote, and he said he regarded this as a most incomprehensible position to take up. I do not see that there is anything illogical in women attending political meetings who have not got the vote. I wonder how many men who are present at political meetings have the vote. Your lordships, under the present system, are allowed to take an active part in political meetings, and we do so although we have no

vote. Here, again, the argument about minority and majority seems to apply. I take it that the members of the Primrose League and corresponding organizations on the other side are a relatively small number of the community, and to argue that because these women take an interest in political affairs, or are qualified to give a vote upon them, therefore you are to give a vote to the mass of women who take no interest in politics and are content that their political interests, in so far as they are at stake, should be left to the custody of their husbands, is a step for which the noble Earl will, I think, find difficulty in finding justification.

He went on to say that although he does detect a difference in mental attitude and outlook between the foreigner and the Englishman, he sees no such difference between the point of view and the temperament of men and women. There I altogether disagree with him. It does seem to me that women, partly owing to the physiological functions they have to perform, partly owing to qualities and attributes inseparable from their sex, are not the possessors of that class of gift which is required for the government of the State. The question is not one of equality between men and women. It is a question of fitness for the discharge of particular duties in public life. I cannot conceive that this country would be better governed, that more humane or wiser measures would be passed through Parliament, or that our influence would be strengthened in the great part we have to play throughout the world, if this million of women, or even a much larger number, were added to the register. Rather do I think that an element of instability and a source of weakness would be introduced into our public life. He counters me by saying : "Oh, but a great many of the male electors are very ignorant." Quite true. That, again, is a weakness in our political system ; but it is the price we have to pay, and are willing to pay, for the logical extension of the democratic principle. If you

have democratic government you must have a large number of voters who are ignorant on many of the issues placed before them and on which they have to vote. But anybody who has been in touch with the House of Commons or with the constituencies will agree with this in the main, that our male voters have a balance and sobriety of judgment which render them not a bad tribunal on political affairs. How often do we see, while we in Parliament are carried away by gusts of passion or prejudice, the electors in the country taking a much saner and quieter view of things ! That is one of the most gratifying features of our present system of public life. On the other hand, although women have many gifts, I do not think that anybody will credit them with precisely the gifts of mental equilibrium or balance of judgment which I have just described as appertaining to men. There is a difference which we all of us recognize—although it is sometimes difficult to put it into words—in this respect between men and women ; it is a difference which Nature created, and which no law you may pass will ever succeed in wiping out.

I agree with one thing said by my noble friend. I do not suppose that if his million voters were put upon the register any immediate catastrophe would overwhelm the country. I do not imagine that the Empire would come to an end, or that anything very sinister or serious would at once ensue ; and I agree that it is very unlikely, as a general rule, that women would band together as a sex against men. Very likely we might rub along for a time without any great difference. But in proportion as his million was swollen, as it would be swollen, to five or ten or even more millions, you could no longer count with certainty upon that state of affairs. It is on that ground that we regard this grant of the suffrage to women, even in a limited degree, as a profoundly dangerous experiment. We think the country would be running a risk which we have no right to incur. I do not believe that

our domestic policy would gain in any of those refining influences to which I have referred. I do think that a disturbing influence would be introduced into public affairs, and that the authority of our country would be weakened in the estimation of foreign countries. It is for these reasons that I hope your lordships will give a firm and emphatic rejection to the Bill moved by my noble friend.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE FINANCE BILL OF 1909

HOUSE OF LORDS, *November 30, 1909.*

[The speech of Lord Curzon in the debate on the Second Reading of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget in the House of Lords is given here. It was described by the *Westminster Gazette* and the Government Press in general as "the most able, subtle, and comprehensive" delivered on the Opposition side in the entire discussion :]

MY LORDS, I am sure that all sections of your lordships' House will join with me in congratulations upon the contribution that the most rev. Prelate [the Archbishop of York] has for the first time made to our debates. Though we may not all agree with his conclusions, we shall recognize the eloquence and sincerity with which his views have been advanced. When he admonished those noble lords who sit on this side of the House and told us that there had been some inability on our part at earlier stages of this debate to supply the reasons for our action, I congratulated myself that the most rev. Prelate had supplied me with a basis for my own remarks. I will, in the observations that I address to the House, endeavour to make quite clear to your lordships the reason why we are supporting with perfect confidence in our own integrity and in the clearness of the issues the Amendment of the noble Marquess,¹ and why it is that we appeal without alarm to those with whom the decision will rest.

There are only two points in the Budget itself to which I desire to refer before passing on to other topics. The first is the suggestion, which has found favour in some quarters, that this Budget ought to be accepted

¹ Lord Lansdowne.

as an instrument of social reform. I am not certain that this claim does not give away the Budget as a purely financial measure. But let that pass. The view I am stating was urged with great force by Lord Loreburn on the first night of the debate; it has found particular and perhaps natural favour with the Episcopal Bench, although it did not figure very largely in the speech of the Archbishop to which we have just listened, and it was defended in a powerful speech by Lord Russell.

* All these noble lords have pointed to the evils with which we are so well acquainted in our social system—evils arising from drunkenness, overcrowding, sweating, insanity, poverty, and crime, and they have said: "Let us accept this Budget, which, after all, gives us very large sums of money, some of which may be devoted to the alleviation of certain of these ills." I greatly deprecate the idea that regard for the social welfare of the people, or abhorrence of these social evils, is the monopoly of either side of your lordships' House. I do not say that this has been so much as suggested, but the argument that this Bill is required for the purpose of social amelioration certainly seems to throw upon those who cannot accept it the suspicion of some indifference to the conditions I have described. If that be so, it would be a most unfair and most unjust imputation. For my part I regard the social problem, by which I mean the progressive deterioration of our people, as the most insistent political problem of to-day. It is a problem which as time advances will be found more and more to make and unmake Ministries.

Indeed, if I were allowed to cast my glance over the whole political situation in its broadest aspects, I would say that there are two questions which pre-eminently demand the attention of our people. The first is the question of national defence—namely, the question whether the nation is safe. The second is the question of social reform—namely, whether the people are sound. But to argue that because we possess a keen sense of these

evils we are therefore bound to support any Budget by which large sums of money are raised is not only a dangerous but a profoundly immoral doctrine. It has been even urged in this debate that, although some of these taxes may be harsh and oppressive in their operation, yet, nevertheless, their objects are so good that your lordships should assent to them. That is the old argument of the casuist with which we are all familiar from the dawn of time, that "the end justifies the means," which has been the parent of more social crimes in history than even vice itself.

But I object to this argument not only because it is immoral. I object to it because it is also unsound. I do not believe that at any time in history poverty or the consequences attendant upon poverty have ever been mitigated by taxation or the products of taxation. If you pass this Budget, we at any rate on this side of the House do not think you are going to have a happier or a more moral people. On the contrary, we think that there will be more unemployment, more distress, a lowering and not a raising of the social standard. It is for these reasons that we do not regard this Budget as an instrument of social regeneration. Rather do we think that the principles upon which it rests must lead to social demoralization among the people. I only make these remarks in passing because in the course of these debates I have greatly resented the implication that on this side of the House there is any indifference to these social questions, and because it is in the very interests of the social welfare of the people that we intend to vote against this Budget, just as noble lords opposite propose to vote for it.

The second point about this Budget to which I wish to refer is this: I doubt whether sufficient importance has been given during the debate to the social concomitants of the Budget and to its financial sequel. By the social concomitants I mean the vexation of constant and unavoidable appeals to the Law Courts, and the

almost intolerable inquisition into the life and property and economy of every person in this country who has property in any form—an even more intolerable burden than the taxation itself. If you pass this Budget into law, you will be setting a veritable Old Man of the Sea upon the shoulders, not of your lordships alone but of all the respectable and reputable classes in the community. When I speak of the financial sequel of the Bill, I mean the certainty that the taxes which you are about to impose will not be fixed or stationary taxes, but will be taxes that will grow, and grow in a manner and with a rapidity which it would be quite impossible for your lordships or anybody else to arrest. This has been openly admitted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We all know he would never have set up this great system of land valuation—costing at the lowest estimate several millions—for the mere paltry return from the land taxes which it is proposed to collect in the first or the second year. The candid and invaluable Mr. Ure has told us that these taxes in a few years' time are to produce many millions sterling. It is not the mere prospect of the increase of these taxes which is the serious thing ; it is the fact that you are now, for the first time adopting the revolutionary principle of levying these taxes on capital value and not upon the income received. Once you make that start, there is no difference in principle whatever between $\frac{1}{2}$ d. in the pound and 5s. or 10s. in the pound. It is only a step forward from partial and sporadic confiscation to complete and uniform confiscation.

The right rev. Prelate the Bishop of Birmingham commended these taxes to us on the ground that they are merely an extension of existing imposts, and that in the future they will “slowly broaden down from precedent to precedent.” I confess I was not captivated or even greatly consoled by the prospects offered to us in the poetic imagery of the right rev. Prelate. In my view the growth of these taxes will be rapid and not slow, and the progress will be, not from precedent to precedent but

from privation to plunder. The right rev. Prelate is a great scholar, and I should like to remind him of an analogy with which he is no doubt familiar. When the Emperor Augustus was reorganizing the Roman Empire, like His Majesty's Government, he had a very ambitious programme, and, like them, he was greatly in need of money. Wiser than His Majesty's Government, he introduced a Customs tariff, the duties under which varied from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 per cent., with higher taxes on luxuries, and preferential treatment for the colonies of the Roman Empire. Like His Majesty's Government also, he had great ideas about a new army, although I may say, in passing, that he did not commence to constitute it by depleting the old. In order to get his new army he introduced a scheme of death duties, of which we learn from the famous historian of the Roman Empire that in the course of two or three generations the whole of the property of the subject must have gradually passed through the coffers of the State. And then when the Senate, which corresponded to your lordships' House, rebelled against all these impositions the Emperor regretfully informed them that unless they withdrew their objections he should be obliged to impose a special land tax.

What was the sequel of these operations? At a later date another Emperor arose, whose name was Caracalla, much in the same way as in this country we might have another Prime Minister, who might even be the present President of the Board of Trade [Mr. Winston Churchill]. We read this in the immortal pages of Gibbon concerning this Emperor :—

“Nor was this rapacious son of Severus contented with such a measure of taxation as had appeared sufficient to his moderate predecessors. Instead of one-twentieth part, he exacted one-tenth part of all legacies and inheritances, and during his reign he crushed alike every part of the Empire under the weight of his iron sceptre.”

That is the way in which "The People's Budget" of Rome—for so I am sure it was called—"slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent," and I have no doubt we should have very much the same experience in this country.

I now pass to the subject of this debate itself. I hope that it has at least dispelled one illusion, and that is the idea which has been so sedulously propagated in the Press that the Amendment which the noble Marquess [Lord Lansdowne] has moved is not the result of his independent initiative, but is the consequence of pressure which has been exercised upon him by a number of your lordships whom it is the fashion to describe by an invidious name.¹ You are alleged to have come up from your residences in the country and to have forced the noble Marquess out of the action which his naturally cautious and constitutional temperament would have led him to take, and driven him into headlong and unconstitutional procedure. In some papers I have even seen Lord Milner and myself, probably because of our foreign experience, described as the leaders of this unruly foray. This makes a very good story. It rather reminds one of the Lord Advocate at his best. There is the same vivid imagination, cultivated by assiduous practice, and impervious to correction or control. The only drawback to the story is that there is not a word of truth in it. It is not to be imagined that the action of Lord Lansdowne was taken without full and anxious consideration, or without consultation with those with whom he is in the habit of acting, or without a deep consciousness of the enormous gravity of the issues. But at no stage has there been any difference of opinion between the noble Marquess and the great majority of those whom he leads with so much ability and with such unquestioned acceptance. Neither party has been called upon to bring any influence or any pressure upon the other, and, as this debate has shown and as the Division will show, there has rarely

¹ I.e. "the Backwoodsmen."

been an occasion in the history of your lordships' House when there has been a greater unity of opinion on the part of those who will constitute the majority in the Lobby.

This unity has not been altogether unbroken. We have had on this side of the House four or five speeches made by noble lords of the highest eminence, to whose opinions we attach the greatest weight, who have all advocated an opposite course. Paradoxical as it may seem, if we want the most searching and crushing exposure of the faults and fallacies of the Budget, it is to those speeches that we must turn. Nevertheless, each of these noble lords, with one exception, has ended with the remarkable, although I doubt not reluctant, conclusion that he could not himself vote for this Amendment. Now, my lords, I should be ashamed to impugn in the smallest degree the absolute sincerity and intense conviction of these speakers. Their character, their career, and their reputation in this House and elsewhere would be a sufficient rebuke to any such unworthy slander. We have listened to them with the respect which their utterances always command, and yet, ready as we are to follow these noble lords on ordinary occasions, I am confident that I am stating the attitude of the great majority of your lordships' House when I say that their arguments on this occasion have left us absolutely unmoved, and that just as readily as we accept their premises with regard to the Budget, so do we repudiate the conclusions to which those premises have led, and that we think the action they have recommended to us is an action inconsistent with their own duty and with the honour of this House.

The first of these speakers was Lord Cromer. I desire to speak very briefly of his argument, to which, nevertheless, the greatest weight attaches. The reason of the noble Earl for not voting against the Bill was that he is apprehensive of an acute and prolonged constitutional controversy which might divert the country from the supreme neces-

sity of national defence. Your lordships will know the importance that the noble Earl attaches to this subject. It figured in his speech on old age pensions last year. For my part I agree with—indeed, I go beyond—the noble Earl in my opinion about the extreme inadequacy of our existing system of national defence. But I cannot see what that has to do with the provisions of the present Budget. No part of the taxation under this Budget goes to national defence. That is a subject which, in our opinion, at any rate, has no very great interest for His Majesty's Ministers. If we pass this Bill, we get no more Dreadnoughts, no better or superior Army than that which we have at present. On the contrary, there is every reason to anticipate that the money raised by this Budget will be dissipated on objects which, whether they be good or whether they be bad, will have no connection whatever with national defence. Indeed, I think it might be argued that the best and only way in which really to promote the cause of national defence would be to afford the country an opportunity as soon as possible of dispensing with His Majesty's present advisers.

But, my lords, if we pass this Bill shall we escape the constitutional controversy which Lord Cromer fears? Are we not committed to it in any case? Is it not certain that, whether you vote "Yes" or "No" on this Budget, the issue of the House of Lords is going to be the prominent issue at the next General Election? We had a Cabinet Minister, not the least shrewd and capable of that body, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, telling us a few months ago that it was going to be the leading plank of the Liberal platform. Of course, it may be said that over and over again His Majesty's Government have marched with trumpets blowing up to the walls and have gone back again. That may be true, but there was a very significant passage in the speech of the noble and learned lord on the Woolsack [Lord Loreburn] which I am surprised has not attracted more attention in this debate. It was the passage in which, taking a piece of paper in

his hand, in tones of extreme gravity, almost as though he had the black cap on his head, he read out to the House the record of our offences and the sentence of our impending doom. It is not for our prospective treatment of the Budget exclusively or alone that we are going to be punished, but for our alleged treatment of Liberal measures in general during the past four years.

It is quite true that during the past few days we have passed the Irish Land Bill and the Housing and Town Planning Bill into law. All the credit for these measures—and I am sure that I am not anxious to take it away—is, of course, given to Mr. Birrell and Mr. Burns. No part of the credit can be allowed to rest with this House. We know only too well that if we pass a Liberal measure it is attributed to our calculating cowardice, and if we reject it it is due to our insolent and inherited bravado. But, whatever may be the case about these particular Bills, the point of the Lord Chancellor was that it was because we have thrown out the Education Bill and the Licensing Bill, and the various other ingenious political and social experiments that we have had during the past four years, that we are going to be punished. Therefore, if we act on Lord Cromer's advice, it is clear that we shall not escape from this constitutional struggle. The rod is in pickle for us, anyhow. There are even some astute tacticians on the other side who, I believe, are of opinion that His Majesty's Government, if this Budget were accepted, would nevertheless dissolve immediately, and for my part I think there would be a good deal to be said for such tactics, because His Majesty's Government would be able to go to the country and say that we had accepted defeat in the first encounter, and that they entered the lists with a victory in the opening round. Therefore it seems to me that, if we were to follow the advice of Lord Cromer, we should neither escape the constitutional controversy which he fears nor should we promote the cause of national defence which he has at heart.

Then I read this morning the speech of Lord James of Hereford. There is one passage in it which is so inconsistent with the course of the debate that I may, perhaps, be permitted to call attention to it. Speaking with his great authority as a constitutional lawyer, he said that he concurred with the doctrine with regard to "tacking," but that that did not arise here, for the Opposition did not object to the Bill on the ground of "tacking." Surely this is a misrepresentation of the facts, for the noble Marquess, in his opening speech, elaborated in a most clear and distinct constitutional argument that it is in the main because there have been introduced into this Bill measures which have been withdrawn from the notice of your lordships' House, which ought in the ordinary course to have come up as separate Bills, part of which have indeed come up as separate Bills, and been rejected by you in the last year or two, that objection is taken to this Bill. There was another passage in his speech to which I may be allowed to refer. He said: "In the conflict which is going to take place none of your lordships will be able to take a share; not one of your lordships will be able to defend the course you have taken; not one of your lordships will be able to say that you have been acting in your belief within the Constitution." I respectfully dispute the whole of these propositions. Speaking for myself, at any rate, if I have the health, I propose to do every one of the things of which the noble lord has declared your lordships to be incapable. Anxious as the noble lord appears to be to circumscribe the rights of this House, he cannot prevent your lordships from appearing, at any rate until the issue of the writs, upon any platform in this country, and I hope that the large majority have no intention whatever to allow yourselves to be tried and sentenced unheard. I hope that you will take advantage of the occasions presented to you, and that on many a platform you will state at public meetings your belief that you have acted both within the spirit and the letter of the Constitution, and will

explain the reasons for which you have voted against this Bill.

And now I should like to say a few words about the notable speech to which we listened from Lord Rosebery. It would be idle to deny that no speech was looked forward to with more interest than that of the noble Earl, partly on account of his own personality and partly from the fact that he had already entered the lists at Glasgow, where he made a great speech in which he delivered the first blow, and as many of us thought a smashing blow, in this campaign, which we were anxious to see whether the noble Earl would drive home in your lordships' House. I wonder if the noble Earl quite sufficiently realized the great responsibility that he assumed when he spoke at Glasgow. When he came out on the platform at the City Hall and made that speech he was not a recluse thinking aloud in his study, but he was an ex-Prime Minister speaking aloud to his countrymen. A very great and natural importance attached to that speech. The noble Earl himself attached importance to it because he issued it with a Preface and scattered it broadcast in hundreds of thousands of copies throughout the country.

No speech in my time has had anything like the instantaneous and overwhelming effect upon the people. If it did not originate the agitation against this Bill, at any rate it lent a great impetus to it. I have no doubt it made a profound impression on the judgment of your lordships. It was the first speech that laid down in clear-cut and dramatic fashion the tremendous issues that were at stake. I need not read extracts from that speech. But when the noble Earl said that this Budget was putting the future of Great Britain in the melting-pot, and that it was a revolution without any mandate from the people, the average man was surely justified in thinking that he ought to do what lay in his power to prevent such a catastrophe, or at least to secure that the revolution, if consummated, should be a revolution with a mandate and not without one. And when the noble Earl told his

audience that in his belief it was not in the best interests of the nation that this financial measure should become law, again the average reader, particularly if he happened to be a legislator, might be pardoned for thinking that it was his duty to do what he could to prevent it. It is true that the noble Earl did not end with the advice that your lordships should throw out this Bill. All he said, in respect of advice for the future, was that it would be well if a fortnight should elapse between the departure of the Bill from the other House and its arrival here. That interval took place, and I have no doubt that your lordships devoted it to an examination of the measure. But I think the modesty of the noble Earl prevented him from seeing that there was another piece of literature, a more attractive and fascinating production, which would be more likely to be in your lordships' hands during that fortnight than the crabbed and repulsive contents of the Finance Bill itself, and that was the speech which the noble Earl had himself delivered at Glasgow. Those of us who have had any experience of study know well the delight with which we turn from an original text to the comments of a brilliant critic, and the noble Earl had no right to be surprised if the skill of the commentator on this occasion had even more weight than the contents of the original document itself. It was in some such frame of mind that we came here and awaited the advice of the noble Earl. We had again a denunciation of the Budget. It was a miasma or fog, which was overspreading the country and poisoning the sources of national prosperity. But this time the noble Earl concluded with the definite advice that for certain reasons which he gave it was our business to pass this measure into law.

I desire to speak with profound respect of the noble Earl's conclusion, and yet I believe that I am speaking the sentiments of the majority of those I am addressing when I say that we regarded the conclusion of the noble Earl as a lame and impotent conclusion, and that the

impression produced upon us was as though some great and famous commander had left us in the breach after he himself had taken us up to the walls and had fired the powder in the train. I hope that I do no injustice to the motives of the noble Earl. They were motives of the highest patriotism and honour. He said he had been for forty years a member of your lordships' House. He has been its leader and he is still its foremost orator. He has on more than one occasion endeavoured to reform it, and therein I am his humble follower. No one could hear him without feeling that he is intensely concerned for the future of this House, that he thinks its continued existence vital to the welfare of the country, and that he fears your lordships are going to incur grave peril if you persist in this course.

I will not attempt a comparison between the dangers of the revolution *in esse* and the revolution *in posse*—the revolution involved in the plunge into Socialism of this Bill and the revolution that may be caused by any disturbance in the constitution of your House. But, accepting the fact that your lordships, in taking this step, are incurring considerable and grave risk, I should yet like to state the reasons why we have felt compelled to take the course we do. When we assembled in this House a week ago, what were the courses open to us? They were only three in number. The first was to amend the Bill, not of course by tinkering it, in Committee fashion, but by the excision of such portions of it as in the public interest we thought desirable. The second was to accept the Bill *in toto*. The third was to reject or refer it to the people. The only noble lord who, so far as I know, has advocated the first course is Lord Avebury, but I think he would be the first to recognize the practical impossibility of the course suggested, because, as a matter of fact, it would have raised at once the question of privilege. If you had sent down the Bill to the Commons amended or cut about they would have returned it to you with your excisions or

Amendments ignored, and you would then have had either to swallow the Bill as a whole, with the additional humiliation of having attempted to alter it, or you would have had to reject it, which would have brought you to the present position of affairs. Therefore I rule aside that course as impracticable.

The second course was to follow the advice of Lord Rosebery, namely, to make very strong speeches against the Bill, but either to vote for it or to abstain from voting. The chief reasons, as I understand, advanced for this course are tactical in character and were summarized by the noble Earl. He thought it would be a good thing that the people of this country should be given six or eight months of experience of the Bill, of, as he expressed it, its intolerable inquisition, its intolerable bureaucracy, of the enormous loss of employment it would entail, and at the end of that time he believed that the country would give us a majority that would surprise ourselves. But I am not sure that we could have counted even upon six or eight months. It is just possible that noble lords opposite might have been as much afraid of those six or eight months as the noble Earl is confident about them. It is at least conceivable that a General Election might have been sprung upon us before these lessons had sunk deep down into the hearts of the people. Then there is the question whether the effects of taxes like these could be correctly estimated in six or eight months. Remember that this is a Bill, not merely for the imposition of taxes but for the creation of machinery. Lord Rosebery described as an intolerable bureaucracy the system which is going to be set up. There are many noble lords who have had experience of administration greater than mine, but I think they will concur with me in saying that nothing is more difficult than to disestablish a bureaucracy when once it has been enthroned. Posts are created, vested interests start into being, persons are appointed, salaries are paid, a whole network of organization is instituted which it is

almost impossible, after a few months have passed, to cleave asunder or to cut down.

But there was another alternative put before us by Lord Loreburn. He defined the period for which his Majesty's Government might regard themselves as indispensable to the nation, not as six or eight months but as two years. I heard that prognostication from the noble and learned lord with an absolute gasp of horror. But if it be true, I wonder whether Lord Rosebery would have contemplated that the people of this country should be left for two more years, not merely under the miasma of this Budget but under the even more mephitic exhalations that might be supposed to emanate from its successor or its two successors, as well as all the other consequences which he depicted in such graphic terms.

And these consequences would not be confined to the sphere of taxation. They would extend over the whole range of government. It would have been two more years, as we think, of insufficient attention to the defences of the country, two more years of socialistic experiments, two more years of tampering with the Church and other of our national institutions. Had we acted on this advice, I think it would have been, if I may use a metaphor the origin of which I do not know, but which is at least expressive, playing it rather low down on the people of this country. It would have been like the action of King David, who, when he was rebuked by a higher Power for making a census of his people—presumably with a view to increased taxation—and when he was given the alternative of several punishments, evaded that which was to fall upon himself and chose that which was to fall upon his people. I do not think the people would have thanked you had you taken any such course. They would have said that you were merely trying to save your own skins and leaving them to suffer. And when the General Election had come, whether in six or eight months or in two years, instead of respecting you for your caution,

they would much more likely have condemned you for your cowardice.

But I should like to get away from the question of tactics, because, with all deference to those who have used that argument, it is not upon considerations of expediency, but upon the broadest conception of our duty to ourselves and to the country that your lordships ought to decide what action you should take. I am doubtful how far I am entitled to lay stress upon the conscientious objection that I believe many of your lordships take to this measure. I say I am doubtful, because we are at once met with the retort that our objections are selfish, and indeed that we are not entitled in the case of a Finance Bill to have any conscientious objections at all. That is the absurd and amazing doctrine which is now placed before this House. I would like your lordships to consider the part which it leaves you to play in the Constitution. We are expected to bear our full share in the duties and administration of the country, and when any special effort or outlay is required it is to us that his Majesty's Ministers turn. We are to be taxed up to the hilt, we are to be abused on public platforms and told we are landgrabbers and thieves, and if we are unfortunate enough to be dukes we fall under the special lash of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But when a Supply Bill or a Finance Bill comes before this House we are to look the other way. If we remember that we are a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature by whose "advice and consent" alone supplies can be granted to the Crown, we are at once to forget it; if we feel any pangs of conscientious objection, we are to suppress them; and so long as the Bill is a Finance Bill, a Bill for the Supply of the year, we have nothing to do in your lordships' House but to sit here, like a number of puppets, and nod our heads to the First, Second, and Third Reading of the Bill and pass it into law. I hardly think that is a conception of your duty which will commend itself to your lordships. Yet that is the naked

truth of the position we are now invited to take up. Even if our own sense of self-respect did not forbid us to consent to such an ignoble part, I hardly think we have a right to do it in view of the larger interests which are placed in our hands.

What is the real character of the issue before this House and the country? The Government are fighting for the principle that the House of Commons may send up any measure, however dangerous, socialistic, and subversive in our view it may be, and provided it can be cramped within the four quarters of the Finance Bill of the year we are to have no alternative but to pass it. That is a novel, a revolutionary, and an intolerable claim. It is one which your lordships have never acknowledged, and which you have no right to acknowledge now. You have no right to acknowledge it in the interests of this House, because it is clear that this House would be reduced to legislative impotence if it were possible to take particular Bills out of the ordinary course of legislative procedure and tie them up under the cover and label of a Finance Bill, and in that way circumvent your lordships and pass them through your lordships' House. You have no right to give away without a struggle the rights and privileges which you have enjoyed and which have been vindicated by many of your greatest statesmen and orators for 250 years.

But I think there is a higher sanction still. You have no right to do this in the interests of the people at large. Remember that your surrender now would mean that nothing would stand in future between the people and the power of the House of Commons, which, in other words, means the Government of the day, to pass into law whatever they might desire. You would really be committing the country to a Single Chamber Constitution. That means a Constitution in which one Chamber can override the other without the necessity of an appeal to the people. And in that case it would only be a natural and almost logical consequence for some Minister

or some Government to come forward at a future date and propose that this Constitution of ours, which we have always thought the glory of this country and the wonder of the world, should be assimilated to the Single Chamber model of Bulgaria or Greece.

May I now endeavour to answer the implication made in the speech of the most rev. Prelate that your lordships are taking a novel and unconstitutional course? As far as I can understand the charge of unconstitutional procedure, it takes two forms. The first contention is that we are acting unconstitutionally in compelling an appeal to the country. I do not fully appreciate the nature of this charge. It appears to me to be inherent in the rights of any Second Chamber—and I find them described as such in all the constitutional handbooks—that in the last resort a Second Chamber can compel a reference to the polls. The time may arise and does sometimes arise when a disagreement between the two bodies can only be settled by such a solution. I am quite willing to say that the cases in which that right should be exercised must be closely circumscribed in practice. I can only imagine two cases in which it would be right for a Second Chamber to take such a course. One would be the case in which the Government of the day had introduced some measure in flagrant conflict with the expressed will of the nation. The other would be the case of legislation embodying principles or provisions which had never been submitted to or approved by the electorate of the country. In either of such cases it would appear to me to be part of the inherent duty of a Second Chamber to say that the measure should not become law until it had been referred to the judgment of the people. Such a power is safeguarded by the obvious check that if it is rashly or frivolously used it recoils on the heads of those who use it. Therefore I am not greatly moved when I hear these charges of unconstitutional action in this respect, because it seems to me that the country is protected in the first place by

the evidence of history, by the records of your lordships' House, which show that although you have enjoyed these powers for hundreds of years you have exercised them with very considerable moderation and self-restraint ; secondly, by the force of public opinion to which your lordships have never shown any unwillingness to bow ; and, in the third place, by the instinct of self-preservation, which is likely to prevent your lordships from any foolish or partisan proceeding.

The second charge of unconstitutional procedure to which Lord James of Hereford and the most rev. Archbishop alluded is a rather different one. It is that we are doing a novel and unconstitutional thing in rejecting the Finance Bill of the year. I do not propose to argue the question whether there is a distinction between the law and the Constitution or whether there is a distinction between Money Bills and Supply Bills. The constitutional authorities have argued both these questions in this debate. I am prepared, for the purpose of argument, to suppose that such a distinction can be drawn in both cases. But that does not settle the matter. What is the history and what are the facts of the case? The history of this controversy, into which I have no desire to plunge, may be roughly summarized : first, as the period extending from the time of the Stuarts to 1860 ; and, secondly, as the period from 1861 to the present day. In the interval between the two, in 1860 and 1861, there stand out like landmarks on a flat horizon the incidents of those two years. The history of the matter up to 1860 it is unnecessary to recapitulate. As everybody knows, this controversy has gone on with varying fortunes on either side and many vicissitudes for centuries.

The right of the House of Lords to reject Money Bills and even to amend Money Bills has been constantly claimed, frequently exercised, and even admitted by the House of Commons. These rights were conclusively vindicated in the debates of 1860. There is still in your

lordships' House a peer, and for all I know there may be more than one, who heard the famous speech which was delivered by Lord Lyndhurst, on May 21, 1860, on his eighty-eighth birthday, stating, recapitulating, and advocating with all the power of his undimmed intellect and with all the force of unexhausted youth the rights and privileges of your lordships' House. That peer is my own father, and he and his son will go together into the Lobby to-night in support of the propositions which Lord Lyndhurst laid down in a manner which could never be challenged on that occasion. In 1860 the Lords did precisely what we are told is unconstitutional now. They threw out the Paper Duty Bill, in spite of the fact that it was contended by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville that it was an essential part of the Supply of the year. That was the whole case of the Government. But this House, acting on the advice of Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Chelmsford, and Lord Derby, threw the Bill out.

What happened? The House of Commons did then what I believe they are going to do now. They passed a number of Resolutions affirming the prerogative of the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli, satisfied with the admissions of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone as to the rights and privileges of your lordships' House, actually, I believe, voted for the Resolutions. But in the next year Mr. Gladstone inaugurated a new financial era. In order to circumvent this House he embodied for the first time in a single Bill all the measures which it had previously been the fashion to send up one by one. That was a piece of strategy on the part of Mr. Gladstone; it was deliberately avowed as such. He left on record a statement in which he said the House of Lords for its misconduct was deservedly extinguished in effect as to all matters of finance. It is true that in the following year, when the conflict might have been resumed by your lordships' House, the House of Lords did not do so, but took another course on the advice of Lord Derby, mainly because the Paper Duty Bill was a Bill, not for

the imposition but the relief of taxation, and because it was one with the principle of which the Conservative Party agreed. The measure was accordingly accepted as part of the Finance Bill of the year.

But my point is that the House of Lords did not on that occasion surrender their rights. They remained intact, they could not be extinguished by the openly avowed and vindictive act of a Minister in the other House. They could not be extinguished by any act of the House of Commons. If now your lordships choose to revive them, they can only be destroyed by an overwhelming pronouncement on the part of the country. The idea that your lordships are doing anything now for the first time which is entirely novel and unconstitutional is therefore an idea without foundation. You are doing now what you did in 1860. When Lord James says, "How comes it that this action is now taken for the first time?" the answer is this. It was taken repeatedly up to the year 1860, but it was taken in a different form, because the Bills always came before you separately up to that date. The reason why you have never taken this step since 1860 is that no Chancellor of the Exchequer has been found in that interval to put before you a Bill like the present Bill, which so directly challenges the constitutional prerogative of your lordships' House and compels you to take a course of action which you have never signified your intention to relinquish but which occasion has not arisen to take during the last fifty years. We deny, therefore, that we are now setting up any new or extravagant claim. We recognize the right of the House of Commons to control, under normal conditions, the finances of the country. But we say that we have the power and the duty, always enjoyed and frequently acted upon, to see that that right is not abused in order to carry through, under the guise of financial measures, policies or principles which have not been approved by the people. And we signify our willingness to bow to the final expression of the popular will

when once it has been expressed in clear and constitutional form.

My lords, that seems to me to be the constitutional position, and if that is our case from the constitutional side, is it not worth drawing attention to the fact that a constitutional case is also being set up by the Government? What is the policy of these ardent defenders of the Constitution? Lord Loreburn a few days ago told us, when he read from that historic sheet of paper, that ~~ne~~ Liberal Government would consent ever again to bear the heavy burden of office unless it was secured against a repetition of the treatment they have met with during the last four years. Surely, my lords, there was there the inception, the announcement, of a revolution incomparably greater than any revolution which can possibly arise from a reference of the Finance Bill of the year to the people as a whole.

The noble and learned lord committed the Liberal Party to the destruction of the veto of this House and the subversion of the ancient balance and equipoise of our Constitution. Surely here, if anywhere, was a rupture of the unbroken custom and usage and convention of hundreds of years. I think I might use the language of the noble and learned lord himself and say that this seems to me to be a direct invasion both of the privileges of your lordships' House and of the prerogative of the Crown. I believe, therefore, that when we go to the country on this question of constitutional or unconstitutional usage the country will be quite sufficiently intelligent to see where the real revolution lies—whether in the action of your lordships, who in the discharge of what you believe to be your duty are going to refer this measure to the people, or in the action of the Government, which, because it cannot get its own way, proposes to break up the ancient Constitution of this country in order to render the House of Commons supreme.

We have been told by almost every speaker in this debate, in language of varying menace, that if we throw out this Bill we are only at the beginning of a conflict of which no one can foresee the end. The noble and learned lord on the Woolsack was more precise. He told us it could only end in one way. I do not think, even if I were a Minister, I should like to be quite so confident. I think it is quite likely we are at the commencement of a long and arduous struggle, and that the component parts of the Constitution may emerge from that struggle in an altered form. There are some of us on this side of the House who would not shrink from that consequence. • Nay, there are some who would warmly welcome it. That we should have a Second Chamber in this country—a reformed House of Lords, for that is the popular phrase—possessing elements of strength denied to ourselves and supplementing the existing Constitution, from sources to which we cannot turn, is an aspiration which is dear to the hearts of many who sit in this Chamber. I hope that it may be reserved for the party to which I have the honour to belong, should the opportunity ever occur, to carry such aspirations into execution. I wish I could cherish the hope that we are likely in such an attempt to receive the support and encouragement of noble lords opposite ; but, however that may be, I trust and I confidently believe that there will emerge from this controversy upon which we are about to embark an unmistakable mandate from the country—not, perhaps, at the first election, for we are told that the issues are likely to be confused, but at some subsequent election, because this matter cannot be decided by one election, possibly not even by two—I hope there will emerge from the conflict an unmistakable mandate from the people of this country that a Second Chamber is an essential feature in our Constitution, and that that Second Chamber shall not be a mere phantom, rendered equally impotent and ridiculous by the paralysis of its powers and scarcely

worthy to deliberate if it can only delay ; but that it shall be a Second Chamber representing, as your lordships have endeavoured faithfully to do for many centuries, the stability, the character, and the experience of the State, and one which, like this House, and I hope in an even superior degree, will be independent and fearless and strong.

A SECOND CHAMBER

HOUSE OF LORDS, *March 16, 1910.*

[Ever since he entered the House of Commons in 1886 Lord Curzon has been a consistent advocate of a reformed House of Lords, having put forward proposals in this sense long before the majority of his party. "sound salvation." Many speeches in both Houses of Parliament, as well as articles in magazines, might be quoted in which he has expounded these views. One only has been selected for reproduction here. It was delivered in the House of Lords on Lord Rosebery's motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee to consider the question of its own reorganization.]

MY LORDS, the noble Earl on the Cross Benches [Lord Rosebery] who has placed the motion on the Paper has rendered thereby a conspicuous service to this House and to the country. When he referred to those members of your lordships' House who had interested themselves in this question in the past he modestly refrained from alluding to one peer who for more than a quarter of a century has identified himself with this movement, and who, more than any one else, is responsible for the change in public feeling on the matter. I mean himself. In good report and in evil report the noble Earl has adhered to the views which he first put before your lordships in the year 1884, and for my part I hope that in the decision at which your lordships' House may arrive the noble Earl may reap the reward of his foresight and convictions.

I observe that it is a common thing to express regret that the advice of the noble Earl was not acted upon at an earlier date, and that your lordships did not proceed to consider the question of your own reform long years ago.

That is a feeling which I do not altogether share. For great reforms an atmosphere of reform is wanted. You require some external stimulus, either in the pressure of public opinion or in the force of events. Great reforms, either in this country or in any other, have never come like thunder from a clear sky. It is only when there is a certain amount of electricity in the air, when there has been a prolonged, and perhaps profound, atmospheric disturbance, that the minds of the people are attuned to the acceptance of great change. In my view the present moment is not inopportune for the consideration of this question, but is, on the contrary, extremely favourable. We have recently had a General Election, which turned very largely upon the subject of your lordships' House. A great deal of popular and public interest has been excited on that question. Many noble lords have been impelled thereby to devote to the subject more attention than they had previously given to it. If it be said that it is useless for a party in opposition to consider the question of constitutional reform and that such a proceeding can only properly emanate from a responsible Government, the reply is that it is not impossible that these conditions may be realized at no very distant date, that His Majesty's Government are themselves, by their policy, endeavouring to remove that disability from our shoulders, and that if your lordships find it in your power to arrive at any general agreement on the principles of this question, there is good reason to hope that that agreement may at no very remote period in the future become the basis for legislative action taken by a responsible Government seated on those benches in this House.

But although I have argued that the situation is a favourable one, and although the circumstances that I have described have brought it very rapidly to the front, I also agree with those noble lords who have contended in debate that it is unnecessary and that it would be unwise for us to proceed with any desperate or unreasoning haste. It is unwise because, in the first place, it might suggest

that we were inspired by a feeling of panic, which I am sure is not the case ; and secondly, because no sensible man, to whatever party he may belong, would imagine for a moment that such a question as the reform and reconstitution of one of the branches of the Legislature of the oldest and most famous country in the world can be concerted in a debate of either a few days, a few weeks, or even a few months.

We have heard a great deal in this discussion about the sifting and winnowing that will have to take place in order to eliminate the superfluous members of your lordships' House. That we all acknowledge to be a very delicate and very difficult task ; but a not less delicate and difficult task will be the sifting and winnowing of the various plans for the reform of your lordships' House, with some of which we have been made acquainted and which probably nearly every noble lord who sits on this side of the House has in his pocket, but which we shall do well if we put on one side on the occasion of this debate. After all, what we have to do here is to put our several ideas for what they may be worth into the common stock, not to attach ourselves too closely to any individual scheme to which we may have given publicity in the past or which we may favour now, but to arrive if we can at a general agreement on the broad principles of reform which, if they are accepted, may later on provide the basis of a concrete plan. That I understand to be the object of the noble Earl on the Cross Benches, and in that object I believe he has the support of the great majority of your lordships' House.

My lords, there is another criticism to which I should like to demur. The noble Viscount, Lord Morley, taunted us—very amiably, as is his wont—with the transformation scene that has taken place between our attitude in November last and our position to-day, and he implied that because the great majority of your lordships' House thought that you were competent to reject the Budget last November and to refer it to the people, and because

a good many of us defended that action of your lordships on platforms throughout the country, therefore we regarded, or regard, the constitution of this House as above reproach, as beyond amendment, and that there has been some change of attitude, some inconsistency, a sort of deathbed repentance on our part in now coming forward and advocating measures of reform. I do not think that that taunt can fairly be applied to the great majority of noble lords who sit on this side of the House. There are a good many of us to whom it cannot possibly apply, and in those cases it leaves our withers entirely unwrung.

For many years, I should say for the last twenty or thirty years, there has been a strong and stalwart body in the rank and file of the Unionist Party, both in this House and in the other House of Parliament, who have been steady and sincere advocates of the reform of the Chamber and who have not changed their opinions one iota in anything that they may say in the course of this debate. The noble Viscount will remember that in the old days, when I had the honour of being a member of the House of Commons with him, every year there used to appear on the Paper of the House of Commons a motion in the name of that agreeable and innocuous Vandal, Mr. Labouchere, in favour of the abolition, sometimes of the hereditary principle, and sometimes of the House of Lords. Nobody took it very seriously, least of all the author himself. But in looking up the debates on those occasions I find that in 1888, 1889, and 1890 I was myself responsible for putting an Amendment on the Paper in favour of the reform and modification of the hereditary principle. On one occasion I had the honour of being followed in debate by the noble Viscount opposite, who chaffed me, not upon the adequacy or inadequacy of our schemes for reform, but only, and with perfect justice, on the rather slow paces that were at that time taken by our leaders.

About the same time the noble Viscount, Lord Midleton, and I had the audacity to put forward in the pages of

a magazine proposals in which the idea of service as a test for the admission of hereditary peers to this House was, for the first time, elaborated on a considerable scale. We proposed a House of Lords with 300 members—I think that total is favoured by the noble Earl on the Cross Benches—with a proportion of fifty elected from outside. What is of more moment, some noble lords may remember that at the same time we sent a round-robin to the late Lord Salisbury which was known as “the wail of the eldest sons.” It was signed by twenty-three eldest sons of peers who were at that time in the House of Commons, and of whom as many as seventeen now have the honour of being members of your lordships’ House. If for no other reason, respectability was attached to our pronouncement by the fact that the first signature to it was that of the late Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Hartington, and of the twenty-three as many as eleven signed a declaration in favour of a modification of the hereditary principle. I do not mention these excursions of our salad days with the idea of advertising our old programme or of extolling our own prescience. I merely mention them in order to show that on the part of a great many of us there has been none of that tardy conversion to which the noble Viscount [Lord Morley] referred.

There is one regret which, as an old advocate of this change, I should like to confess, and that is that neither now nor then have we received any support in these ideas and views from the members of the party opposite. I listened the other night with respect to the speech of the noble Viscount. There was not in that speech, which was the official utterance from that Bench, any hint of sympathy with reform of the House of Lords. What concerned the noble Viscount was the relations of the two Houses and the institution of steps which would secure the subordination of this House to the House of Commons. And even in that argument there was some contradiction. For at one moment of his speech the noble Viscount was heard to argue that in reality we have single-Chamber

government in this country—in other words, that this House is a weak and negligible factor—and almost in the same breath he was found contending that the so-called Veto of your lordships' House is a dangerous and unconstitutional weapon which ought to be taken away.

Both in the speeches to which we have listened from the Government during the last few months and throughout this agitation there has not been the slightest recognition on the part of the opposite party that there is any national and Imperial side to this question, that it is not the victory of one party over another, either of us here or you there, that the country desires, but that the great majority of thinking men are saying: "A plague on both your Houses! Why don't you get to work and put an end to all these excursions and alarums, clear away the weaknesses and blemishes which everybody admits exist in your Upper Chamber, and give us something like stability and peace in our Constitution in the future?" That demand is becoming more articulate and more audible every day, and yet, when we look for a reply from the Ministry, they are dumb.

Two nights ago Sir Edward Grey made a speech in which he argued that a Government which had obtained only a majority of something like thirty in its first Division in the House of Commons was not strong enough to reform the House of Lords. Good heavens! Is it strong enough, then, to destroy it? What an admission! Their numbers are not sufficient to execute the necessary repairs in the fabric of the Constitution of the State, but they are sufficient to take the axe and crowbar and batter it to the ground. On the first night of the session we had an equally disheartening reply from Lord Crewe. In his view, the counsels of what I should describe as prudence and common sense cannot prevail because, he told us, the two Houses are to be regarded as in a state of war. I venture to say that that is a purely artificial and concocted belligerence, and I am sure there is no less willing participator in the fray than the noble Earl himself.

I think we may, in this respect, derive a lesson from other nations much more excitable than our own. I was reading in the papers only a day or two ago an account of a duel that had taken place in Italy. An excitable Italian Deputy had insulted, or was thought to have insulted, a General in the Parliament there. A duel ensued between the two. There was a most desperate encounter, and the Deputy wounded the General in the cheek. What happened? When this climax had been reached, did they separate in grumbling solitude and say that a state of war existed between them in the future? Not a bit. They met on the scene of combat, they shook hands, and with the emotionalism of southern people they actually embraced. I am not suggesting that we should indulge in any such transports as that. I am not prepared myself to embrace the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I am still more convinced that he is not prepared to embrace me. But for the two great parties in the State, after this historic encounter in which everybody admits that neither side has gained a substantial victory, and in which, therefore, there ought to be no sense of humiliation on either side, when they come back again, to stand on their dignity, or for one of them, at any rate, to stand on its dignity, and refuse to consider the welfare of the institutions in which they are jointly interested, does seem to me a melancholy illustration of the frailty of human nature and the faults of the party system.

I draw a more pregnant illustration still from quarters that are, perhaps, of greater interest to ourselves. A year ago I was in South Africa, and there I saw, not merely the leaders of two parties but the captains of two armies, the champions of two races, who, a few years before, had been engaged in a bloody and devastating war, laying aside all animosities, burying their ancient tales of wrong, and co-operating together in order to create a new Constitution for their country. My lords, if Boer and Briton can do that in South Africa, why cannot

Liberal and Conservative do it here? The task there was much more delicate and complex than anything that confronts us here. They had to bind up the wounds of the battlefield. We merely have to heal the contusions of the platform. They were engaged in building up a new Constitution. All that we have to do is to patch up an old one. They were engaged in creating a new nation. What we want to do is to preserve all that is best in one of the oldest and most famous nations of the world.

But I suppose it is no good talking like this. We are officially told that we are officially at war with each other, and therefore, instead of co-operating as sensible men ought to do, we are reduced to this impotent strife, which can only result in detriment to the country and injury to both the parties in it. The Government are the best judges of their own conduct, and I dare say it is an impertinence on my part to venture to criticize them as I have done. I think myself they are mistaken. I think that history will not lightly exonerate the heads of a great party, sponsors and creators of this House just as much as we may be, if in a fit of petulance or simulated resentment they stand aside while the fate of this House is being discussed and affect a scornful indifference to proposals that are being put forward for its improvement. However that may be, our path is clear. I hope we shall not let slip the opportunity, the great and golden opportunity, as I regard it, that has been presented to us, and I trust that in these proceedings the majority of your lordships' House will honestly and finally commit yourselves to the broad principles of a serious and acceptable scheme of reform of this Chamber.

There are many of us in this House who took part in the recent General Election, which, as I have said, turned largely on the question of the House of Lords. We did so with much advantage and pleasure to ourselves, and not altogether without satisfaction to the people. Anyhow, the House of Commons appears to have been so

much impressed with, if not the popularity, at any rate the propriety of our proceedings that their first act at the commencement of the session was to extend the period of our activity in the future right up to the day of the polls. I own I am aghast at the vistas of rhetorical activity that this seems to open up before us, and which, I observe, struck a chill into the intrepid bosom of my noble friend Lord Newton, though I think that was a simulated indignation on his part, because I believe he occupied almost every night between the rejection of the Budget by this House and the issue of the writs in making admirable and convincing speeches in the country, which were largely responsible for the result that was attained. Whether that does or does not add to our burdens in the future, I think it is a good thing for your lordships' House, because it will help to put an end to the childish nonsense that we hear talked about the alleged difference between the peers and the people, the sham distinction between the classes and the masses. If your lordships appear, as I hope you will continue to do, in the future, on the platform in the stress of a General Election, those preposterous ideas cannot continue to prevail, and the time will come when that unthinking act of the House of Commons the other day will be regarded as a striking incident in the history of the British aristocracy, and as having started them on a career of fresh contact and of fresh influence with the people.

What was our experience at the General Election in relation to the House of Lords? Each man can only speak from his own experience, which is necessarily limited, but I think most noble lords on this side will agree with what I am about to say. In the first place, we found the keenest interest to hear the question of the House of Lords discussed, and a perfectly good-humoured and truly British desire to hear the case of the peers stated by a peer himself. Secondly, there did not appear to be any resentment at our action in referring the Budget to the people. On the contrary, the people showed by

their votes that we had correctly gauged their views, because they have returned to Parliament a majority believed to be hostile to that measure. Thirdly, the country showed itself absolutely resolved to have a Second Chamber of some sort. I do not deny that there may be a section or sections of the community who, because they are interested in some particular object in the way of which stands your lordships' House, may be opposed to the existence of any Second Chamber in this country. That is true of the Socialist Party ; to some extent it is true of the Labour Party ; and I believe, for the time being at all events, of the whole of the Irish Party. But obviously these are the interested and selfish views of fractions, I might almost say factions, of the community ; they are not the views of the country as a whole. I doubt if any of your lordships will deny the proposition that this country, democratic as it is, is not prepared to entrust its destinies to the unfettered control of a representative Chamber, even though that Chamber be elected by itself.

If the country desires a Second Chamber, is it not clear also, from all our experience, that it desires a Second Chamber that shall be reasonably efficient and strong—not so strong as to override and overawe the House of Commons, but strong enough to be courageous and independent—the precise virtues that have more than once been claimed for your lordships' House in the course of this debate—able to discharge with efficiency its functions as a revising and suspensory Chamber, and sufficiently representative to represent in this House those sides of the national character, those aspects of public feeling, and those departments of public activity which are not, and from the nature of the case cannot be, properly represented in the House of Commons?

Then I would say this, that during the election there was no subject more certain to evoke cheers than the advocacy of the reform of the House of Lords ; and at the same time there was no subject which excited less enthu-

siasm than the proposals of His Majesty's Government. I believe that Lord Marchamley correctly represented the views of the great majority of the party, whom he recently shepherded into the Liberal fold when he denounced the Campbell-Bannerman proposal to which we understand the Government have pinned their faith. I never met a Liberal who, in the frankness of personal intercourse, did not regard that particular proposal for the destruction of the Veto and the emasculation of the House of Lords as otherwise than illogical and absurd. Surely there is something intensely grotesque in denouncing as a House of hereditary incompetents your lordships' House, and then leaving it to exist still as a Second Chamber, still as a House of Lords, in order that you may pour your recruits into its disabled and discredited ranks. Is there not also something eminently unjust in the attempt to deprive your lordships of the greater part of your constitutional and legal rights, and to leave you sitting in this Chamber with your privileges gone and only your disabilities left? And I would say, too, that there is something almost shabby and mean in the attempt to use a passing parliamentary majority in order permanently to stereotype the superiority of one party in the State. For these reasons I believe the particular proposals which represent the policy of the Government have no chance, whatever may be their immediate future, of being permanently incorporated in the Constitution of this country. I am surprised, though I cannot profess to be sorry, that the Government have pinned their allegiance to proposals which seem to us at all events to be so illogical, so indefensible, and so manifestly unfair.

Then, my lords, I doubt very much from what I saw whether the country entertains any real objection to the exercise by your lordships' House of your constitutional rights—be they legal or constitutional, I do not discuss that point—with regard to Finance Bills, Money Bills, and Supply. I have no doubt they would object to the wanton and frequent and unscrupulous use of those rights ;

but the whole case of noble lords opposite is that our action was a single and unprecedented one, so that that argument cannot apply. So far as I can judge, the electorate saw and see no reason why the Second Chamber of this country should not enjoy the same privileges as regards the treatment of finance which are possessed, for instance, by the Senates of the most democratic countries in the world—the United States of America and France—which are enjoyed by the Second Chambers which we have given to our most important colonies, and which, indeed, form part of the Constitution of every considerable State in the civilized world.

I believe that the particular cry that we are upsetting the balance of the Constitution, which we first heard from the Woolsack, has not aroused any general response in the country, and that it would have needed even more than the persuasive eloquence of the noble and learned lord himself to convince a public meeting of the proposition that he placed before your lordships' House in November last.

But even if this be true, there remain certain faults and blemishes in your lordships' House as to which the country is, I think, convinced, and as to which it does desire amendment. The first of these can be dismissed in a couple of sentences, because there is almost universal agreement on the matter. It is that this House is needlessly large. You are indeed the largest Senate in point of numbers in the world. And there are a considerable number of your members who might be relieved of their legislative duties without considerable sacrifice to themselves and without detriment to the State.

The second feeling in the country is a feeling of regret that no machinery has ever been devised by which the Liberal Party, when it is in a great majority in the House of Commons, can obtain an adequate reflection of its predominance in this House. May I say in all sincerity that we on this side regret that just as much as you do? We regret the spectacle which we often see of the rather

naked condition of the benches opposite. We know very well that it gives an air of onesidedness and of unreality to our proceedings. We sympathized with Lord Crewe when, in a speech which he delivered some time ago, he complained of the feeling of depression which settled down upon his own spirit because of the surroundings in which he found himself, and we know that the disparity between the two sides paralyzes and sterilizes our debates. There is not one of us who does not welcome the plentiful infusion of new blood to those benches, and we rejoice that the stream continues to pour in with undiminished force. But as we see the incoming current gradually changing its hue and assimilating itself to the larger stream which it joins, although we may express no surprise, I can assure your lordships that we feel great regret at the result. I believe that if any scheme could be devised—and I think such a scheme is a necessary part of any measure of reform—by which the Liberal Party could be assured of a more permanent representation in this House, it would meet with a most ready acceptance from those who sit on this side.

Then, my lords, there is the well-known and admitted objection to the mainly hereditary composition of your lordships' House. I say "mainly" because I think that the extent of the hereditary basis of this House is apt to be somewhat exaggerated, and that the public hardly realize the fact that as much as one-fourth of this House is not constituted upon an hereditary basis at all. There are the twenty-six bishops, who represent their sees, and who may be said to come here on the ground of personal service; there are the six Law lords; there are the sixteen Scottish and the twenty-eight Irish peers, who, although they are elected out of the hereditary peerage, yet come here, not as hereditary peers but by right of election. Finally, there are no fewer than eighty members of your lordships' House who have been sent here for the first time in their own persons by recent Ministries, both Conservative and Liberal, who may beget hereditary

peers in the next generation, but who are not hereditary peers themselves and who, in many cases, having no heirs and no families, are more life peers than anything else. If you add all these together you have no fewer than 150 members of your lordships' House who are not here by virtue of hereditary right at all. I am in agreement with the general propositions of Lord Rosebery, but I think that he rather overstated his case against the hereditary principle, both in the estimation in which it is held in the country and in its effect on the policy of the State.

I have some figures here which I should like to give to the House. I suppose that if the argument about the absurdity of the hereditary principle were sound the last person whom a popular electorate ought to return to Parliament would be the eldest son of a peer. If a man is absurd as a legislator in this House when his father is dead, he ought to be equally absurd as a legislator in the other House while his father is still alive. Now, in the recent election the number of eldest sons who stood for the House of Commons was thirty-six, and of these no fewer than twenty-four were returned to the House of Commons, twenty-two of them representing the party who are described as the hereditary foes of the people. The number of younger sons of peers standing for the House of Commons was forty, of whom twenty-three were successfully returned—a rather less proportion—so that the country, if any inference is to be drawn from proportion, rather preferred the elder sons to the younger sons, thereby giving the seal of their approbation to this most vicious principle. Then the country actually had the chance of returning peers to the House of Commons, for there were three Irish peers who stood for popular constituencies. Two of these, drawn from the party to which I belong, were elected, and the third, drawn from the party opposite, was rejected. Finally, the number of seats that were won from the Radicals by eldest sons of peers was nine, and the number gained

by the younger sons of peers was seven. Those figures—which I give for what they are worth—indicate a somewhat different aspect of the attitude of the electorate towards the hereditary principle from that which finds currency in a great many speeches that we hear.

I should like now to consider the operation of the hereditary principle in our Constitution. I put aside for the moment the question of antiquity, although I think in an ancient country like ours that is by no means to be disregarded. I put aside also the unchallenged application of the principle of heredity in the case of the Throne. I say only that I think a very good case can be made out for the hereditary principle on the ground of proven utility in the service of the State. It would be absurd to say that the hereditary principle justifies the House of Lords, but it might not unfairly be contended that the House of Lords has justified the hereditary principle. It has given us a House of Lords which, at any rate, over the broad field of its history, has seldom been wanting in wisdom and courage. It has given us an upper class which, on the whole, has honourably and fairly trained itself in the responsibilities of government. It has saved us from the danger of a plutocracy or an upper class of professional politicians. It has given us a Second Chamber which has been strong enough to resist the clamour of popular passion, but not strong enough to offer permanent obstruction to necessary change. All these claims can fairly be made for the hereditary principle. I do not wish to push them too far; but they justify our desire to retain for the hereditary element a fair share, I will not say a preponderating share, in the future composition of a reformed House of Lords.

I admit that were we now constructing a Second Chamber we should not dream of basing it on the hereditary principle. I admit that the principle is open to attack, criticism, misrepresentation, and abuse, which weaken its force and give it an insufficient hold upon the

confidence of the people. I will go farther and say that to some extent it is an historical anachronism. In the past, when the great landowners represented the chief force of the State—a force so strong that it could stand up successfully against the King—it was a natural thing that the hereditary principle should be the basis for the Second Chamber. Now other interests have come to the front, the balance of society has been changed, and that which might have been desirable and proper as the sole basis of a Second Chamber two or three hundred years ago has ceased to have the same efficacy and justification. For these reasons I agree that the hereditary principle ought no longer to be the main basis of the constitution of a reformed House of Lords ; but I hope very much that the hereditary principle will not be banished altogether from its association with this House. I am sure nothing is farther from the intentions of Lord Rosebery than to suggest anything of the sort. I am sure he will agree with me in holding that it is desirable, in any scheme of reform, that the hereditary peers should retain, either by process of election or selection, or subject to such tests as the wisdom of the House may decide, a considerable, although not necessarily a preponderant, share in the composition of this House.

There is another reason why we should not depart too hastily from precedent in this matter, or bring about too violent a rupture with the past. We are apt to talk in this country as if the only persons interested in the House of Lords were the electors of the United Kingdom. But there is such a thing as the British Empire. The proceedings of your lordships' House are studied probably quite as closely—I dare say more closely—across the seas as they are in this country ; and the point of view from which this House, and, indeed, both Houses, are regarded in our dominions is not less important than the point of view from which they are regarded at home. Remember this : the members of the House of Commons are elected exclusively by the voters of England, Wales,

Scotland, and Ireland, and are chosen, almost exclusively, on domestic grounds ; and yet these members are charged with the government of the whole British Empire.

You may ask : How is it that this astonishing constitutional anomaly has survived through all these years ? It is due to two facts. In the first place, to the fact that the Colonies themselves have year by year acquired an increasing measure of self-government which has enabled them to override the mistakes and to snap their fingers at the sometimes injudicious interference of the House of Commons ; and secondly, to the fact that the Colonies have always looked to this House as containing a truer perception of Imperial and Colonial feeling than the House across the way ; as a place where their case is stated with experience, is regarded with sympathy, and is judged with authority. As one who has served the Empire in foreign parts, I cannot exaggerate the importance of this consideration. It is quite a mistake to suppose that because the Colonies are Liberal or democratic in sentiment, therefore they have an inherent dislike to an aristocratic Second Chamber. What they want in a Second Chamber is character, authority, and experience. If they found that a Second Chamber composed exclusively of dukes was more infected with the Imperial spirit and viewed their standpoint with greater sympathy, they would vote for a Second Chamber of Dukes. Anyhow, I am certain they would sooner have a Second Chamber of dukes than a First Chamber of demagogues.

If these considerations apply to great democratic communities like the Colonies, how much more do they operate in the case of an ancient and aristocratic continent like that of India. If you ask the potentates of Asia or the princes of India to which House of His Majesty's Parliament they look with greater respect and greater sympathy, I very much doubt whether they will reply the House that sits across the way. The House of Lords is regarded throughout India with immense veneration and respect. This is largely due to the fact that the com-

position of this House rests on a basis which is familiar in every stratum of Indian society; and I beg of you to be very careful that in your scheme for reforming this House you do not destroy that respect, that veneration, which is essential, not merely to your Constitution but to the maintenance of your Empire. You cannot afford in the pursuit of any merely party interest to ignore the point of view of the Empire, and it is impossible for any party to remodel the Constitution in order to satisfy the domestic interests at home without any regard to the impression that may be produced in those wider areas across the seas.

I have been defending the retention of some share of the hereditary peerage in the future composition of this House. We are, then, confronted with the difficulty of how to fill up the remainder. My noble friend Lord Salisbury made a most able and powerful plea yesterday for the principle of peerages nominated by the Crown on the advice of the Prime Minister. I would gladly see a number of such peerages, to be filled at the rate of so many a year for a term of years, placed at the disposal of the Prime Minister of the day, because it would enable him to fill up the gap on the opposite benches which I have already deplored. But I hope that in considering the question of replenishing this House from outside you will not lightly dismiss the idea which was favoured by Lord Rosebery of election for a portion, at any rate, of your lordships' House. For a purely elective Second Chamber I have no sympathy. I hope your lordships will have nothing to do with it. We do not want two parliamentary Kings of Brentford in this country. We feel that it is almost impossible to imagine an elective Second Chamber which will not steal away some of the prestige and authority of the House of Commons, or which will not land us in periods of recurrent constitutional strife. But though election may be, in the opinion of many, the worst of all suggestions as the exclusive basis for a Second Chamber, I yet hold, and

I think that many of your lordships will agree with me, that it is worthy of consideration as a basis for a portion of a reformed House of Lords.

I argue this question on the widest grounds of expediency and public interest. What do we want to secure in reforming the House of Lords? In the main, we desire to broaden the basis of this House in public esteem, and to bring it into closer contact than it is now with the life, the aspirations, and the needs of the democracy at large. A freer use of nomination may enable a Radical Minister to put more Radical peers on those benches. But will it attach the democracy to the House of Lords, or make the House stronger in the support and esteem of the people? It is not our business at this stage to work out a plan. The noble Earl who opened this debate deliberately refrained from doing so. I should be averse myself from direct election to this House by popular constituencies. But the noble Earl indicated a scheme which is well worthy of serious consideration. He indicated that it might be possible to group the County Councils and the County Borough Councils, and that they might choose, let us say, a committee out of their number which might elect or return a peer to this House. That might be done on a certain scale of population. With a population of 42,000,000, which is that of the United Kingdom at the present time, and with a peer from every 500,000 of the people, you might in that way return eighty-four peers to this House. That, at any rate, is a feasible plan.

I do not wish, however, to say anything more about plans now, because plans must come at a later stage. We shall then be at liberty to discuss and to analyse them. All that I have ventured to contend is that the arguments against election are not so powerful as to rule that principle out of your lordships' consideration. The essence of all reform is that we should endeavour to render your lordships' House more popular—I do not mean more popular in the narrow application of the term,

as enabling it to catch votes at an election, but more popular in the sense of being more deeply rooted in the confidence and esteem and support of that which is, after all, the source of all political momentum, all strength, all power in this country—namely, democracy itself.

The noble Earl concluded his speech by an appeal to your lordships to rise to the level of the occasion, and, by voluntary sacrifice of some, at any rate, of your privileges, to lay the foundations of an enduring Constitution in this country. I hope that that appeal will not fall on unwilling ears. In the long and glorious history of this House your lordships have shown no reluctance to surrender any of your prerogatives which were open to misrepresentation or abuse. In 1868 you abolished the right to vote by proxy; in 1871 you disabled the bankrupt peer from sitting and voting in this House; in 1876 you instituted a Life Peerage; in 1888 Lord Salisbury, the most powerful Prime Minister of recent times, proposed a scheme for a wide extension of that principle; in 1907 you appointed a Committee to consider your future constitution; and in 1908 that Committee, both as its first act and its last act, passed by a unanimous vote the important principle which figures as the third Resolution on the Paper. These are, I think, indications of a sincere desire to subordinate private interests to the public good, and of your willingness to surrender any of your privileges which can no longer be properly defended or beneficially maintained.

But there is another side of the question. It is rather too hastily assumed that your lordships are being asked to give up a great deal, and that you are going to get nothing whatever in return. That is not my view of the case. I believe your lordships would gain at least as much as you would lose. Take the case of a British peer. The British peer at present is compelled to be a member of your lordships' House, whether he wishes or not. He cannot stand for the House of Commons; if he is a member of the House of Commons and succeeds

to a peerage he is turned out of that House, and he cannot resign his membership here. Take the case of an Irish peer. If an Irish peer is not elected a representative peer, it is true that he can stand for Parliament, but he cannot stand for a constituency in Ireland, where he is best known and for which he would most likely wish to sit. He has to come and find a constituency in this country. And if he is not elected or if he does not wish to stand for the House of Commons here, and if at the same time he does not succeed in being elected as a representative peer, he is excluded from parliamentary life altogether. There are sixty Irish peers at present in that position. Then take the case of a Scottish peer. He is in the worst position of all. A Scottish representative peer is only elected for a Parliament. He may lose his seat. He has done so. He may fail to get elected at all. In that case he cannot even go to an English constituency; he is allowed to stand for nowhere. He is a sort of pariah dog in the Constitution and cannot anywhere find a parliamentary kennel in which to lay his head.

All these disabilities, whether they apply to the British peerage, the Scottish peerage, or the Irish peerage, must inevitably be swept away in any scheme of reform. They will be removed in return for the sacrifice that your lordships are requested to make. But then what will happen to a peer in the future? A peer may hope for election or for selection as one of the representatives of the hereditary peerage in this House. If he fails in that object he might have the honour to become a peer nominated, upon the advice of the Prime Minister, by the Crown. Or, in the third place, he might stand as a peer for one of those larger constituencies, and might come up to this House as a peer—for instance, for the City of London, or Lancashire, or Yorkshire. Or, if all those avenues are shut to him, and he still desires to enter public life, there will remain entrance to the House of Commons. I hope I have demonstrated that if a good

deal is taken away a good deal also may conceivably be added, and my own opinion is that if your lordships are willing to accept these sacrifices, what you surrender with one hand you will win back with the other. And if your attitude is favourable towards these counsels of reform you will place this House on a new foundation, which will not merely enable it to resist the shocks of party strife in the future and drive down fresh and living roots into the affections of the people, but will give to the order to which you belong new and wider fields of activity, and will increase your popularity and your influence in the country at large.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND

HOUSE OF LORDS, *January 30, 1913.*

[Of the many speeches on the government of Ireland which Lord Curzon, in common with other politicians, has made on the platform and in Parliament during the last ten years, one only is reproduced in this volume. It was made in the House of Lords on the motion to reject the Home Rule Bill when it came up for Second Reading in that House :]

MY LORDS, the noble lord [Lord Weardale] who has just addressed us in a speech of equal ability and candour—because there is no one more candid than the old Liberal Member of the House of Commons who comes up to the freer atmosphere of your lordships' House—has more than once told us that there is a great difference between the circumstances and atmosphere in which this Bill is being discussed now and the previous occasions in 1886 and 1893. Like the noble lord, I remember both those occasions, and I sat in the House of Commons during the passage of the second Home Rule Bill. I remember the feelings that were excited and the prodigious interest with which the public followed every stage of the drama. That was due to special causes. Partly to the novelty of the experiment, partly to the towering personality of Mr. Gladstone, which excited in almost equal measure veneration and hostility, partly to the lieutenants who left his side in the struggle and some of whom were cast in a scarcely inferior mould to himself ; but it was also due to a cause which the noble lord has not mentioned. The public mind was deeply stirred by the fact that Ireland itself had in recent years been

convulsed with crime, that the weapons with which many of the agitators fought were stained with blood, and even the leaders were supposed to be not free from suspicion. That was the main cause of the high and intense state of feeling which prevailed at that time. The noble lord is right in saying that the circumstances are different now. Few if any of those conditions now prevail. The subject is almost threadbare ; every argument is stale and hardly admits of reiteration. Ireland is, fortunately, not only free from crime but is on a steadily advancing plane of prosperity.

Noble lords opposite who look at this condition of affairs derive, from this relative quiet in regard to Home Rule, the conclusion that the country has changed its mind about it, and that the policy of noble lords is looked upon with general satisfaction. . They point to the great majorities by which this Bill was carried in the House of Commons and to the small part that Home Rule has played in recent parliamentary elections. All that is true, but my diagnosis of the case is rather different from theirs. I believe there is growing up a complete and dangerous paralysis of the constitutional machine in this country, and that it is the firstfruits and the direct consequence of the Parliament Act. This Bill has been discussed in the House of Commons in an atmosphere of gloomy unreality, with empty benches, with good speeches often unanswered, subject to the insistent demands of the guillotine and closure, by men under the conviction that the Bill represents an executive act rather than a considered legislative product of the House of Commons, and in the last resort that it is a bargain with the Irish Party. In this House we are devoting the last of four days to the discussion of this Bill, but we know that we are impotent in the matter and are as "idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." If that is the case with regard to the two Houses on this Bill, can your lordships be surprised if there is a complete lack of interest and a spirit of indifference in the country? Noble

lords opposite say there is no great movement against this Bill. I reply that there is not a vestige of enthusiasm for it. The people are occupied with schemes for social or industrial reform, they are concerned with the improvement of their own material condition, and in the background many have the idea that in some way or other this matter will be settled, that the Bill will not pass into law, or that there may be a General Election before it is passed into law under the Parliament Act. This listlessness which is overspreading public affairs seems to me to be a heavy price to pay for the Parliament Act. It takes all the reality and the sting out of political life, and to my mind it will be a disastrous thing if the intense interest in politics of the people of this country, their pride in the House of Commons, their trust in a Second Chamber, and in the last resort the consciousness of their own power, are broken down. That has been the mainstay of the vitality and the purity of our political life, and it seems to me that until you get the Constitution into a healthy condition again and enable all its members to play their part, the country will continue to be apathetic, because they see that they are powerless and that the two Houses of Parliament are equally impotent.

The noble lord made an appeal to both parties. I wonder if Members of the Liberal Party realize the enormous temptation it would be to the Unionist Party, equally with them, to settle the Irish question. Ministers sometimes speak as if they were the only people who had an interest in solving the Irish question. But that subject—and I can speak for the more than twenty-five years that I have been in public life—has been a more consistent incubus and source of embarrassment to my party than it has been to noble lords opposite. Only two years ago, in the debates on the Parliament Bill, we used frequently to hear from them of the feelings with which they regarded the solid and impregnable barrier of hostile votes that existed to their policy in this House. They used to tell us that the dice were loaded against them

here. Does it not sometimes occur to them that in the eighty Nationalist Members of the House of Commons the Liberal Party have also had the advantage of loaded dice? On every matter we have had to count upon the steady opposition of this phalanx of eighty men, always voting with the Liberal Party independently of their convictions, so long as Home Rule remained ungranted. Do you not think that we, equally with you, would like to clear the decks of all the troubled questions of Irish administration, finance, land, and education, which have so often taken up the time of the House of Commons? Of course we would. The interests of our country as well as of our party demand it.

Then the question arises, Why do we not accept your proposal? The answer lies in the Bill itself. We have to ask ourselves, Would this Bill give us the sort of settlement that we have in view? Let us see what has taken place in this debate. We had only to listen to Lord St. Aldwyn to realize that the finance of the Bill is absolutely unworkable, and must result in constant friction between the two Exchequers and the two Parliaments, and that the divorce between the responsibility of expenditure and the power of taxation must be a source of demoralization to the Irish people. Lord Grey has pointed out that the Bill is a fatal obstacle to the solution he would like to see, a federal system. Lord Selborne would prefer a unitary settlement, and as clearly he finds in the Bill a barrier to any such solution. Lord Dunraven, who is in favour of Home Rule, and who is going to vote for this Bill, nevertheless, with a conscientiousness which I greatly admired, pointed out every weak and bad point in it, and assured us that there is no finality in the measure. In the concluding stages of the Bill in the House of Commons Mr. Redmond made a moving speech in which he said he accepted it as a final settlement; but side by side came another speech from Mr. O'Brien, who is a scarcely inferior authority, and who said that he could not in any way regard it as a final

acquittance. If Mr. Redmond regards this Bill as a final settlement, I wonder whether he will pledge himself not to use the forty-two Members who are to sit in the Imperial Parliament, or so many of them as he will control, to exact better terms for Ireland in the future. We are precluded, therefore, from accepting this Bill as a final settlement. For every ill it might cure it would create a dozen other ills; for every sentiment it gratified it would outrage another sentiment; for every right it effected it would perpetrate a score of wrongs. These are some of the positive weaknesses of this Bill, which have emerged in the course of this discussion.

But let us look at it from the other or negative point of view. Few will be found to contend that this Bill will give us peace in Ireland; it may even plunge us, although we hope not, into civil war. Will it contribute to the peace of England or the security of the Empire? Will it save our money, improve our commerce, or render more stable our finance? We have the testimony of almost everybody who knows the House of Commons that it will not relieve the congestion of business in that House, for the simple reason that almost every question of importance affecting Ireland, excepting education, is a reserved service, and that we shall have at least forty-two Irish gentlemen there who, although numerically less powerful than the present contingent, will be not less eloquent or less formidable, and who, perhaps, in a way will be more dangerous because of their almost irresponsible character and their fortuitous incursions into the proceedings of the House. Therefore the more you examine the Bill the more is there very grave doubt whether it will reconcile any differences that now exist or have any finality of settlement in it. "

There is another reason why in my opinion we cannot accept this Bill on Second Reading, and that is because of the Parliament Act. No one who intends to vote for the rejection of this Bill means to do so in any

spirit of malice or revenge, because of the existence of the Parliament Act. There has been no trace of any such feeling in a single speech to which I have listened. We abominate that measure, and we hope to take the opportunity whenever we can of erasing it from the Statute Book. But those of us who frequent this House, even in its mutilated and truncated condition, have done our best to carry on its affairs, and there has been no sign of personal pique or mortification in our attitude towards this or any other measure that has come from the Government. But surely it is our duty with regard to this Home Rule Bill, which we hold has never been submitted to or discussed by the country, to give the people an opportunity in the two years allowed to them fully to examine the measure before, by their silence, it becomes law. Further, in reference to the Parliament Act, we should render ourselves in a manner privy to it if, because we can no longer force an appeal to the people, or because we believe that this Bill is going to be carried over our heads, we should compromise our own convictions and assist the passage of the Bill into law. These are the principal reasons why we cannot accept the advice given to us to agree to the Second Reading.

A good deal has been said in these debates of Ulster, and Lord Londonderry stated the case yesterday from the point of view of an Ulsterman with a sincerity and conviction that commanded the sympathetic attention of the House. But I approach the Ulster question from an entirely different point of view. I look at it from the standpoint of an Englishman whose connection with Ireland is purely accidental, who is free from any of those passionate emotions that arise from race or residence, and who can approach the matter to some extent with the detachment of an outsider. When I speak of Ulster I speak, of course, of the four counties, with a population of about a million, or nearly one-fourth of the Irish people. You cannot deny to that part of Ireland an individuality and unity entirely its own. That comes

partly from race, partly from history, and no doubt it has been accentuated by religion. But for the purposes of the Home Rule Bill the two features of the Ulster community which strike us most are these: first, that by the qualities of industry and self-reliance it has built up a high degree of material prosperity which renders it, from the point of view of the Government, essential to any scheme of self-government in Ireland, but which from our point of view entitles it to special consideration in any settlement that is made. The second feature which we cannot omit to note is that its geographical concentration renders it a very compact, organized, and formidable body of men.

To what is the intensity of feeling which prevails in Ulster due? I do not think it has been fairly dealt with in this debate. Lord Crewe spoke rather slightly of the religious feelings of Ulster as being founded on what he called "the massive rock of prejudice." Another noble lord [Lord Emmott] made a speech of marked sincerity and power, but he was disposed to treat the feelings of Ulster as negligible. He told us that they were the growth of the last sixty years, that they were largely religious, and not, in his view, permanent. The first participator in this debate who brought before the House with any commanding force the real case and position of Ulster was the most rev. Prelate the Archbishop of York. I am not going to discuss how far the Ulster feeling has a religious foundation. I should like to avoid that subject altogether. We all of us know that religion enters into it, and where religion enters into differences of this description it has a most disturbing effect. For I suppose history teaches us nothing more clearly than that those rents and fissures which have a religious origin always have the most ragged edges and are the most difficult to heal.

The important thing is that we should be clear as to what are the Ulster objections to this Bill, altogether independent of religious feeling, for religion but imper-

fectly explains the attitude of Ulster. Her objection has a much wider foundation. I will not use any high-sounding terms about loss of the flag, or exclusion from the common heritage of Englishmen, or forfeiture of allegiance, and so on. I will use only the simplest language such as the case itself demands. Ulster simply asks to be left alone. She wishes the laws under which she lives to be passed in future, as in the past, by the Imperial Parliament. She is content with what lawyers call the *status quo*. How do you propose to deal with her? In the first place, you propose to expel her from this partnership to which she is so much attached. It is not too strong to say that you turn her out of the Imperial Parliament. How do I prove that? Out of the forty-two Irish Members to be sent in future to the House of Commons it is calculated that not more than eight will be Ulster Members. In this House at the present time we have twenty-eight Irish representative peers. I do not suppose, when the almost forgotten promise in the Preamble to the Parliament Act is carried out and your new Second Chamber emerges from the limbo in which it has ever since reposed, that much consideration will be given to Irish representative peers, and such peers as come to this House from Ulster will not come here specially on that account. Indeed, it seems likely, when your scheme of constitutional reconstruction is complete, that there will not be more than twelve Ulster representatives in the two Houses of Parliament, and these twelve will be all that will be left to discuss the whole field of Imperial policy, Army and Navy, defence, trade, all the matters that concern Ireland as much as England. I say, therefore, it is a great and cruel deprivation to which you are asking Ulster to submit.

Then take the position as regards the Irish Parliament. You say you will force Ulster to enter the Irish Parliament, where she will be in a minority of, some say, one to four, or as it is more likely to be, of one to three. If I may adopt a domestic metaphor, you compel Ulster

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to divorce her present husband, to whom she is not unfaithful, and you force her to marry somebody else whom she cordially dislikes and with whom she does not want to live, because she happens to be rich, and because her new partner has a large and ravenous offspring to provide for. There is a mediæval flavour about a marriage of that description which seems quite out of place in the freer atmosphere of the twentieth century. To this Parliament in Ireland she will pay the greater part of the taxation; she will contribute the larger part of the revenue arising from Customs, and yet in the disposition of these revenues she will only have a voice of one in three, or one in four. The majority in this Parliament to whom you are committing her fortunes, her interests, and almost her very existence, will be persons whose interests are different from her own, whose occupations and trades are widely different from hers, who profess a religion different from hers, and who have hitherto in public controversy been disposed to treat her with a good deal of hostility and scorn. Yet you expect Ulster to accept that position, not only with acquiescence but with humility and almost with gratitude.

You are asking too much of human nature. You are asking Ulstermen to submit to a sacrifice which not even their great love for their country can justify. And, further, Ulster is not to be given any compensation for what you are asking her to give up. Is there any respect in which Ulster will gain or have her position improved? I challenge the noble Viscount [Lord Morley] to tell me in his reply if he can name a single matter in which Ulster will profit under this Bill. It seems to be worse even than that. I should judge rather that the whole position of Ulster will be imperilled, because, after all, her position stands upon credit, and her credit stands on the finance of Ireland, and we have been told by the greatest financial authority in this House that the finance of the Bill is bad, and by no mean authority

in the House of Commons [Mr. Healy] that it is "putrid."

What justification is there for overriding these feelings on the part of Ulster? I have only heard two grounds advanced from the opposite side in the course of this debate. The first is the attitude of optimism, the sort of blind, unthinking optimism which hopes that everything will turn out well, the optimism which rests upon no experience and has no foundation in reason, and is really the optimism of the gambler in every sphere. But what right have you to be optimistic? What is there that leads any one to think that these two parties are going to settle down together in the peace and harmony which you seem to anticipate? I can see no ground.

Then the second justification is the well-known and immoral and cynical plea that minorities must suffer, or, at any rate, must yield. Not only that, but if they decline to yield their resistance will be treated as a public crime. It is truly astonishing to hear such an argument from the party opposite. Ever since the great Civil War there has hardly been a rebellion or insurrection in any part of the world of a minority either suffering or fearing oppression which has not been encouraged by members of the Liberal Party in England. They have constituted themselves the international champions of the right of insurrection. They have made us the busybodies, and I suppose foreigners would say the political Pecksniffs, of the world. When Parliament and the Puritans rebelled against the King, when the American Colonies revolted, when the French Revolution broke out—in every case of an insurrectionary movement in the small States of Europe, whether it was Italy, or Greece, or Poland, or Hungary, or to go farther afield, Armenia, or the Balkans, or the Sudan, always on the Liberal side we have had sympathy with the minority which was rising against the majority, and we remember one case where a people were actually fighting against us, and we were told that they were persons rightly struggling to be free. Yet when Ulster

proposes to do exactly the same thing, simply because it does not fit in with your policy, you accuse them of the wickedness of plunging the country into civil war.

Moreover, in the debate yesterday it was said that it is intolerable that a small fragment of the Irish nation should be allowed to impose their will upon the whole nation. It all depends upon what the fragment is. When that fragment amounts to one-fourth of the people I think you have to reconsider your position. But is it the position of Ulster that they wish to impose a veto on the rest of the Irish people who desire self-government? Not, as I understand, for one moment. They are quite willing to leave the remainder of Ireland alone. What they say is, "Govern yourselves, but do not govern us"; and the gist of the whole matter is this—that the demand of the Nationalists is, not merely to govern themselves but to govern another body of Irishmen who do not wish to be governed by them—and not merely to govern them, but to coerce them if they decline to be governed. Is it surprising if Ulster or those who sympathize with her do not accept this new version of the doctrine of the rights of the majority?

What, then, is the attitude of the Government towards this Ulster problem? I should judge from what has passed in the course of this debate that they have not made up their minds in the matter. But during the last six months there have been occasions when they seemed to realize the gravity of the case. The first of these occasions was on the Second Reading of the Bill in the House of Commons, when Mr. Churchill made this remark :—

"It is impossible for a Liberal Government or any British Government to treat cavalierly or contemptuously the sincere sentiments of a numerous and well-defined community like the Protestant North of Ireland. We may think them wrong or unreasonable, but there they are."

Well, my lords, that undoubtedly showed more than a glimmering in Mr. Churchill's mind of the realities of the case ; and a little later in the same speech he went on to say :—

“ Do they claim separate treatment for themselves? Do they ask to be excepted from the scope of the Bill? Do they ask for a Parliament of their own or do they wish to remain here? We ought to know.”

If that was not an intimation of willingness on the part of the Government to consider some special treatment for Ulster, at any rate it was an invitation to Ulster to show its own hand. Three days later, in the same debate, Sir Edward Grey spoke thus :—

“ If Ulster defeats the solution which we propose or makes it impossible, we cannot afford to continue the present state of affairs. Some other solution will have to be found which will free this House and put the control of Irish affairs in Irish hands.”

Surely that, again, was an admission, from a most important Member of the Government, of the gravity of the position about to be created.

Then came an interval, and after this interval Mr. Churchill went to Dundee, and he made the famous speech, so often referred to, in which he adumbrated the idea of ten or twelve Parliaments for Great Britain. It is true he said on that occasion that he spoke for himself alone. I submit that it is very difficult for a Cabinet Minister, and particularly one so important, who, as a rule, shows no reluctance in speaking for other people as well as himself—it is difficult if not impossible for him, so to speak, to segregate himself and to indulge in audible reflections upon a public platform. He may find relief in any private meditations he likes in the solitude of his own study. He may air them at meetings of his

colleagues. I have no doubt he does. I sometimes think that there is nothing in the world which I should more like than to be concealed behind a screen at a Cabinet meeting of His Majesty's present advisers—more particularly on a day after a suffrage debate in the House of Commons. However that may be, I do not think that Mr. Churchill can, when he makes a speech of this description in public, claim the protection that he was merely speaking on his own account with no responsibility, and, as it were, chewing the cud of private reflection on a public platform. At any rate, it is quite clear that in that speech Mr. Churchill gave away the whole case for the proposed treatment of Ulster by the Government, because if Lancashire and Yorkshire may have Parliaments of their own, obviously you cannot deny Ulster, and if Great Britain will not be ruined by having ten or twelve Parliaments, clearly Ireland will not be ruined by having two or three. These were indications that there was something in the mind of the Government with regard to Ulster. But a little later, when the Committee stage in the House of Commons was reached—I do not know whether Mr. Churchill had been rebuked, or the Government had repented of their lapse into foresight, or, what is more probable, Mr. Redmond had put down his foot—when the Unionist Party in the House of Commons moved two Amendments, one excluding the four counties of which I have spoken, and a later one excluding the whole of Ulster from the purview of the Bill, both of those proposals were resisted by the Government and the Nationalist Party and were thrown out by the House of Commons. So much for the attitude of the Government with regard to Ulster up to now.

What has happened in this debate? I have listened carefully for any indication from noble lords opposite of the policy of the Government in regard to Ulster. They seem to cling to the idea that Ulster can be satisfied with what they call safeguards. The Prime Minister offered more than once in the House of Commons to

accept safeguards if they could be suggested. The noble Marquess also said the other day :—

“ We invite the consideration of any methods by which, without altogether destroying the substance of the Bill, it can be made less alarming to its most bitter opponents.”

He said also that the Government would be prepared to consider any such suggestions. That was language of the courtesy and consideration which we always expect and always receive from the noble Marquess ; but does it amount to anything in practice? He invites us to make suggestions and amend the Bill ; but it is not for us to amend the Bill. Is there any substantial amendment, if we do not throw out the Bill on the Second Reading, which we are likely to make, that would have a ghost of a chance of being accepted by the House of Commons? Are we to put ourselves once again into the humiliating position of putting Amendments into a Bill which will be contumeliously thrown back in our faces by the House of Commons? Is it not our view that there is no amendment which we could introduce that could possibly turn this Bill into one which we and Ulster would be willing to accept? Is not our position this, that the whole structure of the Bill is so faulty and unsound that no patchwork could make it better? and should we have any right to take a Bill conceived on lines that seem to us to approach the question from a party and not a national point of view, to offer not a national but a party solution, and try to transform it into something which as long as it retains its present structure it could never become? Therefore it is not much good to ask us to move Amendments or to offer us guarantees and safeguards.

The minority in Ireland want neither guarantees nor safeguards ; they want to be left alone. The only source from which I derive any real consolation as to what may happen in the time that lies before us is a passage from a speech which the noble Viscount [Lord Morley] made

in May 1911, when we were discussing the Parliament Bill. Speaking with special reference to Home Rule, he used these words :—

“ Are we to suppose that the reiterated and deliberate arguments used in this House by very competent advocates are to count for nothing, and that they will make no impression at all on the mind of the voter? No one can think anything of the kind. There will be all this blaze of public opinion ; perhaps some sort of blaze may come from the country immediately concerned. To suppose that a Home Rule Bill is to go through those two years unchanged, unmodified for the purpose of the Government, is really to show a curious ignorance, it seems to me, of the legislative conditions in this country.”

Those were significant words. All the premises in that utterance have been fulfilled, and it would be most interesting to hear from the noble Viscount how the remaining conditions to which he alluded are likely to be fulfilled also.

The noble lord who preceded me suggested that this question might be settled, and could alone be settled, by the consultation and co-operation of all parties. For our part we are content to see Ireland advance on her career of increasing prosperity with the institutions which she at present enjoys : but if consultation and co-operation are desired, surely the last way in which to effect that result is to adopt the methods embodied in this Bill. Reference has been made again and again to the precedent of South Africa. I happened to be in South Africa when the South African Constitution was being drawn up. The circumstances were even more difficult than those of framing a Constitution for Ireland, because the two parties were not only separated by great differences of race, religion, and so on, but had been actually engaged in war. You may almost say that the hands of the people who met in conference had been imbrued in each other's blood. How was it done? The four States elected their

delegates and sent up their most important men. Those persons met in conference, first in Durban, next in Cape Town, and third in Bloemfontein, the three capitals. They met without the embarrassing presence of the Press, and they discussed the matter in secret conclave. Between the sittings they met constantly, and I had the honour of meeting them and hearing them converse in private houses and elsewhere. Line by line, word by word, they went through the proposed Constitution. They did not approach the matter as antagonists; they approached it as statesmen. Not a single man had any desire to revive old sores or to score off the other party. They wanted to build up a new Constitution in which all could join for the benefit of the country. Something is to be learned from that. Further, when the Constitution had been drawn up, it was submitted to the Parliaments of the various States concerned, and in the case of one State—Natal—of whose adhesion there was some doubt, it was actually sent on referendum to the people.

If you are constructing a new Constitution for a country sundered by great differences, that is the method and those are the lines on which you ought to proceed. But they are not your lines. What you have done is, first of all, to conceal your Bill from the country at the last election, then to conceal it from your own followers until it came before the House of Commons, then to bring it before the House of Commons as an arrangement between yourselves and your Irish supporters, then to use the closure and guillotine to carry it through the House of Commons, then to use the impotence of this House to deprive us of any opportunity of dealing with it effectively, and then to wait two years under your Parliament Act in order to force this one-sided party solution upon the country. That is the great difference between the South African solution and the solution which you have attempted, and that is the reason why I think the best thing which those who desire some sort of peaceful settlement in the future can do is to get this Bill out of the way.

This Bill absolutely prevents any peaceful solution or settlement by consent ; and the reason why I respectfully urge your lordships to undertake the rejection of the Bill this evening is, not merely because it is a bad Bill, not merely because it has not been submitted to the country, not merely because its finance is rotten, or because there is no finality in it, not merely because it has been forced through the House of Commons in the manner I have described, not merely because it is resented and will be resisted by Ulster, but because as long as this Bill holds the field and is in existence, it cumpers the ground and blocks the way to any pacific solution of the Irish question, and until you sweep it aside you will have no chance of building again the fabric of Irish unity.

THE GREAT WAR

GLASGOW, *September 10, 1914.*

[Upon the outbreak of the war Lord Curzon wrote to the *Times* (August 28, 1914) urging upon public men the duty of speaking in all parts of the country, to explain the causes and character of the war, to encourage recruiting, and to sustain the spirit of the people. He himself started at once upon such a campaign, and in less than a fortnight addressed crowded meetings at Hull, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Dundee, Reading, Salisbury, and other places. At all these meetings both parties were present on the platform and in the body of the hall, and the chair was taken by the civic head of the town. Two of Lord Curzon's speeches have been selected for reproduction here. The meeting at Glasgow took place in St. Andrew's Hall, and was presided over by the Lord Provost. The two principal speakers were Lord Curzon and Mr. T. McKinnon Wood, M.P. (Secretary for Scotland), a member of the Cabinet.]

THIS is the fourth night in succession that I have appeared on a platform. Why is it that some of us, myself included, have embarked upon this tour of speaking? Not for a moment because we think that the spirit of our fellow-countrymen is weak, or their courage low, but because at a time of great international crisis it is good for all of us to meet and take counsel together, to grasp the principles for which we are fighting, to measure the forces against which we have to contend, and perhaps, most of all, to be convinced of the integrity of our cause. For, depend upon it, unless our cause is righteous, unless our faith is pure, unless we consecrate ourselves, each in his own capacity, body and soul—and soul quite as much as body—to the cause for which we are fighting,

and which we believe to be the highest for which humanity can contend, we have no right to ask the God above us with His right hand and His holy arm to give to us the victory.

This is not the first time, as you may know, that I have spoken in St. Andrew's Hall. I have addressed political and quasi-political meetings here, but we do not think anything about any of those subjects now. The breath of this war has blown politics out of our life—blown them over the cliffs of Dover into the sea ; and as long as this war lasts party spirit of any kind is extinct, and it will be impossible to revive party issues. We are acting as a nation with one voice, and it may even be, when all is over and we resume the ordinary business of life, we shall find it a little difficult to accommodate ourselves to the altered situation, and perhaps some of us will entertain a more charitable view of our neighbours than we have hitherto been disposed to do.

For my part, I appear with the greatest pleasure on a platform with a member of His Majesty's Government. In the circumstances with which this nation has been confronted they have acted as the trustees of the national honour ought to act. I believe that Mr. McKinnon Wood spoke nothing less than the truth when he said on behalf of the Government that they exhausted every effort in the pursuit of peace. It is impossible to read the famous speech of Sir Edward Grey without realizing that we have a Government and a Foreign Minister imbued with the desire for peace, straining every effort to maintain it, and only referring the matter reluctantly and in the last resort to the dread arbitrament of war. In a time of crisis such as this it is the duty of the Government to lead, and it is the duty of the rest of us to follow. When the war broke out some people said to me that I must go to the North of England and to Scotland, and particularly to Scotland, because that people, though very shrewd and pertinacious and patriotic, is somewhat slow of mental movement. I did not believe

that this was true. My experience of Scotsmen has been rather the reverse. Now that I have come North I can see no signs of slowness or of any reluctance to rise to the full measure of civic duty.

You have given 25,000 recruits, which is a noble contribution, to the army that is now being raised. The Corporation are recruiting two battalions, and a third battalion is being raised by the Chamber of Commerce. The various political associations in Glasgow have rendered invaluable services. I set upon the platform the Principal of the University. The last time I was here the Principal was defending me from the too affectionate embraces of his students.¹ The Officers' Training Corps, which I then addressed, has been doing splendidly in its contribution to the sum total that is going up from Glasgow, and to the Principal I offer my congratulations. I am very glad to hear that the employers of labour in Glasgow have shown an unselfish and a patriotic spirit. I am glad for two reasons : first, because it shows that they are disposed to play their part in the national crisis ; and secondly—and this is the more important point—because a generous attitude by private employers of labour in providing for the families of those who are in their employ, and of which the breadwinners have gone to the war, can only act as a stimulus to the Government to do likewise. I am one of those who think that the burden of this provision ought not to rest exclusively upon private shoulders, and I am hopeful that the Government will regard it as their duty, not merely to provide for the families of those who have lost their lives or been wounded, but, in the case of those who come back, will endeavour to reinstate them in the positions which they occupied before the war began.

I should like very much to have been at Westminster yesterday, because there was made there a statement which will ring down the ages as one of the most remarkable pronouncements that has ever been heard in the

¹ An allusion to Lord Curzon's Rectorial Address in the same hall.

British Parliament. I allude to the telegram from the Viceroy of India. No human being could have listened to or can read that telegram without a thrill of elation and of pride. For what is the tale that it told? There are coming from India as many as 70,000 of the pick of our forces, British and Indian. With them are coming six Rajahs or Maharajas, ruling chiefs in their own States—men of ancient lineage, of high authority, of distinguished influence, who have volunteered their services to the Empire which they call their own. Just contrast these 70,000 with the 7,000 whom Lord Beaconsfield brought as far as Malta nearly forty years ago. Lord Beaconsfield was the first statesman to show to Europe the existence of this potential force in our Indian Empire. I remember the attacks to which he was subjected for what was alleged to be an unconstitutional action and was denounced as a theatrical display. But now not a word of criticism is heard, nothing but applause, for this immensely larger force. There have also been magnificent offers of money and other gifts from these great potentates and these States. Even Tibet, which I used to be taunted with invading, has offered to send troops to our aid. Why are these men coming? What has induced them to volunteer to take part in our fighting? They are thousands of miles away. They cannot hear the thunder or see the smoke of the guns. Their frontiers have not been crossed, their homes are not in jeopardy. They are not our kith and kin; no call of the blood appeals to them. Is it not clear that they are coming because the Empire means something to them, much more than mere government or power? It speaks to them of justice, of righteousness, of mercy, and of truth. They have no desire to exchange that rule for the Prussian sabre or the jackboot of the German trooper. They have no desire to change that rule for any other. If any testimony was ever required to the feelings by which they are actuated and to the success of the fundamental principles by which we have endeavoured to rule them, surely it is

to be found in this convincing and overwhelming demonstration.

And the thought comes into my mind that if the Englishmen who have given their services, often without recognition, during the last century in India, could, as they lie in their graves, hear the march of these 70,000 men across the battlefields of Europe, could hear the sound of the trumpet as it calls them to the charge, it would indeed be a recompense worth having lived for, worth having died for, worth all the sacrifices that they have made. For my part, I hope that these Indian troops when they come to Europe will be in at the death. I should like to see the pennons of the Bengal Lancers fluttering down the streets of Berlin. I should like to see the little, dark-skinned Gurkha making himself at ease in the gardens of Potsdam. Of course, we must not ignore the equally spontaneous, equally effective offers of our own kith and kin across the seas, and if I have laid stress upon India, it is only due to the special circumstances of my connection with that country. All these people I know. I have reviewed their troops scores of times. These Indian chiefs, their officers, and their men will conduct themselves in a manner that will give shame to the Huns of Europe. Often have the officers stood before me and held out their swords and asked me as the representative of their Sovereign to touch the hilts. I thrill at the memory of these incidents. I glory in the friendship of these men, and I look forward with pride and confidence to the services they will render to this country. The Colonies likewise are doing splendidly. Expeditionary Forces are coming from Canada and Australia, from New Zealand and South Africa. From all parts of the earth we see this great march of the armies, white, yellow, brown, no longer any distinction of colour, all marching to the common centre, all inspired by the same cause, all bent on doing service on the same battlefield. Never before in history has there been anything to compare with this.

Mr. McKinnon Wood said, in his excellent speech, that the German Emperor has made a great miscalculation about the attitude of India. Quite true. But it is not the only one. I can supply a much longer list. Firstly, the German Emperor thought that Ireland was on the verge of civil war—as, indeed, some people here thought it was, as perhaps it was—and that therefore no movement could be expected from that country except one hostile to ourselves. Secondly, he thought that the two parties in this country, who are in the habit of using towards each other language in excess of the facts, could not possibly be induced to act together. Thirdly, he thought that the Radical Government and the peace party—to which (turning to the Chair) I understand, from his remarks, that the Lord Provost belongs (the Lord Provost rose and bowed his acquiescence)—could never by any chance be induced to fight. But here (pointing to the Lord Provost) is a living refutation of the German Emperor's illusion. Fourthly, he thought we would never stand up for little Belgium, but would be quite prepared to join him in tearing up that "scrap of paper." Fifthly, he thought we would be willing to abandon France so long as our own security was guaranteed. Sixthly, he thought that we would not land an Expeditionary Force on the Continent because we had no Expeditionary Force, and had not got the ships to send it across in. Seventhly, he thought India would rise—as it has done, but in the wrong way. Eighthly, he thought that Egypt would be a thorn in our side. Ninthly, he thought that the Colonies would seize the opportunity to shake off British rule. Tenthly, he thought that the Boers would wish to pay off old scores. Eleven, he thought that Italy would join him in his iniquities. Twelve, he thought that Austria, which is in a very bad way, would be able to spare two or three armies to reinforce him upon the French frontier. Thirteen, he thought that little Serbia—how well the little nations are doing!—would succumb at once to the Austrian attack. Fourteen, he thought that Russia would not be

able to mobilize her great army with sufficient rapidity to constitute a danger in Eastern Prussia. Fifteen, he thought that Belgium would not resist but would allow the passage of his arms. Sixteen, he thought that the German Army would hack its way to Paris, and on the anniversary of Sedan he would be taking his meal and, no doubt, drinking the health of God Almighty, with whom he is on such friendly terms, in the Elysée. Seventeen, he thought that the nations of the civilized world would be on the side of what he describes as German culture and German civilization. Eighteen, he thought that America would probably seize the opportunity to invade Canada. Nineteen, he thought that Japan would be with him. Twenty, and last, he thought that he himself would not be found out. These have been the twenty miscalculations of the German Emperor, and they will bring him and his cause to the ground.

"I wish to make a reference to that little devastated, impoverished, blood-drenched, but heroic country of Belgium. Without a moment's hesitation that little people chose, and that choice represented a decision on their part which will make them immortal in history. I will not recount her sufferings to-night. Let us think rather of our own duty. It is for us to bind up her wounds, to give such aid as we can towards the relief of her expatriated citizens, to subscribe to the various funds which have been opened on her behalf, and ultimately to avenge the crimes that have been perpetrated upon her. No doubt the supreme vengeance, if it is to be executed, will be undertaken by a Higher Power. But we also have our part to play, and I am confident that we shall register our determination that for every wrong that has been inflicted, for every innocent place that has been destroyed, for every innocent life that has been taken, so far as we can we will see that the guilty party is punished, and that the punishment is so heavy that he will never do the like again.

"But may we not conclude on a higher and serener note? The Prime Minister has said that moral forces are on

our side. Our great hope is that when this war is over, whether that time be early or late—and I think it is more likely to be the latter than the former—when the settlement comes, those moral forces which have sustained us in the struggle shall also inspire us in the solution, and that out of this welter of crime and carnage there shall spring up a revived British Empire and a reunited and happier Europe. Let every man and woman, in contributing his or her part to the fight, whether it be large or small, whether it be personal service or some other form of gift, have no other object in view than, first, to vindicate the honour of this country ; second, to destroy for ever this overhanging menace ; and third, to build up a new and a happier Europe.

THE GREAT WAR

HARROW SCHOOL, *October 12, 1914.*

In the tenth week of the war Lord Curzon was invited to address the boys of Harrow School in the Speech Room. He spoke as follows:]

I REGARD it as a great privilege to be permitted to come here and address the boys of this ancient and famous school. I happen myself to have been educated at another, though I hope not greatly inferior, institution. But of one thing I am certain, that in the present crisis Eton will not be behind Harrow, nor Harrow behind Eton, in the fight that we are waging for the honour of our country and the liberties of mankind.

The question may be asked why I or any one should be invited to come and address the boys of even the greatest of schools, who by virtue of their age and occupations are prevented, for the present at any rate, from taking an active part in the war. I cannot imagine any more fallacious reasoning than would be implied by such a remark. There is no place in England where it is more right and becoming that a healthy interest should be taken in the war than in places of education, and most of all in the great Public Schools, where the boys are being trained to be the men of the future. Harrow and Eton are vitally interested in this war. The Head Master has told me that over a thousand Harrovians are serving their country in a military capacity either inside or outside our shores. Already a dozen have given their lives. I hope that their names are inscribed on some roll of honour, either on the door of your chapel or on the gates

of this great building. That they will be perpetuated in some lasting form I do not doubt. And there is not a boy here present who does not know that that dozen will be greatly increased before we come to the end of this war. Each one of them, in giving up his own life, has given something to the life of his country. Though his individual existence has been cut short, he has made his contribution to the glory of the race. Dead himself, he has become immortal in the rejuvenated life of his country. The Head Master has also told me that of your masters six have already been taken, in one service or another, for the war, one of whom has been wounded. And in regard to the boys before me, as I might judge from your appearance and uniform, practically the whole school, except those who are disqualified for some good reason, have joined the Officers' Training Corps. Therefore it appears that you are already closely concerned in the war, whether you wish it or not. And if any of you is precluded, by youth or otherwise, from taking an active part, he, too, has a duty to perform. It is to keep himself fit, and encourage others to do the same, to be cheerful about his work, and to maintain a high standard of courage, discipline, and honour, and so to prepare himself for the ordeal when his turn shall come.

The Head Master has also told me that there are present here representatives of the Boy Scouts and the Church Lads' Brigade. We read of them safeguarding bridges, watching the coast, relieving the coastguards, in some places actually replacing the police, acting as orderlies and patrols, and everywhere setting a splendid example of what the younger generation should do. You may find in the action of these lads an incentive to similar deeds.

I have been asked to address you about the war, and particularly about the circumstances in which it broke out. But I may state at once that I do not propose to say much about the origin of the war. So much has been written and circulated about it that there is probably

not a single educated man, woman, or boy, in this country at any rate, but is satisfied that we entered upon it with clean hands, and that we were compelled to do so by the dictates of what we value more than life itself. Not only are we satisfied as to this, but I believe the whole civilized world is fairly well satisfied also. In the month of July last no nation in the world was less anxious for war than England, and I might almost say less prepared for war. No Government less wished for war or was less likely to be drawn into war than the present advisers of the King. I gladly say this, though I belong to the opposite side in politics.

You may ask, then, how it came about. At the beginning people may have inquired why they should be fighting about a distant country like Servia. But no one thinks of that now. Servia had apologized for her offence, if indeed she had ever been guilty of it. She was ready to accept any humiliation short of the sacrifice of her national independence. No, it was not the murder of the Crown Prince of Austria that caused the war. It came about because there was one country in Europe bent on having war—the evidence is irresistible on that point. All had been prearranged—Russia was believed not to be ready, after her fight with Japan; England, with only a “contemptible little Army,” with a Liberal Ministry in power, and with civil war impending in Ireland, was not likely to fight in any circumstances, still less to send an army abroad; Servia was exhausted by two recent campaigns; France, in the opinion of Germany, had long been a decadent nation, doomed to destruction at the first impact of the German forces; and as for little Belgium, she had merely to be threatened to give way. On the other hand, Germany, with her army augmented and her navy at the highest pitch of proficiency, with artillery of a power that had never been dreamed of and was unknown to the foreigner—Germany was ready for the contest, and meant to have it. I have personal knowledge that among the leading statesmen in Europe were

some who had foreseen and prophesied for years that in the autumn of 1914 Germany would strike. The whole of her internal preparations, the orders issued to her men in different parts of the world before war was declared, all show that it was in the summer of this year that the hour of destiny for Germany was expected to sound. It had even been predicted that Servia would provide the excuse for the war to begin.

Then there came the ultimatums to Russia and to France. But at this stage the German plan was thrown out of gear by the action first of Belgium and next of Great Britain. When Belgium, to her eternal credit, stood up against the great bully of Europe, what alternative had we but to come in? Is it conceivable that with our name affixed to the treaty that guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium, and with the part that this country has played in the emancipation of the smaller nations, we should have taken any other course? I agree with the Prime Minister that had we done so our face would have been blackened before Europe. Even had we preserved peace, it could only have been a passing peace, and eventually we should have had to face the world with not a friend in it to stand at our side.

I hope, too, that every boy here realizes that the blow which was aimed at our national honour was aimed also at our national existence. If by any chance Germany were to win, if the victory achieved at Antwerp is successfully followed up, and if conquered Belgium is to be made the base for an attack upon England, then our very life will be threatened and our position as a Great Power will be at stake. Thus we are fighting—make no mistake about it—not only for our honour but also for our life.

But it is equally important to know what we are fighting against. We are not merely fighting the German Emperor, or the German army, or the German people, united and indistinguishable in the present campaign, as I believe all these to be. We are fighting the spirit that

is behind the Emperor, the army, and the people. Believe me, if you are to understand the German action, you must understand the German mind. The psychology of the war is as important as its progress. The curious thing is that it is all in writing, written and published far and wide by German philosophers, generals, and statesmen, written so that all who run may read. There is General Bernhardi's book, and there is the book by Count von Bülow. I would advise any harrow boy who has a florin to spare to invest it in Bernhardi. Before another edition is called for it may have to be considerably rewritten! So you should buy it and read it while you can. You will hardly believe what is the nature of the doctrine that has been instilled into the minds of the German people during the last ten or twenty years.

In the first place, they teach that war, which we in England are so old-fashioned as to regard as a shocking calamity, and in some cases as a terrible crime, is a great and noble thing, the source of all moral good in the universe, the supreme factor in human improvement and in the struggle towards perfection. It is the anvil upon which all nations, and pre-eminently the Prussian people and the German Empire, are welded into higher forms. I will not pause to discuss the horrible and perverted casuistry that underlies this reasoning. I merely state it as a fact, which we have to take into account.

This being the German conception of war, it is not surprising to learn in these books that the right method to wage it is to assume the aggressive, to have no scruples, but to take your opponent at a disadvantage if you can. The saying of Frederick the Great is accepted with enthusiasm that "he is a fool, and that nation is a fool, who, having power to strike his enemy unawares, does not strike and strike his deadliest." Accordingly no engagements need be kept—on the contrary, it may be a sacred duty to violate them—and honour or fidelity to your pledged word is blotted out of the code of nations. Does not this explain, perhaps better than anything else,

that little remark about the "scrap of paper," which will be for ever immortal in the history of mankind?

The next proposition is that war cannot be expected to be humane. It is bound to be brutal and bloody, and the more brutal it is the speedier will be the end. Barbarities must be committed in order to strike terror into the invaded territories. In fact, massacres, murders, mutilation, arson, and pillage—all the nameless horrors of which we have read—become the necessary and honourable instruments of war.

These are the general theories that underlie the German philosophy of war. Let us now see how they are to be translated into action.

Germany, we are asked to believe, has a great historical mission to be the World-Power of the future. We, the British, with some pardonable vanity, but not, I hope, with indecent pride, have been apt to congratulate ourselves on being such a Power. That is a distinction which Germany conceives to be reserved for herself. The part that was filled by Rome in the ancient world, and for a short period in the Middle Ages by Islam, belongs henceforward to Germany, and it is for the Hohenzollern dynasty on earth, and the Almighty on high—because they work, according to the German theory, in active and constant co-operation—to consummate this Divine destiny. Theirs it is to impose German culture, German civilization, and German morality upon a humbled world. Thus will they attain to the spiritual and material dominion of the universe. I say spiritual as well as material because, though we should not be surprised, in view of what has happened, if the German professors were to preach the gospel of secular domination or physical force, it is the spiritual and moral aspect of the gift which they are empowered to bestow that excites their warmest outbursts of self-satisfaction. Now let us see where we come in. I have often propounded the view that the British Empire is an organization, due partly to accident, partly to opportunity, but partly also to the qualities and virtues of our race,

which has been charged, as we believe, by a Higher Power, with a mission to mankind, and that mission, I have contended, has been carried out, on the whole, with no small measure of justice, righteousness, and success. But apparently I was all wrong. For I take up these German books and I learn that England is the arch-enemy of humanity. She is the pirate State who has seized one-fifth of the universe by robbery, and only holds it by hypocrisy and fraud ; while as regards our own people, they are so decadent, so sunk in sloth and selfishness as hardly to be worthy of consideration. In these circumstances it is the duty and high calling of Germany to step forward and strike us down.

Further, the methods by which this operation is to be carried out are clearly defined. Russia need not necessarily be subdued ; she must be isolated, for her real interests lie elsewhere, and her face should be turned towards the East. Belgium, Holland, and Denmark must be captured or cowed ; France is to be crushed. These are the preliminary steps, and when they have been accomplished the final blow is to be levelled at the head of the arch-enemy, namely, ourselves. These are the teachings of the German books. But even, if we had never read or studied them, we might have been warned by events. Look at the history of Prussia during the last fifty years. She began by robbing Denmark of Schleswig-Holstein in 1864, she smashed Austria in 1866, she fought France in 1870, and filched from her Alsace and Lorraine. Ever since she has been the restless world-intriguer, bullying the weak and seeking to cajole the strong. The telegram to Kruger, the "mailed fist" in China, the visit of the Emperor to Tangier, the "shining armour" in Bosnia, the *Panther* at Agadir—all of these have been links in the chain, direct steps to the finale which we are now witnessing.

Meanwhile we have gone on in our innocence offering to the Germans "naval holidays," "reduction of armaments," and so forth. But to them we are not so stupid as

we are perfidious. They take our overtures as a proof, not so much of our folly as of our duplicity. In their eyes we are merely the successful burglar who has retired from business, glutted with spoil, and who, in the evening of his days, seeks the protection of the police.

A few of our countrymen have had their eyes opened to the truth, and have preached it to deaf ears. Let us honour them for having done it. Let us honour Lord Roberts in particular, and let us see to it that his warnings are not again thrown away. There is nothing of which I am more proud than this, that during the past five years, although it is not thought wise for a politician to associate himself too closely with the movement for compulsory military training in this country, I have never hesitated in Parliament or out of Parliament to stand by Lord Roberts's side and preach his creed. Had it been accepted, I am convinced that this war would not have taken its present shape. Had the British possessed the forces to throw into the field at the outbreak of hostilities, Belgium might have been spared half her suffering. Had our recruits been trained already, we should not have to wait till next spring before they will be prepared. I hope I am not unduly intruding upon politics if I say that when this war is over, and if I am spared, no effort of mine will be wanting to make my countrymen, as they have had to pay the price of neglect, pay the price also to obtain the security which it will be necessary for us ever afterwards to maintain. But Lord Roberts has not been the only one; there have been a few others equally prescient in their utterances—Mr. Frederic Harrison, an old Radical, but a man of great intelligence and indomitable courage; Mr. Hyndman, a Socialist of whom I have never previously spoken one admiring word; Mr. Robert Blatchford, and others—all honour to these men who foretold the danger, though they could not persuade their countrymen to listen.

And now I turn to the practical application of the German theories in the present war. What has happened

in Belgium is only the logical outcome. Consider the case of Belgium—a small country, inhabited before the war by a peaceful and industrious people, only seven and a half millions in number—the same population as is included in the Metropolitan Police District of London—and ruled by a patriotic and constitutional King. They were protected by treaty from fear of invasion; they cherished no military ambitions; they were innocent of offence, the friends of all and the enemies of none. Suddenly, on August 2nd last, they were confronted with the ultimatum from Germany which compelled them to decide. You remember the lines of the American poet :—

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side.

Belgium made her choice. All alone, unaided, without allies to help her in the field, she threw herself across the path of the tyrant. She might so easily have yielded and have saved her territory, her treasures, and her homes. No one could fairly have blamed her for the surrender. But no, she loved liberty more; she preferred death to slavery, she would not yield to brute force. And what has been her fate? I remember that on Speech Days at Eton the boys would sometimes declaim the famous passage in Burke's speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, in which that great orator drew the tears of his audience at Westminster by the passage in which he described the descent of Hyder Ali upon the Carnatic, bursting like a thunder-cloud of destruction upon that unhappy land. I dare say it has sometimes been recited in this hall. But the invasion of Hyder Ali was nothing to the invasion of the Emperor William. A country devastated, its towns sacked, its cathedrals and universities destroyed, its people slaughtered like sheep or driven into exile, its national life extinguished—I say deliberately that this is the greatest crime in history. Supposing that all the atrocities we

hear of are false, and that the Germans have been guilty of none of these deeds—though the evidence against them appears to be overwhelming—I should still say that Germany, in invading Belgium, whose freedom she had guaranteed by a signed treaty, had committed the greatest crime in history. And when the German Emperor makes his daily appeal to the Almighty, one really wonders what the Divine Power can think of His self-constituted ally. In civilized countries we award the penalty of death to him who takes innocent life. What is to be the punishment of one who destroys a nation, who has taken the life, not of tens of thousands but of hundreds of thousands? I can imagine no retribution too great for such a crime, and whatever punishment may befall the criminal at the hands of man or of One greater than man, of this I am certain, that the execration of all ages will for ever be attached to that man, and that his name will go down to history as William the Bloodstained, William the Assassin.

But you may say, Was it worth while for little Belgium to make the stand, and to suffer the consequences? Oh, yes! it was worth while; a million times was it worth while for her to do as she did. For her the path of suffering has also been the path of glory. She stands forth as a light and beacon to the world for all time. And though the crown of thorns has been pressed down by her own hand upon her temples, a halo of imperishable glory will always surround her brow.

As to our duty to Belgium, I am glad that our men were in at Antwerp at the end. Although they were too few and too late to turn the scale, I rejoice that we made the effort. And now it is for us to bind up her wounds, to care for her after her great sufferings, to receive her exiles pouring by the thousand into this country, to recover her cities, to restore her treasures of art, and to give her a start once more in the world. All of these are obligations on us, just as binding as to defend our own honour or to fight for our own national existence.

I go farther, and say that with the fall of Antwerp the obligation is even stronger than it has been at any time before. We see a good deal in the papers about the Germans having bombarded and taken Antwerp in order to cover their own line of retreat from Belgium. I believe it to be much more than that. I regard it as a deliberate movement with reference to this country. Germany has taken Antwerp to keep it, to fortify and turn it into a naval port, which she may use as a jumping-off place for future attacks upon us. You may say that it is merely a temporary occupation which she will presently relinquish. In my view she means to retain her grip upon it, if she can, and to make herself master of the surrounding country. She will compel Holland to obey her will, even if she does not destroy her independence. She will push down the coast to Dunkirk and Calais, and then, unless we can stop it, the great campaign for the destruction of England will begin.

I want you therefore to realize that we are not in for any light or soon-to-be-terminated war. I am shocked when I hear people talking airily about the war being over by Christmas, and of our soldiers being welcomed back to their homes. In my judgment more than one Christmas will pass before this war is over. We are fighting an enemy of desperate courage, of great tenacity, of overwhelming forces, with a power, especially in artillery, greater than anything dreamed of in the world before, and imbued with a national spirit quite as keen as our own. The whole German people seem to be inoculated with the poison which has been poured into their veins by the German philosophers. We in this country must not flatter ourselves that there will be division between the German Emperor and the German people, or between the war party and the peace party. Germany is united, and we must realize that we have to fight the whole nation. Then look at the task that lies before us. We have first to turn the Germans out of France, an operation we have been engaged upon for

some weeks, not without success. And when we have done that we have to turn them out of Belgium. We have to recapture the great cities of Brussels, Antwerp, etc. ; and then we have to force the Rhine, and, step by step, to make our way to Berlin. Finally, we have to punish the enemy for his crime, to extirpate the curse of a false militarism that overhangs the Continent like a cloud, and to build up a new Europe that shall once again be free.

Thank God, we have certain advantages on our side. We are fighting under conditions more favourable than we had any right to expect. Our Navy is intact ; we have loyal, valiant, and capable Allies. The spirit of our country is sound, and the courage of our soldiers incontestable. When the Kaiser issued his famous proclamation about the " contemptible little army " of Sir John French, which the Germans were so easily to " walk over," I was reminded of an anecdote that was told at Balliol in my time. The Master of the college before Jowett was Dr. Jenkins, who also had a reputation for quiet humour and incisive speech. One day an undergraduate who had been guilty of some offence was sent for by the Master to be rebuked. On leaving the house he met a friend outside, who asked him what had happened. " Oh," he said, " that little ugly devil has given me the usual rowing." Just at that moment a dulcet voice was heard to murmur from the open window above : " Little I am, ugly I may be, devil I am not." May not the British Army, in the same way, retort to the Kaiser : " An Army we are, little we may be, contemptible we are not ! " But we have not our own spirit or our own Army only to count upon. The whole Empire is for us ; it has rallied to our defence. You may defeat the British Army, but you cannot defeat the British Empire. And the British Empire has behind it in this war the sympathy of the civilized world.

In conclusion, may I give you some words of advice ? I shall not tell you what to do, because you know it as

well as I. I will tell you what not to do. When I went out to India as Viceroy an English paper published a long series of "Don'ts" for my edification. I put it in my pocket, and from time to time I would take it out in India and see how I was obeying my secret instructions. I will give you twelve similar "Don'ts" to-night :—

1. Don't think that the war ~~does~~ not affect you individually. It touches every one of us ; it touches every man, woman, and child in this country.

2. Don't be overjoyed at victory ; don't be downhearted at defeat.

3. Don't be unnerved by personal or family bereavements.

4. Don't be frightened at the casualty lists, so long and sometimes so distressing, that you see in the newspapers.

5. Don't think that you know how to wage the campaign and that the War Office or Admiralty does not ; accordingly, don't write to the papers telling the generals and admirals what they ought to do ; but if you have an opinion that you could do it much better, keep that opinion for your own fireside, and tell it to as few people as possible.

6. Don't get nervous because the progress of the war is slow ; it can only be slow in these stages.

7. Don't believe all you read in the newspapers, particularly when it comes from Berlin.

8. Don't underestimate the enemy.

9. Don't waste breath in attempting to ascertain what is to happen to the German Emperor in this world or the next. We will endeavour to dispose of him in this world, and we will leave his ulterior destiny to others.

10. Don't begin to divide the German Empire before you have got hold of it.

11. Don't listen to any one who cries " Halt ! " before we have carried out the full purpose for which we are fighting.

12. When the war is over don't throw away its lessons.

In connection with my eleventh piece of advice let me add this. As I drove out from London just now I saw a placard announcing that a famous divine will preach next Sunday on "The Terms of Peace." I am afraid that divine is going to waste his labours. I, at any rate, shall not be in his church to listen to his advice. It will be time to discuss terms of peace when peace can be obtained with honour ; but it is premature, it is impertinent, even in the pulpit, to talk about terms of peace now.

And now, how am I to end in a manner appropriate to this audience? I suppose that I ought to give you a quotation in a language which you will all understand—I need hardly say that I refer to Greek ! Perhaps, however, for my own sake, you will allow me to translate it into a tongue with which I am now more familiar, and to repeat to you in English what Demosthenes said on a similar occasion to his fellow-citizens in Athens, when his country was threatened by a like danger to ours :—

"Yet, O Athenians, yet is there time ! And there is one manner in which you can recover your greatness, or, dying, fall worthy of your past at Marathon and Salamis. Yet, O Athenians, you have it in your power ; and the manner of it is this. Cease to hire your armies. Go yourselves, every man of you, and stand in the ranks ; and either a victory beyond all victories in its glory awaits you, or, falling, you shall fall greatly and worthy of your past ! "

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